This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06184567 7

MORAL HEROISM;

OR,

THE TRIALS

AND

TRIUMPHS OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

BY

CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

"To teach the heart to glow with generous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame;
And, more than all, with commendation due,
To set some modern worthy full in view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy what all must admire."

COWPER.

LONDON:
HOULSTON AND STONEMAN,
65, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1846.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
416120 A

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Introductory: a Conversation on Valour and Heroism 1

CHAPTER II.

Moral Heroism, displayed in alleviating the Misery of others—John Howard 16

CHAPTER III.

Moral Heroism, in removing Ignorance and Poverty —John Frederick Oberlin, Robert Walker . . 59

CHAPTER IV.

Moral Heroism, exhibited in Self-conquest—John Bunyan, Dr. Alexander Murray, Dr. Hope . . 88

CHAPTER V.

Moral Heroism, in planting Colonies, making Laws, and teaching Christianity—William Penn, Robert Moffat, John Williams 119

CHAPTER VI.

Moral Heroism, in bearing Poverty and practising Self-culture, under adverse circumstances—William Gifford, Heyne, and the brothers Milner . . 156

29 X 15

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

Moral Heroism, in advancing the Interests of Science —Linneus, Brindley, Arkwright, and Sir Humphrey Davy 189

CHAPTER VIII.

Moral Heroism, in enduring Disappointment—Columbus, Edwards, Clarkson, and Wilberforce . 231

CHAPTER IX.

Moral Heroism, under personal Affliction—Milton, Baxter, Dr. Johnson, and Robert Hall . . 259

CHAPTER X.

Moral Heroism, in faithfully admonishing the Great, in visiting the Outcast, and in enduring Provocation, Threatenings, and Danger—Thomas Shillitoe, Daniel Wheeler—Events during the Irish Rebellion 291

CHAPTER XI.

Moral Heroism, exhibited in the female character—Lady Rachael Russell, Wife of the Scotch Covenanter, Elizabeth Fry 318

CHAPTER XII.

Moral Heroism, in the ordinary pursuits of life—William Hutton—Devonshire Magistrate—Conclusion. 352

MORAL HEROISM.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.—A CONVERSATION ON VALOUR AND HEROISM.

In the rich sunlight of a lovely summer morning two youths, with an intelligent animated cast of countenance, were standing, for the first time, within the stately aisles of the gorgeous metropolitan cathedral of St. Paul's. They were accompanied by their mother; and the whole group gazed with interest and admiration on the vast area, the splendid dome, the lofty roof, the marble pavement, and the pure and polished masses of graceful sculpture, touched and irradiated by the beams of the sun that streamed through the noble windows, casting some portions of the building into deep shadow, which threw out into bolder relief the parts illumined by the sunshine.

Perhaps young persons, with their pure, fresh, unhackneyed feelings, are, more than

others, keenly susceptible of the beautiful and the grand in nature and in art. With a kind of solemn awe they gazed around, silent, or, if for a moment uttering a remark or exclamation, it was in a suppressed, reverent tone, and "bated breath," as if fearing to disturb the august sanctities of the temple by their voice.

From contemplation of the building, their minds naturally recurred to its architect. They saw the triumph of human genius in the grand conception and noble execution of the vast design, and acquiesced in the forcible brevity of the epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren — "Reader, would you behold his monument, look around you."

Very slight circumstances will sometimes serve to break the spell that holds the mind in contemplative mood, and to produce new trains of thought, of an entirely opposite character. The youths simultaneously gazed upward into the majestic dome, and their attention was diverted from its fine form, and symmetrical proportions, by observing a number of flags hanging around in the vast and shadowy space. Some of these flags were perfect; others were torn and tarnished. They eagerly enquired of their mother the

meaning of these flags being placed there, when a gentleman, standing near, heard their question, and, smiling at their animation, he said, "All these colours have been won in battle. They are trophies of victory, and evidences of the valour of our brave troops in many hard fought fields; and, as the English are a very courageous people, they show their gratitude to those noble spirits, who have fought and bled for their country, by placing the trophies they have won in the great national cathedral."

"I suppose, sir," said the elder youth, "that many men were killed on both sides, before one of these colours was gained; for I have read that the most desperate struggle in a fight is round the colours, because, when they are won, it is taken as a sign of victory."

"Yes; you are quite right," replied the old gentleman, "no doubt but hundreds died in defending these trophies, and as many probably met death in striving to obtain them."

"But what did they get besides?" said the younger brother, looking up somewhat discontentedly at the colours as he spoke.

"Why," said his mother, (for the gentle-

man looked puzzled,) "you have heard, James, that many got death in the strife, and others most likely were maimed for life, and some, doubtless, were taken captive, and languished long in foreign prisons."

"But, mother, these are all evils! What good did any one get?"

"Oh!" interposed the gentleman. "Glory was gained—national glory. The English have proved that they are the bravest nation in the world; and, if you look at many of the fine monuments around, you will see that they are erected to the memory of heroes; and you will read on their tombs that they died gloriously on the field of battle, fighting for their country."

The two youths now began eagerly to read the inscriptions on the monuments, and they found the stranger's remarks correct; for, one after another, they read the history of warriors and their achievements, written on the splendid marble tombs, and that most of them "died gloriously." The elder youth's eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed, as he thought how noble a thing it was to be a warrior and a hero. At that instant no lot in life seemed worthy to compare with that of a conqueror. "Oh! James," he exclaimed

to his brother, "how great and brave all these men have been. What a grand thing it is to be courageous, to fight valiantly, to die gloriously!"

"My dear son," said the mother, with a sigh, "I should like to talk to you about courage, when we get home, and also about dying gloriously. For you and I have different notions on those subjects."

"Have we?" said John, with surprise. "Why I think just what the words on these inscriptions say; and do not you also, my dear mother?"

"I do not think being courageous means fighting; nor do I think being killed in battle is dying gloriously."

"But it says so here, in this place of Christian worship," persisted John.

"It is written on the marble," added James.

"Well, lads, I hope to explain my thoughts to you more fully. We cannot talk long here, and there are two monuments I wish you to see before we leave the cathedral, and they are some distance from where we now are."

"Are they the monuments of heroes?" said the boys, with one voice.

"What do you mean by a hero?" asked their mother.

"Oh! surely; we mean a great conqueror," replied John.

"Yes, then these are the monuments of heroes. One of them as great a hero as ever lived—far greater than any other, whose deeds are inscribed here."

"Indeed! which is the way to his monument?" and the boys swiftly retraced their steps, past the splendid tombs of the various warriors, until they and their mother stood before a finely wrought and richly gilded screen and gates, that separated that part of the building used for public worship from the aisles and the dome. On each side of this screen there was a noble monument. The boys separated to read the inscriptions; one was erected to John Howard, and the other to Samuel Johnson. When they pronounced the names, they looked at their mother with surprise.

"Are you not mistaken?" said John, "These were good men, but not heroes."

"I think them both heroes," replied the mother. "Both great conquerors, particularly Howard, who fought a good fight with cruelty, oppression, and evil of various kinds.

He fought not in the company of allies, but alone; through danger, personal suffering, fatigue, and privations of every kind, and all to do his fellow-creatures good—to comfort the sorrowful, to relieve the wretched, to succour the sick,—and he conquered; for thousands bless his name. His spirit is to this hour animating many. Oh! he was indeed valiant—a champion of truth, and a messenger of mercy.

"And I look too with pleasure on Dr. Johnson's monument, because he gave a noble example of perseverance, industry, and learning. He classified our language, and enriched our literature, and, by the constant exercise of his talents, left the world wiser in many things than he found it. Such men I call heroes."

"But that is not the usual way in which people apply the word," said John. "It is always used to denote chieftains and warriors."

"There are many common terms and phrases misapplied, and therefore misunderstood," replied his mother; "and among those most frequently wrongly used are the words valour, courage, bravery, heroism. They are supposed to mean a willingness to fight, a

contempt of danger, and a love of war. Now, I think, true courage, real bravery, the great and heroic in the noblest sense, has nothing whatever to do with the horrors and bloodshed of war, and the fierceness and fury of warriors."

The brothers were silenced by their mother's remarks, but, judging by their countenances, they were not convinced. After lingering awhile around Howard's monument, they left the cathedral with thoughtful countenances, and having transacted some business in the neighbourhood, they entered an omnibus, and in less than an hour reached home.

It happened that some friends calling at their house that evening, prevented the conversation which the brothers wished to have with their mother, on the subject that had been introduced in their morning ramble. However, John and James employed themselves, as was their custom, in reading, but they did not feel as interested in their books as usual. They found them dull and tedious, and both brothers thought how much they would like to read the lives of some great warriors. James looked at his history of England, but though there was mention made of many battles, and those who fought

them, yet he wanted to read more full accounts.

It happened that a school-fellow lived next door, and John recollected that he possessed a life of Napoleon Buonaparte; it was decided to borrow it instantly. This was done, and until bedtime that night and before breakfast the next morning the boys were eagerly reading about the wars, tumults, and distractions that distinguish the career of that remarkable warrior.

Their mother, ever watchful over them, was convinced that her boys had learned a dangerous lesson from the monuments of the warriors; indeed it was evident that, although they generally respected her opinions, and were both dutiful and affectionate youths, they thought her somewhat mistaken on this one subject. It seemed clear to them that the character of a great warrior was made up of many noble qualities, and was well worthy of admiration and imitation.

At school, they talked to their young companions, and the majority of the boys agreed that a hero meant a warrior, and that such men as Alexander, Cæsar, William the Conqueror, the Black Prince, the Duke of Marlborough, Napoleon, and Wellington,

were the greatest and bravest of mortals. "Why all history says so," was the remark; "take away the accounts of battles and chieftains, and there would be very little left in history to read about." These and many similar observations confirmed John and James in their opinion.

Meanwhile their mother had not been idle; she was in the habit, two evenings in every week, of talking or reading to them on some interesting and instructive subject, and, seeing how strong a propensity they showed in favour of warlike characters, she took an early opportunity to resume the conversation on courage and valour.

Both the lads were reinforced with arguments from the books they had been reading, and from their school-fellows' opinions, though at first they seemed unwilling, from respect to their mother, to speak freely, knowing that they thought so differently from her; but she encouraged them to utter their thoughts, convinced that an erroneous opinion is more easily corrected by reasoning it away, than by authority and command. "Tell me," she said, "what you mean by courage and bravery?"

James, who had in his school theme that

day the subject of courage, and who having, from the recent conversation in St. Paul's, an interest in the word, immediately replied in the language of his school dictionary, "Courage means bravery, boldness, resolution."

"That meaning is good, but I want you to give me your own thoughts on the subject."

John reflected a few moments, and then said, "I think courage is a willingness to face danger, and a desire to overcome difficulties, not minding personal fatigue, or suffering, or any privation."

"Well that," said his mother, "is a just definition. Courage, therefore, means being bold and active in doing, and firm and patient in suffering."

"Yes, dear mother," said John, with animation, "just that; and I am sure you must admire such qualities, you must think them noble!"

"I do indeed, my boy: but there is such a thing as a wrong application of things good in themselves; for instance, an enquiring mind is a good thing, but you know how the love of enquiry makes some children anxious, prying, and curious in matters that do not concern them. I once knew it so wrongly

exercised by a boy of my acquaintance, that he was always pulling things to pieces, and destroying whatever came in his way; even the seeds and plants in the garden he pulled up to satisfy himself of their state, when it was death to them to be disturbed. So that quickness of observation and love of enquiry, though good in themselves, and most useful as the means of obtaining knowledge, may be misapplied. We are sent into the world to do good, and to be useful in our day and generation, and every moral quality and natural propensity requires watchfulness."

"All our *bad* qualities I know do," said John.

"And all our better qualities and propensities also. For if we do not use our gifts wisely, they become the means of evil to ourselves and others. How many a generous youth becomes a careless spendthrift, because he did not watch over himself, and prevent generosity becoming profusion and extravagance. How many a prudent, cautious boy becomes miserly and suspicious; indeed, every quality that we call virtuous, unless rightly directed, leads to some opposite fault. Now, while I think courage, that is, bravery to make great attempts, and forti-

tude to endure great trials, is one of the noblest qualities a human being can possess, I think, when it has been applied to carry on war, that it becomes ferocity, rashness, cruelty, and vain-glorious hardihood. War never did any good, it has always done a fearful amount of evil, that no tongue can tell, and no mind can calculate, and therefore, those qualities you speak of as necessary to carry on war are misapplied, put to a bad purpose, and made the means of evil—do you not see that clearly?"

"Why," said John in a hesitating voice, as if unwilling to give up his favourite opinion, "I cannot help thinking, that if there had never been any wars, we should never have known anything about courage: and all the fine and noble qualities shown by bravery and contempt of pain and danger would not have been heard of.

"Now, my dear boy, you speak very inconsiderately, and yet just as multitudes of youths of your age speak and think. You admire courage, you desire to be thought brave, and you believe these qualities have been best shown in war; and the noblest exhibition of them has been given by warriors. I am neither surprised nor angry that this

should be so. I know that histories, biographies, and many other school-books, speak in terms of admiration of the character of a warrior; he is called a hero, and young persons, boys especially, think his career very splendid and worthy of highest admiration; other characters may be very excellent, but this is thought pre-eminently great and noble. It is a common error, but not the less an error because it is common, and as I greatly desire to see you free from unchristian, foolish, and dangerous prejudices, I should like to show you, from the lives of the good and wise who have benefitted their fellow-creatures and blessed the world by their labours, that real heroism does not belong to those men who have employed their lives and their talents in destroying their fellow-creatures, but to those who have benefitted them. I wish to show you, that a man may be a hero, and yet not a warrior; that he may have fortitude, without learning it in forced marches and on the blood-stained battle-field; that he may be brave and noble, and yet live a life of peace and usefulness; nay, that these very qualities are seen in their highest excellence when united with meekness, love, and all the gentler virtues."

"Oh!" said James, "do tell us of those good men; I like so much to read narratives of interesting lives. I think I like them better than history."

"Lives of individuals are a branch of history, and the reason you like them best is, because the interest is confined for the time to an account of one individual, and we enter into the joys and sorrows from a feeling of personal sympathy."

"When will you begin relating these lives to us?" said John.

"I have some notes and MS. in my possession, that I wrote when reading a somewhat extensive collection of biographical works, and from these I shall select and arrange some account of the lives, trials, and triumphs of the wise and good, for our amusement and instruction. And I hope, dear boys, to bring you to my way of thinking about what deserves to be called heroic in human actions; the more particularly as we call ourselves Christians, and profess to believe the precepts taught by Him who was the Prince of Peace."

The following chapters were the result of the mother's endeavour to teach her sons "a more excellent way" of considering

human character, and understanding the truly heroic in human actions. Whether they were calculated to effect the object proposed, is left to the judgment of the reader.

CHAPTER II.

MORAL HEROISM DISPLAYED IN ALLEVIATING THE MISERY OF OTHERS.—JOHN HOWARD.

When a man becomes distinguished for any great or good work, and rises to influence and fame, we usually expect to find that he had either good education, or great talents, or large fortune, or elevated rank, or something out of the common lot, to command attention and aid him in his progress. This opinion, however, is often found to be incorrect. The Almighty, in his wise and good providence, often works by very humble instrumentality, and raises up labourers in the field of usefulness, and champions of truth, amid the most unlikely circumstances. No one who had seen the pale, sickly, quiet-looking youth, who, about the year 1741, was apprenticed to Mr. Newnham, wholesale

grocer, in the city of London, could have supposed that gentle, retiring, timid lad would have become one of the most ardent labourers for the good of mankind that England, or the world, ever produced; yet such was the fact. That grocer's apprentice was John Howard. He lived to attain a title more honourable than any that kings bestow or nobles boast, for he was called The Philanthropist. I wish you to observe this title, it means a lover of mankind; and such was Howard's pre-eminent love to his fellow-creatures, that he was called emphatically and definitely THE Philanthropist.

Howard's father was a London tradesman, who, having made a comfortable fortune, retired to Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, near London, where the subject of our memoir was born in 1727. He was sent to nurse at Cardington, near Bedford, which caused some to assert that he was born there. The education of John Howard was very limited: he went to two schools, the first of which, after spending seven years there, he left "without," to use his own words, "having been fully taught any one thing." His next school was better, but as his father intended apprenticing him to a trade, he did

not long enjoy the mental advantages it afforded him, though many friendships, which cheered his future life, were formed there.

It is probable his obedience and fortitude were early tried; for it seems the business he was apprenticed to was not congenial to him. Submission to his parent's will, even in the choice of a pursuit in life, was cheerfully rendered, and it was quite in harmony with his future career that he should have commenced life by conquering his own will and inclinations, and submitting them to the judgment of his father. The death of that parent, before the expiration of his son's apprenticeship, released Howard from the duties he had so faithfully performed, and afforded him the means of living in genteel competence, without entering into any trade or profession. An only sister shared in the property left, and though by his father's will he was not to be considered of age, and therefore not to come into the possession of his fortune until he attained his twenty-fourth year, yet so high an opinion had his guardians of his prudence and good conduct, that they permitted him the entire management of his affairs before the time named.

It will be well in the outset of Howard's

career to reflect on the condition in life that Providence had assigned him. He possessed that state which the wise man wished for when he said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" yet, while he was equally removed from the sorrows and sufferings of want and the temptations of affluence, he was precisely in that condition which, if he had been an indolent or a selfish man, would have enabled him to live to himself, and to go through life without any useful exertion.

It often happens that poverty is a sort of spur, goading persons on to activity and usefulness, and many a man has had reasons to bless God for a childhood passed in poverty: and it also sometimes happens, that where individuals are born to great riches and large possessions, they feel the responsibility they are under to use the extensive influence wealth gives them, for the benefit of their poorer fellow-creatures. But the man who has not poverty to teach him honest toil, or riches to be accountable for, is liable to the temptation of loving his own ease, and living not for others, but for himself. Howard, however, was always distinguished for his activity; his first care on becoming master of his time was to endeavour to repair the

defects of his early education. With this view, and also to benefit his health, he determined to travel, and accordingly visited for a time both France and Italy, acquired the languages, and also commenced studying some of the easier branches of natural philosophy, and the theory of medicine.

On his return to England, he showed no inclination to mingle in gay and fashionable circles, though his station in life and the accomplishments of foreign travel would have rendered him a desirable acquisition to any circle. But the principles of piety, the love of study, and the desire for retirement were strong within him, and he took lodgings near the metropolis, at Stoke Newington, where, instead of the follies which are often exhibited in the conduct of young men of independent fortune, he spent both his money and time in a rational manner; and above all, he showed the most marked decision of character on the all-important subject of religion, by uniting himself with a Christian church, and strictly attending to his spiritual duties. Even at this early period of his life, his extensive benevolence was a remarkable characteristic. The poor and needy sought him out, and seldom sought in

vain; while his liberality to the institutions connected with the place of worship he attended was most extensive.

His health, however, had not been greatly benefited by travelling; and his complaint being thought consumptive in its nature, his physicians kept him on a strict low diet, which some suppose laid the foundation of those habits of abstemiousness which so distinguished him through life; though it seems much more in conformity with the character of Howard to suppose that his perfect temperance in diet was the result of the convictions of his reason, and formed part of that settled plan which he laid down for his self-government. Such a man was far more likely, in all matters, to be under the dominion of high principles than of mere habit.

Being often an invalid, he found, notwithstanding his wealth, that kindness and sympathy are not to be purchased with money. Thinking his landlady at Stoke Newington less kind than she ought to have been to an invalid, he removed to the house of a widow, Mrs. Sarah Loidoire, in the same neighbourhood. He had not been long an inmate here, when he was seized with a dangerous illness, during which he experienced such unwearied

attention from his new landlady, that on his recovery, feeling deeply grateful for the kindness shown him, he made her an offer of marriage. The lady, with great good sense, remonstrated with him on his romantic generosity, alleging her age, which was twice that of Howard's, as a reason against their union. All remonstrances proved vain; her grateful lodger, with more affection than prudence, overruled every objection, and the marriage took place when he was in his twenty-fifth year.

With his usual disinterestedness, he settled the whole of his wife's little property upon her sister, not wishing to derive any advantage from this marriage, but that of the society of a sensible, amiable, and pious woman.

This union, which was productive of much happiness, was dissolved by death at the expiration of two short years; and so much did the loss of his wife prey on the mind of Howard, that he was advised again to visit the continent. He accordingly broke up his establishment at Stoke Newington, and after reserving a few mementos, gave away his household furniture to his poorer neighbours.

You have heard probably of the great earthquake in Portugal, which happened in

November 1756, by which a great part of the city of Lisbon and six thousand persons were destroyed in a few minutes. Mr. Howard had a strong desire to visit the scene of this awful calamity. Accordingly he embarked on board a Lisbon packet, but the French and English being then at war, the vessel he sailed in was captured by a French privateer, and the English passengers and sailors, instead of receiving respectful treatment as prisoners of war, were used worse than felons. They were carried to an old castle at Brest, and there lodged in a filthy dungeon, with only a little straw to protect them from the damp floor. After being kept forty hours without food, a piece of meat was thrown into the den, as though they were wild beasts, and in this state of misery they were kept more than a week. From thence Howard was removed to Carpaix, where his gentle manners won the esteem and confidence of the jailor, who let him have the privilege of walking about the town, he having given his word that he would not attempt to escape.

So much did the opinion of his integrity increase, that he met with many acts of kindness during his imprisonment, and was

at length, after two months' detention, allowed to depart for England, and try to get his own government to permit some French officer to be exchanged for him. The friends of Howard greeted him on his return to his native land with the utmost joy, but he told them to suspend their transports until they saw the result of his negotiation; as it was not the custom of government to effect an exchange for any private individual, and he determined to keep his promise, and to return to France a prisoner, unless the exchange was effected. He was, however, spared this trial of integrity, government agreeing to the terms. Immediately on becoming once more a free man, he interested himself for those who were captured with him, and who yet languished in the prisons of France. His exertions were so strenuous and unceasing, that arrangements were made with the French Government, which ended in the restoration of the captives to their native land.

It is very probable this acquaintance with the interior of a prison, and the sorrows of a captive, was the arrangement of an all-wise Providence, designed to lead the active mind and benevolent heart of Howard to think and

feel for the condition of the prisoner, and to aim at mitigating his sufferings.

This unfortunate attempt made him give up the idea of going abroad, and his recent loss having rendered Newington distasteful to him, he determined to go to Cardington, and devote his time and attention to the improvement of an estate he had there. This was a wise step, as it furnished an agreeable occupation for his mind; and, by bringing him into acquaintance with the labouring poor of the neighbourhood, led him to take an interest in their improvement and welfare. The poor of Cardington had indeed reason to bless the day that he settled among them.

The retirement of the country was favourable both to his health and intellectual pursuits. Some papers of his on the phenomena of the weather, the atmosphere, &c., were read before the Royal Society of London, and led to his being elected a member.

Shortly after this honour was conferred on him, he became acquainted with Miss Henrietta Leeds, the daughter of Mr. Leeds (serjeant-at-law), a gentleman of fortune. This young lady united so many agreeable and amiable qualities to high intelligence and humble piety, that Howard became a suitor

for her hand, and a marriage accordingly took place. If human charms could satisfy a mind like Howard's, he had now a companion calculated to make him completely happy. A congeniality of sentiment and feeling appeared in all the actions of their lives. Mrs. Howard, though reared among luxurious and fashionable people, was delighted to conform to her husband's habits, and accordingly she adorned the retirement he loved, and the home he had chosen, with the utmost cheerfulness of temper and simplicity of manners. All ostentatious show and gaudy apparel were avoided; and neatness, order, and propriety were the rulers of her pleasant dwelling.

With such a helpmate in his plans of benevolence, it is not wonderful that Howard should enlarge his schemes for bettering the condition of the labouring poor. To aid them by sympathy, to incite them to industry, and to encourage them with rewards, was a course as delightful as it was consistent; and in a very short time the neighbourhood, under the auspices of such patrons, improved greatly. Meanwhile the tasteful enlargement of their house, and laying out their grounds, afforded agreeable and rational occupation.

It was the home of affection and refinement. The scene within and around the dwelling was a beautiful combination of the charms of nature and art. For about three years their happiness was greater than most people are privileged to possess; at the expiration of that time, an accession to their joy was anticipated in the prospect of becoming parents. But alas! the father had scarcely uttered his first blessing on the head of his infant son, when he was called to resign the wife who had been to him all that his heart could desire.

I cannot describe his sorrow, and you could not comprehend it if I did. God, who saw fit to remove the comforter of his life and the desire of his eyes from Howard, and to give him in her stead the charge of a little feeble infant: doubtless that God did not leave him unsupported in his sorrow, but sustained and consoled him. No other comforter could have enabled him to bear up under such a weight of affliction. Still this severe shock had a great effect on Howard's health. He found it difficult to rouse himself from deep depression of spirits; but at length, thought of his child roused him to a sense of his duties as a parent, and he deter-

mined to supply to the motherless babe a double portion of care and affection. Nothing can be more beautiful than the records of his attention to the dawning mind of his child, who, in infancy and childhood, amply repaid the care bestowed, by exhibiting all the loveliness of a gentle temper, and the most perfect obedience. Notwithstanding this early exhibition of amiability, Howard was doomed to the bitterest of earthly sorrow, that of being the parent of an ungrateful child. This sweet early blossom kept not its first promise; and yet no pains were spared either in training or education. The great public duties which subsequently devolved on Howard never caused him to neglect his beloved child. When his infancy was over, and the time came for his removal to school, the utmost care was exercised in the selection of the establishment; and wherever the anxious father happened to be wandering, he generally endeavoured to spend the vacations once a year in the society of his son.

Meanwhile, Howard's health and spirits suffered so much from his bereavement, that change of scene was recommended to him, and he again visited the continent. But fears that the interests of the poor at Cardington

might suffer by his absence, made him so deeply anxious, that all his letters to his friends w re filled with charges concerning them, and directions that the usual attention to their wants might be given.

This tour was taken alone in 1770, and when in Naples, during the June of that year, Howard made, what in ancient times would have been very properly called, "a solemn covenant with God." That is, he wrote down, while under the influence of very serious feelings, a resolve "to devote himself and all that he possessed to the service of God," and signed it as he would an agreement. We shall see how he kept that resolution.

In the year 1773, he was chosen to fill the honourable office of High Sheriff of the County of Bedford. It is the custom for this office to be filled by gentlemen of property and consideration, who usually employ and pay a deputy Sheriff for doing all the drudgery. But Howard would not have felt acquitted to his conscience if he had not himself fulfilled the duties of the trust devolving on him. It was in the scrupulous performance of these duties that his attention was drawn to the abuses existing in the county jail under his care. It seems that it was then the custom

to pay no wages to the jailor of a prison, who was expected to maintain and remunerate himself by fees from the prisoners under his care. This was a very bad system; for poor prisoners, who could not possibly pay the fees, were treated very badly by the jailor, while rich culprits had the means of spending their money in rioting and drunkenness. It sometimes happened that innocent persons, taken up on false charges, even when their innocence was proved, could not get out of prison because they were detained for the fees they owed the jailor: and many who were acquitted by the juries before whom they had been tried, were dragged back to prison, and kept there until they discharged their debt of fees to the jailor.

Howard's first work was to apply to the Justices of the county to give a fixed salary to the jailors instead of fees. They saw the evil, and were willing to remedy it, but felt timid at introducing a new practice. Howard, therefore, determined to ride into neighbouring counties and see how the prisons were managed in them, with a view to obtaining a precedent for the new plan of paying the jailor a salary and abolishing fees. In this quiet, unpretending way, the great

work of the philanthropist commenced: for in looking into prisons he beheld scenes of misery such as he had no idea existed in a civilized and christian land.

I wish particularly to call attention to one interesting fact. Bedford jail was the first prison that aroused the attention of Howard, and this was the jail where the great John Bunyan, whose life will form one of our series, languished twelve years, a prisoner for conscience sake. It was fit that Howard's work should commence in a jail which had been consecrated by the sufferings of piety, and the sublimities of genius.

It is not easy in the present day to give you an idea of the state of prisons in England when Howard commenced his work. They were for the most part too small for the inmates crowded into them. The windows were very few, so that the prisoners wanted air and light as well as room. As they were not securely built, having neither proper walls nor guards, the prisoners were loaded with irons to prevent their escape. Damp and unwholesome dungeons, many feet under ground, were used as sleeping apartments, often without bedding or bedstead of any kind, not even straw—the damp earth was

all the poor creatures had to lie on. Very often the prisons and yards were without any drains to carry off their moisture and filth, and were destitute of any supply of water. The cells, and even the upper apartments of such buildings, were so offensive, that the bad air produced a distemper known by the name of the jail fever, which frequently carried off far more prisoners in a year than were condemned to death, even by the severe laws then in force. This disease was so contagious that it caused the utmost terror, and when it made its appearance among the miserable inhabitants of a prison, their condition became dreadful. Instead of allowing them more air and better attendance, they were shut up still closer, and no one ventured near them. Even the medical attendants hired to take care of the health of prisoners, were sometimes allowed to stipulate, that if jail fever made its appearance, they should be excused attending the infected wards! We must not suppose that it was convicted felons alone who were subjected to this cruel and dreadful neglect; at that time poor debtors, who might through misfortune be unable to pay their debts, were shut up with the most abandoned criminals; and unless the debtors

could pay for a better apartment, which the jailor always charged very highly for, they were compelled to share the felon's place of punishment.

Such was the state of things Howard was called to witness, when in Nov. 1773 he commenced his philanthropic tours, and so great was his zeal and ability, that by the following March he had visited all the county jails in England, and had collected an important mass of information respecting them. While he was thus engaged, some of his friends, who were members of parliament, brought in a bill for the abolition of fees, and for better securing the health of prisoners during their confinement; and on the return of the philanthropist from his western tour, he was examined before the house of Commons on the state of prisons.

It seemed so extraordinary to some members of parliament, that a gentleman, out of pure benevolence, should devote himself to such a painful work, and run the risk of contagion, that they could hardly understand it; and one gentleman asked "at whose expense he travelled?" A question which one of his biographers says, "Howard could scarcely answer without some indig-

nant emotion." Considerable feeling was manifested at the statements made, and Howard received the thanks of both houses of parliament. Two bills were immediately passed, which were the beginning of that series of improvements which have since been so much extended.

The philanthropist had the new laws printed, in a convenient form, and sent to the keepers of all the county jails in England.

Though a good beginning had thus been made, and many a man of less enlarged benevolence would have sat down contented with what had been effected, Howard considered that he had done as yet nothing. He set himself to inspect the prisons of the metropolis, where many shameful abuses were brought to light. Of the future direction of his labours in England, he thus speaks:— "Seeing in two or three county jails some poor creatures, whose aspect was singularly deplorable, and asking the cause ofit, I was answered, 'they were lately brought from the bridewells.' This started a new idea; I determined to inspect the bridewells, and for that purpose I travelled again into the counties where I had been, and indeed into all the rest, examining *houses* of *correction*,

city and town jails. I beheld in many of them, as well as in the town jails, a complication of distress, but my attention was principally fixed by the jail-fever and the small-pox, which I saw prevailing to the destruction of multitudes, not only of felons in their dungeons, but of debtors also."

After a year spent in this inquiry, Howard visited Scotland and Ireland, and investigated the state of prisons there. In the meanwhile, an election taking place, many of his friends, and the inhabitants of the town of Bedford, desired to have him for their representative in parliament; they were not, however, successful in obtaining his return, a circumstance that was rather a source of rejoicing than mortification to Howard, who felt that the duties of a member of parliament would interfere with the work to which he had devoted himself.

In 1775, he had prepared an account of the prisons of Great Britain for publication, but wishing to point out remedies as well as to expose evils, he thought a comparison with the prisons of Europe might render his work more valuable; and with his usual promptness, he no sooner settled the utility of the plan than he immediately put it in

execution. Accordingly he visited France, in the hope of obtaining access to the Bastile, the principal prison of that kingdom, but was unsuccessful. There is, however, a rule in France, that any one wishing to distribute alms may have access to prisoners, and give relief to them in person. Howard availed himself of this regulation, which afforded him an opportunity of obtaining the information he sought, and also of relieving the wants of the distressed. By this means he visited many of the prisons in France, and afterwards those of Holland, which in point of cleanliness and order were far superior to those of his own country. Indeed, this investigation, which he had afterwards an opportunity of renewing, proved that the fearful jail distemper (so fatal in England that it often destroyed all the prisoners in a jail, and also those who were employed to take care of them) was unknown in the continental prisons; and that in most respects the arrangement and the discipline of the foreign prisons were superior to ours.

Howard was particularly pleased with two institutions in Holland: one the Rasp house, where the male prisoners were employed to rasp logwood—and the other the Spin house,

where women were occupied in spinning. The methods of industry they thus learned, were most useful in correcting their former corrupt and indolent habits; and the inmates of these places of punishment usually left improved in health and morals. This fact led Howard to reflect that all punishment should be designed to improve the culprit—and deeply did he regret that no classification of prisoners, and no habits of industry and order, were practised in the prisons of his own land—but that offenders usually left the jail far worse in character and more hardened in sin than when they entered. In his great work on the state of prisons, published after his return to his native land, in 1777, the subject of the reformation of prisoners was introduced; and plans, showing the means by which it might be effected, were presented. So desirous was the philanthropist that the information contained in his book should be extensively disseminated, that he fixed the price of the work so low, that, had every copy been sold, he would not have been indemnified for half the expense of the printing and the engravings. The book produced all the effect desired. The government and the nation at large

were aroused by the accounts it contained; and the perseverance and ability displayed, were the deserving theme of universal admiration.

While his book was making its way, he rested for a while at Cardington, and enjoyed the repose of home, and the society of his son, now about twelve years old. This only child began at this time to exhibit signs of a peculiarly volatile disposition, not easily amenable to authority. It was perhaps a misfortune that he had great pecuniary expectations; besides being heir to his father's property, his mother's fortune was entailed on him, and his mother's rich brothers being without children, he was presumptive heir to them also. The knowledge of this, added to the consideration which may have been shown to him on the same account, probably caused him early to give way to habits of idleness, which produced in the course of time their natural consequence—injury to his mind, morals, and manners.

About this time the philanthropist lost his only sister, who dying unmarried, her property reverted to her brother, who regarded this accession to his fortune as an increased charge, which he was bound to use for the good of others.

In 1778, the House of Commons entering with zeal upon the work of reforming prisons, a bill was brought in for establishing houses of correction on the plan of the Rasp and Spin houses of Holland, and after being examined before a select committee of the House of Commons, Howard again visited the United Provinces, to collect further information.

Shortly after his arrival at Amsterdam, he met with a very serious accident: he was caught by the coat and thrown down by a heavy horse and cart. He was so severely bruised, and suffered so much pain, that a fever was the result, by which he was confined to his room six weeks, and for a considerable portion of that time his life was in danger. He bore the event with the utmost fortitude; and some of the entries in his journal at this time breathe the purest spirit of pious resignation; in one of them he says, "Do me good, oh God! by this painful affliction; may I see the great uncertainty of health, ease, and comfort; and that all my springs are in Thee. Oh the painful and wearing nights I possess! may I be more thankful if restored to health, more compassionate to others, more absolutely devoted to God."

On his recovery, he travelled through Germany, inspecting prisons, and observing the plans used for the reformation of the prisoners. He was presented in every place to the great and influential; and while he would not pay visits of mere ceremony or pleasure, he used his opportunities of access to the rulers of the people to speak with perfect freedom of anything in their prisons or hospitals that appeared to him defective or cruel, so that the prisoners in every land had reason to bless his name.

From Germany he passed into Italy, and there he found that many of the prisons were loathsome. The chief prison at Venice, in the Doge's palace, the philanthropist described as the strongest place he had seen; he was shocked to find between three and four hundred persons in it: many confined in dark and loathsome dungeons for life. He also visited the galleys, where criminals work in irons, and investigated their mode of treatment, diet, &c., fearlessly communicating to the authorities anything that struck him as erroneous, or unnecessarily severe in the system pursued. On leaving Italy, he passed through Switzerland, and a part of Germany not previously visited, and again proceeded to

the Netherlands. The worst prisons he saw on the Continent were those of Liege, both the old and new prison. These were most dismal places. Deep under ground, he heard the groans of miserable beings shut up in dark dungeons. On descending to the cells, he found they were made of stone, and the water from the fosses rendered them very damp. Each had two holes, one to admit air, and the other, secured by a strong shutter, for putting in the food of the prisoner.

The dungeons in the new prison were still more dreadful. Human nature was quite overcome by confinement in them. The philanthropist says, he heard "the cries of the distracted as he went down to them."

The use of torture to make prisoners confess was common throughout Europe at the time Howard was making his investigation; and he says of this dreadful prison of Liege, "The screams of the sufferers in the torture-chamber may be heard by the passenger without, and guards are placed to prevent them from stopping and listening."

In passing through France, on his way home, he met with no hindrance, though that country was then at war with England. He made use of his freedom and influence

to inquire into the condition of the prisoners of war, remembering his own sufferings when in that condition twenty-two years previously.

When this excellent man landed at Dover, after his third tour, he had travelled 4,660 miles in nine months, and had laboured most incessantly for the welfare of the afflicted.

It was his custom on returning from a foreign tour, to make a visit of inspection to various prisons in England, to observe the different improvements made during his absence, and to note any abuses that he might detect in their management; showing that his prudence and perseverance were equal to his ardent enthusiasm: and that he was as watchful to prevent a relapse into the evils of the past as he had been to expose and correct them in the first instance.

After this British tour, Howard published an Appendix to his former work on prisons, and devoted a portion of his time to enjoying the society of his son. The faults of the latter were not then so apparent as they afterwards became. Still, to a thoughtful conscientious parent, there was much to lament in the trifling giddy ways, the youth delighted in. There began to be faults worse

than these; a wicked system of deception was carried on by the degenerate son, aided and abetted by an unprincipled servant, named Thommason, who was much trusted by his indulgent master, and who, with the vilest ingratitude, helped young Howard in practises that he knew would be displeasing to his excellent parent. We shall see that this unhappy youth, who commenced by idleness and disobedience, and then by the *sure progress* of vice advanced to deceit and lying, met with a sorrowful fate.

Opportunities now opened for the distinguished philanthropist entering upon other employments than those that had previously occupied his time. His friends and admirers much desired to see him in Parliament, but this honour he steadily declined, "feeling," as he alleged, "that his work was of a different kind;" that he felt it a matter of duty to remain steadily pursuing the plans of usefulness and mercy, in which he had hitherto been successfully engaged. The government thought of erecting penitentiaries, and elected Howard and two other gentlemen as supervisors. It was with great reluctance that this office was accepted by Howard; he disliked reaping any emolument for the labours

he engaged in, and as his coadjutors and himself were not unanimous in the choice of a situation on which to erect the penitentiaries, the office was not retained more than a year; after which, Howard, feeling released from a burthen, was once more at liberty to pursue his own plans in his own way. Hitherto his observations had been made chiefly in central Europe, and portions of the southern districts: wishing for even more extended information, he now determined to journey northward; and therefore made a tour of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, making minute investigations into the state of every prison, and representing to those in authority the abuses that he noticed. There is no doubt he endured many hardships on this fourth tour; the rigour of the climates that he travelled in, and the scarcity of vegetables, to one who lived on a vegetable diet, were the cause of great privations; nevertheless, his zeal was untiring, and his name being now known throughout all Europe, the prisons and public institutions for reform or punishment were every where thrown open to him. He began to fear that the places were got ready for his inspection; a probability he obviated, as much as possible,

by the unexpected swiftness of his movements. No sooner had he finished the inspection of one prison, than he hastened on as quick as any messenger to others, limiting himself to very few hours for rest, and none for recreation.

On his return from this tour, he made a fourth general inspection of British prisons, and had the satisfaction to find that great improvements had taken place. After a short stay at his home, at Cardington, he thought it would be right, to render his knowledge of European prisons complete, to visit Portugal and Spain. Here he obtained access to the dreadful prison of the Inquisition; no English Protestant ever before having been permitted to enter its gloomy walls except as a prisoner. He was struck with the gloom, strength, and secrecy of this awful place, which was justly regarded with horror by the people; and from the cruelty of the punishments and severity of the sentences, there was no appeal. Besides the Inquisition, many were the dreadful dungeons and ill-regulated hospitals explored by the philanthropist. With his accustomed candour, he spoke of the evils he beheld, though in that land his freedom of speech might have subjected him to persecution and perhaps imprisonment.

Howard arrived in England from this fifth foreign tour on the day that his son's vacation commenced, and as young Howard was not returning to school again, it was arranged that he should accompany his father to Dublin; where the latter went to visit the prisons, and to make such suggestions to Parliament for their improvement, as might be found necessary.

When this duty was completed, it was determined that young Howard should be entered at the university of Edinburgh, and accordingly his father accompanied him there, securing him a home in the house of Dr. Blacklock. No circumstances could be more favourable for moral and mental improvement than those in which the youth was now placed, as a student at one of the most distinguished seats of learning in Europe, and an inmate of an amiable and religious family. But alas! the mind, if given up to folly, and the will in a state of perversity, all efforts of others are vain; always remember, my young reader, that it is not so much what is done *for* you by friends, as what is done *by* you for yourself, that forms your character and influences your life.

After seeing this dear and only son advan-

tageously placed, Howard had time to attend to a favourite plan which had long occupied his mind. He wished to make inquiries into the nature of contagious diseases, particularly the plague, which raged at this time in some parts of the south-east of Europe. In order to carry his design into effect, it was necessary the philanthropist should visit the hospitals and lazarettos, set apart for contagious disorders, in various countries.

It is the custom for ships leaving a foreign port, to be inspected by an officer appointed for the purpose, and to have a certificate of the state of health of the ship's crew and passengers given them. On the arrival of these ships at the place of destination, they are detained a certain time and examined, to ascertain whether they have not brought infection with them; this is called performing quarantine, and lazarettos are established at different ports to receive sick persons from ships, and to give lodgings to those whose state of health is suspected.

To visit such places as these was a work of even greater peril than his former dangerous expeditions; but believing these places were as liable to abuses as prisons, and feeling it a matter of duty, Howard did not "count

life itself dear to him," but making his will, and taking a solemn farewell of his friends, he departed on his important mission, in full confidence that God, in whom he trusted, would not desert him, but that, whether living or dying, he should be the Lord's.

He went first to France, to visit the health-office and lazaretto at Marseilles, but the jealousy of the French government having been excited in consequence of Howard's reports concerning the prisoners of war, orders were issued for his arrest. Providence protected him from his enemies; he visited the places he wished, being mistaken for a Frenchman, and when his name was discovered, the official person who made the arrests had gone to Versailles for a day, and, in consequence of recent mistakes, had ordered that no person should be arrested in his absence. Howard's promptness in travelling enabled him to get away in time to escape the threatened danger; he visited the galleys at Toulon, the perfection with which he spoke the French language still favouring the belief that he was a Frenchman, and after soothing by his sympathy and liberality a poor Protestant, who had been in the galleys forty-two years, our brave philanthropist

quitted in safety the kingdom where mischief and evil was designed against him.

From thence he went up the Mediterranean sea, visiting the lazarettos at Malta and other islands; and continuing his course to the Levant, visited Smyrna and Constantinople; both places being at the time infected with the plague. The attention Howard had given to the study of medicine, his experience in the years that he had visited the sick in jails and hospitals, and his success in the treatment of disease, in some cases that he had prescribed for, with the circumstance that the Dublin University had conferred on him the title of Doctor, all warranted his practising as a physician in Turkey. In this character he obtained access to many sick persons, and was the means of recovering the daughter of an eminent man from a dangerous fever. The father of the young lady was so full of gratitude, that he pressed on Howard a purse, containing 2,000 sequins, or about 100*l*. This the philanthropist declined, requesting as his sole reward a few grapes from the gentleman's garden.

In order to understand fully the whole plan of treatment, Howard was anxious himself to perform quarantine in a lazaretto; accord-

ingly he returned to Smyrna, and found a vessel bound to Venice, with a *foul* bill of health; he sailed in this, and after a tedious and dangerous voyage of two months, in which they were attacked by a corsair, arrived at Venice, and became an inmate of the lazaretto. Here he was placed in a dirty room, full of vermin, without table, chair, or bed. He employed a person to wash the room, but it was still dirty and offensive. Suffering here with headache and slow fever, he was removed to a lazaretto nearer the town, and had two rooms assigned him, both in as dirty a state as those he had left. His ever active mind devised a plan for making these rooms more comfortable for the next occupant, and though opposed by the indolence and prejudices of the people about him, he contrived secretly to procure a quarter of a bushel of lime and a brush; and by rising very early and bribing his attendant to help him, contrived to have the place completely purified. By this simple plan he recovered from his headache, and obtained an appetite for his simple diet of bread and tea during his further stay in the lazaretto.

Having accomplished his purpose, his route home was through Germany to Holland:

before he quitted the continent mournful news reached him from England. The conduct of young Howard was so strange, that it could no longer be concealed. Indeed, it began to be evident that the unfortunate young man's mind was affected: and at Amsterdam the afflicted father learned that this dear legacy of his beloved Henrietta was at Cardington, a confirmed lunatic, under the care of two keepers.

Another, though a very different, source of grief to the philanthropist, was the news that a project was on foot to erect a monument to him, and that large sums had been subscribed towards that object. On his arrival in London, in 1787, his first care was to stop this project, by addressing a letter, full of humility yet real dignity, to the subscribers, and publishing it in all the leading journals.

In respect to his scruples, the plan for the time was given up, though only a few persons would consent to receive their subscriptions back; so that the money was funded until another opportunity.

When Howard visited his beloved son, he found him a raving maniac, with no knowledge or remembrance of any one. This

was a blow that required all the Christian fortitude of the philanthropist's great mind to enable him to bear it with resignation.

The task of preparing his large work on lazarettos for the press, did something in diverting his mind from its sorrows; still, though he bore his troubles as a Christian, he felt them most keenly, and the only resource was to try and increase his usefulness. Accordingly as soon as his book was published, and a few home tours completed, he again determined to go abroad; his route to be to Russia, and from thence to Turkey. He had conferred great obligations on medical science, by his investigations on the subject of contagion, and he wished to add to it, as much yet remained to be done. His mind was fully impressed with the danger of his present pursuits, but the full determination to do right at all hazards led him calmly to think of his probable death, and, in preparation for that event, "to set his house in order." This precaution proved suitable, as this seventh foreign tour was the last this truly great man was permitted to make. He had travelled alone on the former occasion, because he would not subject any other person to the dangers he voluntarily incurred; he

wished to pursue the same plan now, but yielded to the urgent entreaties of his man Thommason, who was permitted to attend his master, after being fully informed of the perilous nature of the journey.

Russia was at that time at war with Turkey; and Howard learning on his arrival in the former country, that the military and naval hospitals at Cherson were in a very bad condition, so that thousands of sick soldiery had perished the preceding year, he determined to visit that place. The scenes of suffering which he witnessed on visiting Cherson surpassed his worst fears: he instantly devised plans for the relief of the afflicted, and devoted all his skill and ability to the treatment of the disorder (chiefly fever) which prevailed.

While thus employed, he complied with the entreaties of the friends of a young lady, who was dangerously ill, to visit and prescribe for her. The residence of this patient was about twenty miles from Cherson, and, such are the mysterious ways of Providence, he who had walked safe amid the fearful pestilence of the plague, who had visited infected jails, where none but himself would enter, had sat by the bedside of many a sufferer in

fever hospitals and escaped all harm,—in the course of his visits to this sufferer received the disorder, of which she, notwithstanding all his efforts, died. With his accustomed prudence, he adopted the best remedies as soon as he found himself ill; but the symptoms increasing, the distinguished philanthropist found his end approaching, and prepared to die, as he had lived, an example of piety and excellence.

Prince Potemkin sent his physician to attend him, and his death-bed was not entirely uncheered by the sympathy of friendship. Admiral Priestman visited him, and received his directions relative to the spot where he wished to be interred. To one who had so long looked danger in the face, and contemplated death as the probable consequence of his labours, and, above all, one who was steadily walking in the path of duty, the approach of his last hour was not accompanied with any terrors. All was serenity—nay more, cheerfulness and peace at his death-bed. His last hours were comforted by a letter from England, reporting a favourable change in his son's malady. Thommason read it to him; and the philanthropist repeatedly charged his servant to tell his son,

if the latter ever recovered his reason, how much and how fervently he had prayed for his happiness during his last illness. When Admiral Priestman called, he gave him the letter, saying, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" In a heavenly frame of mind, full of hope and confidence in the Redeemer, Howard breathed his last on the morning of the 20th of January, 1790.

His funeral was not suffered to be so private as he in his humility had wished. He was buried in the spot he had indicated, near the village of Dauphigny, in the grounds of a French gentleman who had shown him much kindness. A small brick pyramid is erected over the grave, and is still pointed out to travellers as a memorial, of which even the rude inhabitants of Tartary are proud.

The news of the philanthropist's death was received in England as a national calamity; and in the pulpit and the senate his name was mentioned with admiring reverence; while the pen of the poet, and the eulogy of the orator, concurred to praise him as one who, by his life, had conferred honour on human nature.

Perhaps the most admirable sentiments delivered on the character of Howard were

those of the celebrated orator and statesman, Edmund Burke, who said:—

"His labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurement of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of ancient art; not to collect medals, nor to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, and to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare the distresses of men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery—a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labours is felt, more or less, in every country."

The old plan of a monument was now revived, and a full-length statue was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. But this is not his only monument. Every well-built and wisely regulated prison in Europe is a monument to

his humanity, and every active and merciful prison-visiting committee a memorial of his virtues.

There are a few points of view in which, before concluding this narrative, I should like you to consider the character of Howard.

1. His Activity.—He had feeble health during his whole life, and he was in affluent circumstances, and of a quiet, contemplative character; causes that might reasonably have induced him to pass his days in leisure, without feeling self-condemned if he had done so: but he had not so learned the duty of a Christian, and his life was a practical exemplification of the Scriptural command—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." He lost no time, he neglected no opportunity, he never flagged or grew weary; zealous at last as at first—he died at his work.

2. His Bravery.—Talk not of generals leading their troops to battle as an evidence of bravery; what was this to the calm, collected determination that led Howard to explore the noisome dungeon, to visit the crowded hospital, to be immured in the loathsome lazaretto, and to dwell in the habita-

tions of pestilence! In other ways his bravery was shown. When a mutiny prevailed at the Savoy, "the prisoners had killed two of their keepers, and no one dared approach them, until the intrepid Howard insisted on entering their prison. In vain his friends, in vain the jailors, tried to dissuade him; in he went, among two hundred ruffians, where such was the effect of his mild and benign manner, that they soon listened to his remonstrances, represented their grievances, and at last allowed themselves to be reconducted to their cells."

3. His Resignation.—Howard had many sorrows: his dearest and nearest friends were taken from him by death; his house was made desolate; and, after all his cares, his only earthly hope, the son of his much-lamented wife, was a source of keen disappointment and sorrow. Yet he bore all without a murmur, bowing to the will of Him who doeth all things well; and his domestic sorrows, instead of making him melancholy and peevish, as lesser troubles often have made people, caused him to be more tender in his sympathies towards others, and more determined to alleviate human wretchedness.

4. His Attention to Home Duties.—Many

great men, when engaged in public duties, have but little consideration for private matters. In the midst of Howard's great schemes for the general improvement of prisons, his servants, dependents, and poor neighbours, were never forgotten. Clean, airy, well-built cottages for the poor, and schools for the instruction of their children, showed that he had their interest at heart in the midst of all his varied labours.

Indeed, whether I think of his generosity or his prudence, his mercy or his activity, his bravery or his benevolence, I feel fully convinced that no mere mortal ever displayed a greater amount of excellence. This is the man that youth should regard, as showing all the noble characteristics of a Christian hero.

CHAPTER III.

MORAL HEROISM IN REMOVING IGNORANCE AND POVERTY.—OBERLIN.—ROBERT WALKER.

In the north-east district of France, between Alsace and Lorraine, there is a wild mountainous district called the Ban de la Roche by the French, and Steinthal, or the Valley of Stone, by the Germans. It derives

its French name from a castle called La Roche, round which the ban or district extends. As its name implies, it is a rocky, sterile region, and on the summit of the mountains the cold is as intense as at Petersburgh, and the winter lasts more than seven months; in the valleys the climate is milder, but the soil is stony and unproductive.

This unpromising region was completely laid waste during the long tumult, known in history as the Thirty Years' War, and also during the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. of France. The district comprises five hamlets, named Foudai, Belmont, Waldbach, Bellefosse, Zolbach. Here about eighty or a hundred families of peasants earned a scanty subsistence from the sterile soil, which was so unproductive, that it was said a woman could carry home in her apron as much hay as her husband could mow in a whole morning. The inhabitants of this desolate region were of course wretchedly poor, but they enjoyed one great privilege over their fellow-subjects in more fertile districts, which was, the permission to choose their form of religion. And as most of the hamlets named were Lutheran or Protestant, the inhabitants were at liberty to worship God in the simplicity which the Scriptures

enjoin. It must be admitted, they were not in a condition to make much use of this privilege, for they were as deplorably ignorant as they were miserably poor. There was no interest felt in religion, and no mental instruction of any kind. A wretched cottage was set apart for a school, where a number of children were crowded together, noisy, wild, and dirty, and the only person employed to take care of them was some swineherd or shepherd, who might happen at the time to have no employment on the mountains. Often in the summer months, when the able-bodied men were employed, a decrepid old man was left in charge of the children, and was dignified with the name of schoolmaster. This was the case when a benevolent Lutheran minister, named Stouber, first visited the district. He entered the wretched hut where the children were collected, and seeing an old man lying on a little bed in a corner of the apartment, M. Stouber said to him, "Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you teach the children?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing! How is that?"

"Because," replied the old man, with simplicity, "I know nothing myself."

"Why then were you instituted schoolmaster?"

"Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children."

It must be admitted, that the mental condition of the inhabitants of Ban de la Roche was as unpromising and deplorable as the unfruitful region in which they lived. The energy and benevolence and piety of one man was the means of entirely altering both the appearance of the country and the manners of the people. The name of this truly great man was John Frederick Oberlin.

The city of Strasbourg was the birth-place of Oberlin, in the year 1740. He was one of a family of nine children, the offspring of respectable and intelligent, though not affluent parents. The distinguished subject of our narrative was a lovely character even in childhood, and well repaid the tender care of a wise and pious father, and a sensible and noble-minded mother. Many sweet anecdotes are related of his early intrepidity and

generosity. It was the custom of his father to allow him two pfennige every week as pocket-money, a sum scarcely equal to an English halfpenny. Self-denial and prudence, even in the management of this small sum, was strikingly displayed by little Oberlin; he used to save up these small copper coins, and then, when opportunity offered, give them away to relieve the distresses of the needy.

Once, when he was walking through the market-place of Strasbourg, some rude boys ran against a poor woman, and upset her basket of eggs, which she was endeavouring to sell. Young Oberlin sternly reproved the mischievous boys, and then running home, fetched his box of savings and gave them to the poor egg-merchant.

Another time he saw a distressed-looking woman trying to bargain for a second-hand garment, which a clothes-dealer in the market had to sell. The price asked was, however, more than she could afford, and the woman went away sorrowful. Oberlin, who had watched the scene and heard the conversation between the dealer and the wretched looking female, as soon as he saw her depart went up to the man, and giving him the extra money,

requested he would call the poor woman back and let her have the gown.

His hatred of oppression and injustice was as great as his benevolence. Once, when still a young boy, seeing a beadle ill-use an invalid beggar, he interfered and reproached the officer for his cruelty. The man threatened to take him up, but the neighbours, who loved the noble-hearted boy, protected him; and it was remarked that, ever after, the same beadle, when he met Oberlin, treated him with uncommon respect.

A character so distinguished by excellent qualities in childhood promised well for high attainments in maturity; particularly as religion was very early made precious to him, and his conscience was awakened by the power of Scripture truth: late in life, in one of his letters, Oberlin said, "During my infancy and youth God often vouchsafed to touch my heart and to draw me to himself." At the age of twenty Oberlin solemnly dedicated himself to God. He made a written statement of faith, and a sacred covenant with his Maker to devote his time, talents, and influence to the service of God and the good of man. This covenant he signed with his name, and ratified with many

earnest, humble prayers that grace might make and keep him faithful.

Such was the man who, at the age of twenty-seven, accepted the pastoral care of the stony, barren district of Ban de la Roche. When he first arrived in his new scene of labour he found that the people of the hamlets constituting his district were entirely isolated by their inaccessible locality. All communication with neighbouring towns was prevented in consequence of there being no road to or from the mountain villages. The only means of communication in summer was over the stepping-stones placed across a river thirty feet wide; and in winter walking along its course on the ice. In addition to this disadvantage and to the stony nature of the soil before named, he found the people too ignorant and too indolent to wish for any change for the better. Indeed it was with difficulty he could understand the barbarous country dialect in which they spoke, or make them understand his pure and correct mode of expression; while the children were just such little savages as might be expected from such parents, schoolmasters, and habitations as have been described.

Oberlin was not the man to be cast down

by difficulties. Just in proportion to the misery of the place and people was his strong desire to do them good and to improve their condition. Steadily looking on the state of affairs around him, and always relying for help on Him who alone can send prosperity, Oberlin determined to bring all his knowledge of every kind to bear both upon the district and people of the Ban de la Roche.

His labours, however, naturally commenced with the people; many of whom were unwilling that any changes should take place, and determined to resist their pastor with all the violence of brutal and ignorant minds.

To rouse a better spirit in his flock was his first care; and it is a beautiful instance of the mighty power of gentleness and forbearance, that, when Oberlin heard it was the intention of some of his parishioners to waylay him and inflict personal chastisement upon him, he conquered their evil designs in the following way:—

On the Sabbath-day he preached from the words of the Saviour, "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil." Many of the guilty hearers, on retiring, assembled together at an appointed place, laughing among themselves,

and said, "How will he act when he is the subject of such treatment?" While they were thus talking, Oberlin suddenly came into their assembly, and said, "I am come to offer myself to your vengeance, and save you the meanness of ambuscade." Not a hand was raised against him, but all stole away, humbled and abashed.

Shortly after, learning it was the intention of some young people (who did not like the habits of industry their pastor inculcated,) to waylay him and duck him, he took occasion to preach on the security and happiness of those who trust in the protection of the Most High. After which, he proceeded home on foot instead of on horseback, as was his usual practice, and had not gone far when he saw three men concealed, but he passed them with so calm and composed a demeanour, that they never ventured to leave their hiding-place to molest him.

These occurrences, painful as they must have been at the time, were ultimately made instrumental in promoting Oberlin's plans. Those who had engaged in these wicked schemes against him, were ashamed of their ingratitude and malice, and being anxious to regain the good opinion they had forfeited,

proved the sincerity of their repentance by aiding in the works Oberlin proposed executing.

The first work of great magnitude was to make a road out of this wild mountain district, that should lead to the high road to Strasbourg, and thus be the means of bringing the people into intercourse with others who were in a superior state of civilization.

Having assembled the people together, he proposed that they should blast the rocks, and convey a sufficient quantity of large masses to construct a wall to support a road a mile and a half along the bank of the river Bruhe, and build a bridge over it near Mothau. The peasants heard him with astonishment, and every one excused himself, on the plea of private business, from engaging in the stupendous undertaking. In vain Oberlin argued, and tried to prove to them the advantages that would arise from the plan: his appeals were ineffectual: at length, he concluded by saying, "Let all who feel the importance of my proposition, come and work with me."

Oberlin, who had traced the plan of the road, immediately proceeded with a pickaxe on his shoulder, to the spot marked out, and

began to work. The peasants, stimulated by his example, forgot their opposition and objections, and began to work with him. He chose for himself and a faithful servant, the most difficult and dangerous places: his conduct awakened emulation, and labourers came in, to whom he allotted portions of the work. As he proceeded difficulties increased; mountain torrents had to be diverted from their courses; tools to be provided and funds raised. At length, however, all obstacles vanished before the energy and perseverance of Oberlin. The road was made and the bridge completed, which bears to the present day the name of "*Le Pont de Charité*;" and by this means direct communication was opened with Strasbourg.

After this wonderful work was effected, Oberlin's next care was to increase the means of instruction afforded to the children. In this he was especially assisted by his amiable wife, to whom he was united about one year after entering on his pastoral duties. Instead of one poor log-hut, five good school-houses were erected; the children classified according to age; and those of tender years were placed under the care of women, on the plan which has been the model for the infant-

school system of the present time. Great care was exercised by Oberlin in the choice of instructors. Religious worth and gentle manners were particularly insisted on as indispensable requisites. The influence of personal example was never more strikingly exemplified than among the inhabitants of Ban de la Roche. Oberlin's active benevolence of character soon found many imitators among his flock. Three admirable women became especially celebrated for their zeal and humanity. The names of these were Sophia Bernard, Catherine Scheidecker, and Maria Schepler, who were all most active in teaching the young; and the former of whom, though herself a poor woman, maintained and brought up at her own expense several orphan children: teaching them to spin cotton, and other useful pursuits, that enabled them ultimately to obtain their own living; and also giving them such excellent moral and mental training that they became useful and intelligent members of society. These admirable women fulfilled the Apostle's injunction, "Be ye clothed with good works."

Oberlin was not only desirous that habits of order and morality should be given to the children in his schools; he wished their lan-

guage and manners to be improved, so that they were not allowed to speak in their rude dialect, which resembled the old French spoken two hundred years previously; instead of this they were taught pure French, and encouraged to be particular in their modes of expression. Many of them, as they advanced in their studies, were expected to write essays on various subjects. Botany, agriculture, and flower-drawing, were taught them; and by this judicious plan of instruction, in the course of a few years, the habits of the people underwent a complete change; refinement took the place of rusticity, intelligence displaced ignorance, and Christian charity, combined with diligent industry, was found in the room of selfish brutality and stupid indolence.

Another important method which Oberlin adopted to improve the condition of the people was, by teaching them better methods of agriculture. In this effort he, as usual, determined on instructing by example: and selecting a part of his grounds, the most *unfavourable* in point of soil, he made a plantation of fruit-trees, by digging trenches, and manuring and surrounding them with a soil suited to them, though that had to be brought

from a distance. He was successful in making a valuable improvement in his own land, and as many of the peasants passed through it to their daily labour, they wondered how it was that such fine trees grew in such a soil, and inquired of him the reason. This was a question Oberlin rejoiced to hear; after directing their thoughts to Him who sends "the early and the latter rain," and is the source of all abundance, he told them of the various ways by which human skill can triumph over natural obstacles, and induced them to commence following the example he had set, promising to help them himself in planting and grafting. The plan succeeded wonderfully; planting and grafting became favourite occupations; and by these means, in the course of a few years, the face of the country underwent an entire change. Lovely groves of fruit-trees, and rich crops of grain and vegetables, were growing in places that, but a few years before, were stern and barren hills, or rocky declivities. Thus fears of famine, which had been the frequent visitant and scourge of the region, were removed, and the people reaped the reward of their industry in increased comfort and plenty.

While this improvement of the land went

on, the ever-active Oberlin was desirous of improving the dwellings of the people. When he came to the Ban de la Roche, he found the people living in wretched cabins, hewn out of the rock, or sunk into the sides of mountains; under his superintendence comfortable cottages were erected, with dry, roomy cellars, capable of preserving the winter stock of potatoes.

He also had a depôt of workmen's tools and implements of agriculture, so that whenever a poor man broke his tools, instead of losing two days in going to Strasbourg, or, what was worse, instead of remaining idle because of having no money to purchase others, Oberlin supplied their wants at the lowest price, giving credit to those who had no money, but always requiring the punctual discharge of the debt, so that habits of integrity might be formed, while industry and economy of time was promoted by the plan.

Another means of civilization was the introduction of useful trades into the Ban de la Roche: he selected the most promising of the youths, and sent them to Strasbourg to learn the trades of a carpenter, a mason, a glazier, a cartwright, and a blacksmith. By these means

good workmen were obtained, who returned to their native valleys, and instructed others; thus not only improving their district, but also saving expense, and keeping the little money of the hamlets circulating among themselves, instead of going into other places and leaving them impoverished.

The question naturally arises, what fortune had Oberlin to enable him to make roads through impassable rocks, and construct bridges over dangerous rivers, to erect schools, maintain children, apprentice youths, lay out plantations, build cottages, stock warehouses, establish lending libraries, and print useful books? How vast and numerous the works engaged in! though circumscribed to one locality, they comprehended all that was needed for physical, moral, mental, and spiritual comfort. How successful every plan! Surely, if Oberlin had wealth, riches were never better expended than in thus making "the desert and the solitary place glad, and causing the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose." Oh, had he been very rich, all right-minded persons would have concurred to love and honour his memory; but our admiration is beyond all adequate expression, when we learn that his whole property and

income did not amount to more than 1,000 francs annually, about 40*l.* of our money.

During the time of the French Revolution, when distress and terror spread on every side, Oberlin, in common with other clergymen, was deprived of even this small salary. From that time he renounced all legal claim upon his people, and depended solely on their voluntary contributions. All he required of them was, that they should show their gratitude to God, and love to himself, by giving according to their means. The result proved that Oberlin had inculcated a liberal spirit, along with other good qualities, among his flock, for they cheerfully contributed from their humble means; and in every work of neighbourly kindness or public benevolence, they were most munificent: though Oberlin would never take more than a sum just sufficient for his absolute necessities.

It was by dint of rigid economy, self-denial, and personal labour, that the good Oberlin effected all his plans. Bread, milk, fruit, and vegetables, dressed in the simplest manner, constituted the chief, and often the only, supplies of his table; while in dress, and every kind of personal expense, he was

most moderate, no superfluous luxury was allowed to take from the funds he delighted to employ in plans of benevolence. Oberlin was a bright example, that economy is the best foundation for generosity.

This admirable man was not exempted from the sorrows which are the appointed lot of humanity. His sweet wife, who had entered so warmly into his schemes of usefulness, and proved herself so truly "a help-meet" for him, was, after sixteen years of happy intercourse, removed by death at an age when her young family most required her. This affliction nearly overwhelmed Oberlin; but he was not left comfortless; the heavenly Father, whom he loved and served, sustained him, and raised up a humble, but invaluable friend, who became a mother to his motherless children. This was Louisa Schepler, who entered his dwelling as housekeeper, but shortly after refused to take wages, entreating to be considered one of the family. Her letter to her beloved pastor, containing this request, is a most affecting proof of her disinterested friendship: in it she says, "Do not, I entreat, give me any more wages; for as you treat me as your child in every other respect, I earnestly wish

you to do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my body. My shoes, and stockings, and sabots, will cost something; when I want them I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father.

"Oh, I entreat you to grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter."

This affectionate request was acceded to, and Louisa was ever afterwards considered as one of Oberlin's children.

His family consisted of three sons and four daughters, all of whom were brought up under the paternal roof. Frederick, the eldest son, a fine, intelligent young man, joined the army, and was killed in battle at the age of twenty-four. Henry, the youngest son, was his father's active coadjutor in plans of benevolence, particularly in the distribution of Bibles, and in corresponding with the London Bible Society. He also, in early manhood, was removed by death. His decease was supposed to have been accelerated by the fatigues he underwent during a tour in the south of France, which he undertook in order to ascertain the religious condition of the Protestant inhabitants, and to distribute the Scriptures among them. A cold,

caught while humanely assisting in extinguishing a fire, was thought also to have permanently injured his health. The death of this worthy son of a distinguished father was deeply lamented by the inhabitants of Ban de la Roche; while, to his afflicted father, it was one of the severest dispensations of Providence that he could be called to endure. Resignation, however, formed an essential part of pastor Oberlin's character, and though he felt his sorrows as a man and a father, he was able to bear them as a Christian.

During the terrors of the French Revolution the Ban de la Roche was preserved in tranquillity; and Oberlin had the comfort of receiving many distressed fugitives and ministering to their necessities. Indeed his acts of private benevolence were as constant as his public labours for the good of others.

He had many opportunities of greatly bettering his worldly circumstances if he would have left his people. He proved that he was not a hireling, but a disinterested friend, by resolutely refusing all offers of removal, no matter how advantageous, and continuing, year after year, to live for, and

labour with, the people of Ban de la Roche. He used to say—

"God has confided this flock to my care, and why should I abandon it? Where could I find better parishioners or more grateful hearts?"

At length, full of years and honours, beloved and respected by all, his fame having spread throughout Europe, his valuable life drew to a close. After nearly sixty years' faithful ministrations he laid down his charge and his life together, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and the fifty-ninth of his pastorate. He died the death of the righteous, maintaining the sweet serenity of his temper unruffled throughout his illness: giving humane directions respecting his beloved flock, and fatherly admonitions to his children; among whom the adopted one, the faithful Louisa, was not forgotten. He gave particular charge that she should be taken care of: a charge faithfully kept, for one of his children, speaking of her, said, "As long as a descendant of Oberlin survives she shall never want."

Such were the labours and life of the good pastor Oberlin. He found a moral wilderness, and left it a well-watered garden; the

seeds of instruction judiciously sown in the youthful mind took root and flourished abundantly. He found a stony desert, and left it rich in waving trees and fruitful fields, while arts, manufactures, domestic comfort, social order, and, what was far better, religion and piety, made the Ban de la Roche celebrated throughout Europe.

His character possessed all the true elements of greatnes — humility, courtesy, mildness, decision, firmness, activity. Perhaps the great secret of his success as a reformer, was, that he always taught by example. All he wished his people to perform he practised rigidly himself. A lady who knew him late in life, said, "I never knew the *grace* of courtesy so completely exemplified in any one as in Pastor Oberlin." The refinement of his manners softened into gentleness the peasantry by whom he was surrounded, while his benevolence won their affection, and his industry and ingenuity excited their emulation and dispelled their ignorance.

Contrasted with the moral triumphs of an Oberlin, how contemptible are the boasted deeds of warriors, who find a fertile region, and lay it waste with fire and slaughter, and

then talk of their labours and boast of their bravery. Oberlin had the real glory of transforming the barren rock and stony valley into fertile fields, and making a rude, ignorant, indolent, and miserable peasantry courteous, intelligent, industrious, pious, and happy.

The fine character drawn by the poet Pope, of "The Man of Ross," seems, in some points, exactly to suit Oberlin:—

"Who hung with woods yon mountain's *stony** brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
The 'Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Him, portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, bless;
The young who labour and the old who rest."

A character so full of Christian activity and benevolence, combined with Apostolic simplicity, as Oberlin's, is not easy to parallel; and yet, during the last century, there existed in our own land, a country clergyman who combined similar admirable

* The word in the original, is *sultry*.

qualities in his character, and was equally useful in promoting the spiritual and eternal interests of his flock. This truly estimable individual was Robert Walker, commonly called the "Wonderful." He was born at Seathwaite in 1709. By the exertion of his own industry and self-culture he qualified himself, in a literary sense, for the work of the ministry, and, being blessed with the grace of God, he entered the Church of England, and was appointed Curate of Seathwaite, (a remote village amid the beautiful scenery and primitive population of Westmoreland.) A salary of five pounds per annum was all the emolument accruing from his office. In addition to his labours as a clergyman, he entered upon the duties of a schoolmaster, rightly regarding the welfare and instruction of the young as a primary consideration in the work of a Christian pastor. His salary was afterwards augmented to eighteen pounds per annum. Shortly after receiving his appointment as curate, he married a worthy woman, who had a little portion of forty pounds. These were all the pecuniary resources of this extraordinary man; and yet, by the exercise of constant industry in agricultural pursuits,

and also in the humble arts of spinning, he not only set an example to his flock, and taught them methods of improving their temporal condition, but he provided for the wants of a numerous family, consisting of no less than nine children; to all of whom he gave an excellent education. One son he maintained at college, at Dublin.

Small as was the remuneration he received from his parish, he conscientiously refused to leave his charge when a more profitable curacy, that of Upha, was offered to him. With all the strict economy which he observed in expending his humble means, he yet exhibited a most generous and hospitable spirit, fully proving the truth of the remark that a wise and prudent economy is often the parent of benevolence. Those only who know how to husband their resources, and to bring their own wants within the limits of their means, have the opportunity of exercising a wise and kind liberality. People often thoughtlessly assert that extravagant persons who expend their money carelessly are generous and good-natured, but this is a very great mistake. The liberality of such people is only a fleeting impulse, and if it involved the necessity of their exercising self-

denial of any kind, it would quickly be perceived that they loved their own selfish gratification and extravagance far more than their suffering fellow-creatures. Robert Walker's constant industry and economy furnished him with the means of benevolence. Every Sabbath-day he kept open house, and welcomed to his humble, temperate, and yet hospitable board, those of his flock who resided at a distance from the place of worship, and who, but for the accommodation thus afforded them, would have had to suffer many privations and much fatigue, in order to be present at the worship of the Sanctuary. Besides this motive, the desire he felt to be surrounded on the Lord's day in social as well as spiritual intercourse by his humble flock, led this truly good man to desire their company.

It has been beautifully said of him, "That it might have been concluded no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the

midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and when to the direct cultivation of the mind so small a portion of time was allotted?

But in this extraordinary man, things apparently adverse in their nature were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent: his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his affections suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office; the poor and needy he never sent empty away—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale; the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation." To this admirable man, every line of Goldsmith's well-known description of a country clergyman would, with the

strictest truth, apply; for as in the poet's words,—

" Remote from towns he ran his Godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, or wished to change his place:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise."

A poor idea must those have of moral dignity and heroism, who think the respectability of the clerical character is compromised when it stoops to the humble pursuits of industry. If these are entered into with the pure desire of benefiting others, by teaching them, both by example and precept, the utility of active pursuits, and with the noble motive of increasing those means which supply the sources of liberality, then industry of the humblest kind, becomes dignified and honourable. Thus Paul of old, the learned, distinguished, and energetic, wrought with his hands at his trade, as a tentmaker, in order that he might be no incumbrance on those early converts, who learned words of eternal wisdom and truth from his sublime teachings. Oh, it is a wise thing ever to reflect that labour is honourable; and indolence, however dignified by worldly rank, and gilded by worldly grandeur, is mean, contemptible, and dishonourable.

Wordsworth, to whom the public are indebted for making this estimable man's instructive life known, has finely sketched his portrait in his contemplative poem, "The Excursion," in the following words:—

"In this one man is shown a temperance, proof
Against all trials; industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
Forbearance, charity, in deed and thought,
And resolution competent to take
Out of the bosom of simplicity
All that her holy customs recommend,
And the best ages of the world prescribe.
Preaching, administering in every work
Of his sublime vocation in the walks
Of worldly intercourse between man and man,
And in his humble dwelling, he appears
A labourer, with moral virtue girt,
With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned."

Such men truly are the salt of the earth; and to them we should look for example, for it is the virtuous only who supply a practical illustration of the pure, the noble, and the heroic in human character.

CHAPTER IV.

MORAL HEROISM EXHIBITED IN SELF-CONQUEST. — BUNYAN, DR. ALEXANDER MURRAY, DR. HOPE.

ALL the good men I have ever known or read of, have been deeply impressed with the great truth which Scripture enforces, namely, that all human beings have a nature more prone to evil than to good. We see this even in little children, who, as soon as they can act at all, seem delighted to do mischief, and often show tempers and dispositions that are the reverse of amiable. The human mind is like a garden where the flowers and fruits require great care and culture; but weeds grow of themselves, thick and strong, and are with great difficulty uprooted. So that every person has to be watchful, or the evil of their dispositions will increase and destroy the good. This is one reason why a wise and careful education is such a great blessing. Sensible parents and faithful instructors feel bound to tell their young charge of their faults, and to warn them of the bad con-

sequences of self-indulgence and a weak yielding to besetting sins: exercising such a watchfulness over them, that the children (if obedient and conscientious) learn in time to be careful in their actions, and very watchful over their habits. This method of self-control, if learned in childhood, generally lays the foundation of a good and useful character in future life. How much are those young persons to be pitied who are never told their faults, but permitted to have their own way, and who in consequence grow up with evil habits and uncontrolled tempers, exemplifying the truth of the words of inspiration, "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

A gracious Providence, however, is over all mankind, and sometimes those who have passed the golden days of youth in trifling and folly, are led by some event to see and feel the error of their ways: and then comes a great struggle with themselves, to conquer the habits that have "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength." I have said it is a great struggle, for without doubt a conflict with *self* is the hardest conflict human nature can enter into, and all wise men have agreed to consider, that he

who gains the victory in this contest is the greatest of all conquerors. There are some beautiful instances on record of men conquering themselves. I will recount a few. I cannot do better than commence with a remarkable man, who wrote a book that has had more admiring readers, of all ages, than perhaps any other in the English language. The man I speak of is JOHN BUNYAN, and his book the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

About the year 1634, there was a boy running about at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, who was the plague and torment of the neighbourhood. He was the ring-leader in every noisy pastime, the head of every rude sport. Yet those even who noticed and blamed his faults the most, pitied the boy, because he was very poor, very ignorant, and very much neglected. There are many turbulent, unruly, wicked boys among those who have had plenty of instruction and tender parental care, and whose sin is in consequence much the greater, "for where much is given much will be required." The boy I am referring to was left to himself, and though he had great talents, untiring activity, and a fine open countenance, calculated to interest beholders, yet the want of

moral training was painfully evident in his thoughtless and foolish career. Even the natural gifts I have named were so perverted by negligence, that they only served to make him more wicked and troublesome. His talents enabled him to devise schemes of mischief, his activity to put them in practice, and his health, vigour, and mirthfulness to render him careless of consequences. This boy was John Bunyan.

I believe the parents of this riotous boy did not wilfully neglect him; but they were ignorant and poor, and the trade of his father, that of a wandering tinker, compelled him sometimes to leave his son in the village of Elstow without any restraint, or else to take him wandering up and down the country, perhaps with the gipsies, who very generally practise the trade of tinkers. Such circumstances, it must be confessed, were quite opposed to the boy growing up in wisdom or grace. For a very short time he was sent to school, and the truths he heard there about an all-seeing, ever-present God, and a solemn day of judgment, made a deep impression on his mind, and though he continued in sin, yet his conscience often told him of his wickedness; and when he was not more than

nine years old, he had very awful and alarming dreams. His guilty conscience doubtless caused these, and being a boy of great powers of imagination, some of his dreams at that early age were so full of grandeur and solemnity, that he remembered them to the last hours of his life.

Still it does not appear that these warnings produced any effect on his conduct, for he grew up from a turbulent boy to a profligate youth; indeed, so great was his sin, that even wicked persons were surprised and shocked at his profane words and wilful conduct. He seems to have escaped the gross vice of drunkenness; but swearing and sabbath-breaking were his constant besetting sins. At the time that this youth was about seventeen years of age, there was great strife and tumult in the land, between King Charles the First and his Parliament, and England became the scene of that dreadful kind of warfare, known by the name of civil war, in which persons who are fellow-countrymen and neighbours, perhaps relatives, take up deadly weapons and engage in contests with each other. It was precisely what might be expected, that such a youth as I have described should go into the army.

The life of a soldier has apparently many charms for the thoughtless, the idle, and the profligate.

In this scene of tumult he remained some time; the mercy of God continued to follow him, though he so neglected the little learning that he had received at school, that he lost even the power of reading and writing. But one great blessing was in store for him, that ultimately changed the tenour of his whole life. It was his happiness to win the affections of an amiable young woman, the daughter of pious parents, and she became his wife. Many people think that he must have reformed a little, or appeared to reform, otherwise a modest good young woman would not have united herself to him. Be that as it may, very soon after his marriage he took to his old habits, doubtless much to the grief of his young and gentle wife. It was well for her that she had the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, for nothing but the power of meekness would have reclaimed such a high turbulent spirit as her husband possessed. Had she scolded and railed at his faults; or wept and lamented in gloomy discontent, she would have disgusted him, and perhaps caused him entirely to neglect his

home and business. Her method was first to train herself to patience and forbearance, bearing in mind that it was her duty, as a professor of Christianity, to possess that charity "which suffereth long and is kind." Thus she always met him with a cheerful smile, and tried to entertain him with pleasant conversation, about the things she had been taught, and the books she had read in her father's house, and by these means her society became dear to him. To hear her gentle voice he forsook the alehouse and its low pursuits, the village green and its riotous sports, and sat by his own fireside, striving to recover his lost reading, and to conquer his debased habits, his meek affectionate wife assisting him.

No one ever failed of success who faithfully tried to mend their evil ways. He soon became a fluent reader, particularly of the best of all books, the Bible. From its pages he learned the doom of the unrepentant sinner, and the reward of those who turn from the way of the wicked. This made him serious and thoughtful, still it was not easy for one who had so long erred to get into the right way. He had many struggles, and many sore mental conflicts: evil was

strong within him, and he found that a man has no enemy so mighty as his own wicked rebellious heart. Yet, after many discouragements, a blessing came on his endeavours, his darkened mind was enlightened, and his heart was changed. Oh! think of the joy his wife must have felt when she found the rebellious spirit of her husband was subdued, and she saw that he was kind and teachable as a little child, yet thoughtful and diligent as a wise man. What a privilege it was that she aided in bringing about such a happy change, and that by the exercise of piety, good sense, and meekness: she met with a reward due to one who, in the language of Scripture, "openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

She did not live long after the reformation of her husband; her work was done. John Bunyan lived to show, in his future career, the effects of her gentle teaching, and to become celebrated by his sufferings and his genius.

In those days there was great persecution in the land. When King Charles the Second was restored to the throne, his ministers persuaded him that the religious people, who were at that time called Puritans, were

enemies to all authority, and wished to disturb the peace of the kingdom. In consequence of this, many severe laws were passed against them; particularly against all preachers of the Gospel, who were not ordained by the Bishops of the Church of England, and against all persons whose consciences did not permit them to join in the worship of the Church of England. Heavy fines, severe imprisonments, and cruel punishments, such as scourging, standing in the pillory, mutilation, and sometimes death itself, were inflicted on them. Those who thus suffered for conscience sake were called Nonconformists.

It happened that John Bunyan was one of the first, some say *the first*, who suffered for conscience sake, after the restoration of King Charles, and the occasion of it was this. When such a rude, sinful, boisterous person, as Bunyan had been, became mild, studious, and well conducted, people took notice of so remarkable a change, and observing that year after year passed and he still improved in grace and knowledge, they were eager to ask him about the truths of that holy religion, which had wrought so mighty a change in him. He was not very ready to comply with

their request; they urged him yet the more, and though he modestly feared to speak, yet whenever he did, the effect on the hearers was wonderful. The deep earnestness with which he spoke made all who heard him attentive and thoughtful, and many turned from their evil ways, to the religion of purity and truth. Such being the great results of his preaching, Bunyan was impressed by the effects he saw, and was convinced that God, who had done so much for him, would do equally great things by him. This conviction made it plain to him that he was bound to devote all his talents to spreading the knowledge of those gospel truths, which had been the means of his own conversion. So he continued preaching, and God eminently blessed his labours. But the Bedfordshire magistrates, being arbitrary men, in mistaken zeal, determined to forbid him. Bunyan felt that he must obey God rather than man, and therefore could not conscientiously give them the promise they required, that he would preach no more. In the language of this powerful writer, "He saw that his powerful and piercing words brought tears from the eyes, and melted the hearts of his hearers; but he knew that would not continue long upon them without

God's grace. But by often teaching, at last he saw such signs of contrition in his hearers, that he boldly expressed himself in St. Paul's words, 'Though I be not an apostle to others, yet, doubtless, I am unto you, for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord.'" 1 Cor. ix. 2. As he preached under this conviction, he was resolute in continuing to preach, so the magistrates put him in prison.

At the time Bunyan was placed in jail, his first wife was dead, but he had taken to his heart and home a worthy successor; and his motherless children had a kind and excellent substitute in his second wife, Elizabeth. He was still very poor in worldly circumstances: one of his children, a daughter, was afflicted with blindness; the prison was the old damp jail on Bedford Bridge, which, a century after, was the first that Howard visited. Bunyan complained that it was so mildewed, that it was enough to make "the moss grow upon his eyebrows." Here he was confined for the long period of twelve years! At any time during that long imprisonment, if he would have promised not to preach, his prison doors would have been opened, and he would have been restored to liberty. But his conscience told him, that all his talents

were given him by God, and ought to be dedicated to his service, particularly as they were such as eminently qualified him for a preacher of the gospel. Therefore, he preferred imprisonment, suffering, and poverty, rather than by a sinful promise to obtain liberty.

It was during this imprisonment that John Bunyan wrote his great work—The Pilgrim's Progress. He had no library to refer to—no books to help his genius. His Bible and an old concordance constituted all his stock of mental food; and during a great part of the time of his imprisonment, he was so poor, that his blind daughter used to knit stay-laces, Bunyan tagged them, and his wife used to sell them about the streets of Bedford, for the support of her helpless family.

There is a beautiful instance recorded of Bunyan's wife going before Judge Hale to plead for her husband being set at liberty. She had but just recovered from a serious illness, and was still very weak; but her modest confidence, tender appeals, and sensible conscientious replies won the respect and admiration of the Judge upon the bench, and of all who were in the court. There is abundant reason to believe, that though in

the very humblest station of life, she was a woman of true nobility of soul, and elevated Christian principle. Deeply as she must have suffered, she never counselled her husband to act contrary to his principles; and in due time she was rewarded, for Bunyan, though not formally dismissed from prison, was at length suffered to depart without making any compromise of his conscientious convictions.

From the time of his release, he was regularly occupied in preaching the gospel, and numbers had reason to bless his ministry. When he preached in London, which he was often called to do, the places of worship could not contain the people who flocked to hear him. It is said King Charles once upbraided the learned Dr. Owen for going to hear "an illiterate tinker prate;" when the Doctor replied, "Please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

Besides doing much good at Bedford, Bunyan's personal influence extended into most of the adjoining counties.

His death was worthy of his life. In the month of August, 1688, he had been la-

bouring very diligently, both in preaching and writing; the year preceding he had published six books on religious subjects. This mental fatigue, added to the hardships which had been his previous portion, affected his health, and his friends saw that he had been declining many weeks. But he still kept labouring, and hearing that a young gentleman, a friend of his, who had previously offended his father, was likely to be disinherited, Bunyan's last act was to go to Reading, and bring about a reconciliation between the father and son. After completing this good action, he rode on horseback to London: the weather was bad, and when he arrived, he was completely wet through; a violent fever was the result, and in ten days the pilgrim had triumphantly passed through the valley of the shadow of Death, and entered the celestial city.

His noble wife, Elizabeth, did not long survive him; his blind daughter, Mary, whom he most especially loved, died during her father's life. Of his other children, not much is known. One son, Thomas, was a faithful preacher of the gospel, and though not possessing great or popular talents, was much respected.

Now do you not think John Bunyan a great conqueror? A warrior heading an army has an easy task, compared with the man who has to fight against his own evil nature, and to subdue his sinful temper, and to come like a little child to God for forgiveness. I know Bunyan did not conquer in his own strength, and without help: he went to the strong for strength, even to the mighty God of Jacob. But aid would not have been afforded him, unless he had diligently laboured to subdue his temper, and carefully watched over his evil propensities. "The Lord helps those who help themselves." Such men as Bunyan, conquerors of themselves, enduring hardship, and vanquishing circumstances, are the only true heroes.

The fine and truly heroic quality, called self-control, is often exhibited by very dissimilar characters, and under a great variety of circumstances. But whosoever resolutely strives against any besetting sin or foible, cannot fail in reaping the reward of his merit. One of the most difficult tasks to a young person, is, to control tendencies to intellectual vanity; a fault peculiarly common to those who have cultivated their own minds, and are, what is termed, self-taught.

We have seen, in the case of Bunyan, the fine example of a young man struggling against the evil of his nature, and conquering the dominion of habit; and we have witnessed that the Spirit of God aided his endeavours, *because those endeavours were earnest, vigorous, and persevering.* Had Bunyan never striven with himself, God would never have enabled him to come off conqueror.

It sometimes, however, happens, that foibles and weaknesses are as difficult to conquer as crimes—and, indeed, require more watchfulness; for this reason, conscience speaks in a voice that will be heard, in reference to the more glaring vices; but foibles grow up unnoticed, and often unsuspected; there is no conviction on the mind, no remorse of conscience, and thus weakness insidiously creeps in, undermines the moral qualities of the character, and makes many an individual the victim of besetting sins and painful foibles; deforming the mind, and preventing the usefulness which, but for them, might have blessed society. Hence, when we see youth watchful over weaknesses, faithfully checking the growth of any debilitating folly in his mind, such a youth is a noble example to others. Dr. Alexander

Murray, in very early life, presented an illustration of self-conquest in the difficult matter of minor foibles. This distinguished man was the descendant of a very primitive race, who, for many generations, had followed the occupation of shepherds, in Kirkcudbrightshire, in Scotland. The father of the subject of our narrative was seventy years old when Alexander was born; he was a man of good natural abilities, and possessed those advantages of scholarship which usually fall to the lot of the Scottish peasantry. This venerable man instructed his infant son in the first rudiments of reading, and entered on his office of teacher in a very amusing manner. He bought a catechism, which had the alphabet in large type prefixed; but the book being thought too precious for the child to handle at all times, it was usually kept locked up; and in the winter evenings, the child was taught his letters, by the father writing them on a board, with a piece of stick that had been charred in the fire. These letters were in a written hand, a mode of instruction that would have sorely puzzled most children, because the return to the printed forms in the book, would have seemed to contradict

the signs he had been learning. It must have greatly increased his labour to learn so many different shapes and forms; but, instead of perplexing the apt little scholar, he said, in after life, that, by this means, "he became a writer as well as reader." He could soon read the catechism, a psalm-book followed, and this being almost all committed to memory, he earnestly longed for more books. The family Bible he was not permitted to touch; what other books there were in the cottage were put away in a chest; but the observant child's eagerness for instruction was not to be easily foiled; he found out a place where an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it away piecemeal, reading them in secret with ardent delight. The wondrous narratives of Holy Writ made a powerful impression on his mind, and so fastened themselves on his memory, that, through life, he retained great portions of Scripture. Of course, this knowledge could not be concealed from observation, though the means by which he had acquired it were unknown; and great was the amazement of the relatives and neighbours in listening to the conversation of the child, enriched as it was with such stores of sacred lore.

Now, however, commenced the difficulties of Alexander. His forefathers had all been shepherds; his brothers, who were all grown up, were of that occupation, and it never entered the mind of his aged father, that this child should follow any other pursuit than that of the rest of his family: accordingly, at seven or eight years old, he was sent to the hills with the sheep. The boy was as much unfitted by nature, as by his studious habits, for the occupation designed for him. He was not robust, and, besides, was so short-sighted, that sheep were often lost when confided to him. Happily, just at the time when his father was becoming impatient and severe with him, and when his own young heart was failing at his uncongenial pursuits, an uncle, a brother of his mother's, arrived at the glen, and hearing the accounts of the genius of his little nephew, offered to put him to school for a short time, at his own expense.

At the school at New Galloway, the child had to undergo suffering of a different kind. His pronunciation and awkwardness became the subject of unfeeling ridicule with the other boys; but he bore their taunts with resolution, and, in a very little time, rose to

the head of his class, thus commanding respect by his diligence and talent. A fever, unfortunately, attacked him, and he had to return home ill. From this time, for nearly five years, he was entirely without instruction. He returned to his employment as a shepherd, but never neglected an opportunity of keeping up and adding to his small stock of knowledge. Fortunately, he was able to borrow a few books: Salmon's Geographical Grammar, and a Translation of Josephus, were the principal. These he studied incessantly; and when he was but little more than twelve years of age, his friends, finding he was not likely to be able to gain his bread as a shepherd, thought of looking out for some other employment; consequently, he engaged as a teacher in the families of two farmers, for one winter, his payment for his services throughout the season being the small sum of sixteen shillings. However, this sum enabled him to buy a few books; and his improvement went on while teaching others. Afterwards, his father's means improving a little, he was allowed to go to school three days in the week. Here he became a proficient in arithmetic, and had the opportunity of reading

many instructive books; and yet, all the time thus allowed him was but six weeks! The foundation, however, was laid; and the same habits of diligence which induced the child to toil through every difficulty unaided, stimulated the youth to increased exertion. He began to feel curious about other languages. He commenced the study of French during another short interval of school instruction that was afforded him. Latin was his next attempt. Then, a school-fellow, who was learning Greek, lent him a Greek Grammar; and, in about two months, he had made considerable progress in the rudiments of these ancient languages, while his progress with French was so rapid, that he was able to read and translate fluently. In the winter, he continued his teaching among the farmers' sons, and in the summer he prosecuted his studies, until the learning he amassed would have been creditable under any circumstances, but was absolutely immense, considering his disadvantages.

At the age of seventeen an incident occurred in his life that places his character in a far higher and nobler point of view than that of a mere student and bookworm, commendable as that was. He had read several

poems, and his mind was particularly struck with the wild sublimity and grandeur of Ossian; his familiarity with mountain scenery, and the associations of natural objects described in those poems, might account for the peculiar influence they exerted over his thoughts. He was instantly fired with the thought of composing a poem; he, himself, when writing an account of this period of his life, says, "I had, in the hour of ignorance and ambition, believed myself capable of writing an epic poem." He proceeded in this with his accustomed ardour; and, during the winter nights, wrote many thousand lines of his poem, which was a narrative, in blank verse, of the exploits of Prince Arthur. Occasionally he read portions of it to his friends, who praised it in the most ardent manner. Doubtless, he himself was delighted with it, for no feeling can generally be stronger than the love which a young author has for his first productions; and when they are in verse, it is astonishing to observe that persons who have correct judgment and fine taste in reference to the productions of others, are so blinded by partiality for their own works, that they can neither see a fault themselves, nor permit others to hint at the

possibility of such a thing; and thus it happens that they often usher productions into the world that they see reason, in after life and mature judgment, deeply to regret.

Alexander Murray heard the praises of his friends, but he wisely paused to ask himself whether their praise was the result of knowledge, or of mere partiality for himself; and instead of allowing vanity to take possession of his mind, he determined rigidly to compare his poem with some of the masterly compositions of the great English poets. This was a severe lesson which he had set himself, but he faithfully studied it; and after perusing Milton and others he became conscious that his poem was inferior in all the requisites that constitute genuine poetry. Once arrived at this faithful estimate of its value, no whispers of vanity, no pleadings of partiality warped his firm purpose; he abandoned the idea of appearing before the world as a poet, and consigned his Epic, which had been the treasure of his solitude and the companion of his winter nights, without mercy, to the flames. Alexander Murray lived to do many wise and good actions, but no event of his life is so full of instruction as this. Had he acted differently, been deaf to the remon-

strances of his judgment, and listened only to the praises of injudicious, incompetent friends, and the whispers of youthful ambition and vanity, he might have entirely missed his path in life; been condemned, at the outset, as a presumptuous pretender, and have sunk under the severity of criticism, into oblivion and discontent. It was, in fact, quite as heroic to destroy his Epic, as it would have been to write one worthy of publication. It required a mind of a different, but not less noble order, to do the one as to accomplish the other.

The subsequent career of this eminent man was worthy of his diligent, self-controlled youth. He was doomed to endure the privations and "hope deferred" of learned poverty for a considerable time; but a friend, in his own humble sphere, named M'Harg, an itinerant tea-merchant, was in the habit of sounding the praise of Alexander Murray wherever he went. Among others, to whom he spoke of him, was Mr. Kinnear of the King's Printing Office, Edinburgh, who, laudably desirous of befriending talent and virtue, desired that he should transmit some account of his attainments to Edinburgh. The result of the adoption of this plan was

that the young man ultimately went to Edinburgh; was examined by several professors of the university, all of whom expressed astonishment at his knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; measures were taken (chiefly through the exertions of Principal Baird), that ended in Alexander Murray being admitted to the university, where he was soon able to maintain himself by teaching.

From this time his course was onward and upward; he did not omit to use favourable opportunities with the same diligence that he had shown in unfavourable circumstances. The study of languages was his favourite pursuit, and he became so eminently learned in this department, that his name ranks in the foremost list of the Oriental scholars of Britain. He subsequently became a minister in the Scottish Church, obtained a degree as Doctor of Divinity, and was elected Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. He devoted his leisure to the composition of an elaborate work "on the languages of Europe;" and so free was he from the pedantry of learning, that it has been said, "a person might pass whole weeks in his society without hearing a word of his

favourite pursuits, or of the extent to which, in the department of Philology, he had carried his researches." His valuable life was brought to a premature, and somewhat sudden, termination, at the age of thirty-eight years. Though learned men have very naturally regretted the loss society sustained in so soon having such a mind withdrawn to its native heavenly sphere, yet thoughtful minds must feel grateful for the bright example which he has left of self-control and perseverance,—an example which ought to excite a noble emulation in youthful minds, to attain his moral heroism, even though they may have neither his genius nor his learning.

The late lamented Dr. Hope, physician of St. George's Hospital, gave in early youth evidences of a great power of self-control. He was the son of a gentleman of independent fortune, and the tenth child of a family of twelve; he was born in the north of England, at the town of Stockport, on the 23d of February, 1801. His thoughtful habits, and studious character, even in childhood, attracted attention, and his father was impressed with a high opinion of his capacity. Though living amid such a numerous

with this one vigorous act of obedience; it became the ruling habit, the fixed principle of life. His first question to himself ever seemed to be, "What is the path of duty?" and that once clearly ascertained, no matter how steep or rugged that path, he determined to walk therein. He was a man of singularly elegant tastes, possessed great natural talents for drawing and music, and had carefully cultivated them. Over these acquirements he exercised great watchfulness. The first he made subservient to advancing him in the physical knowledge necessary in his profession, and the second he would not permit himself to pursue with the ardour otherwise natural to him, lest it should infringe on time and duties that demanded more serious consideration.

He determined to make drawings of various stages of disease in the human frame, called "Morbid Anatomy," which was a painful task to one who loved to depict the ever-lovely forms and tints of beautiful natural objects; but, great as was his repugnance at using his elegant art for so unpleasant a purpose, his duty to improve as a physician, in every branch of knowledge connected with his profession, and the hope of bene-

fiting the world by his labours, enabled him to struggle with disgust and dislike, and ultimately to conquer them.

His affectionate biographer,* in the beautiful memoir that has recently appeared of this eminent man, remarks, in reference to the trials of his youth, "Instead of looking to the tastes of their children, parents would do well to instil into their minds those principles of self-denial and self-control,—that steady resolution to overcome all obstacles, and do their best in every station,—which will qualify them to fill, with usefulness and distinction, any post which the judgment of their parents, family interest, or any other guiding circumstances, may assign them."

Dr. Hope settled in London early in life; and, though he possessed few influential friends, and none able to aid him by their patronage, succeeded in obtaining a large practice in a comparatively short space of time, rose to the highest eminence in his profession, and published two valuable medical works, one a "Treatise on Diseases of the Heart," and the other a work on "Morbid Anatomy," illustrated by his own accurate

* Life of Dr. James Hope, by Mrs. Hope, edited by Klein Grant, M.D.

drawings. He also obtained the post of physician to St. George's Hospital, and, when in the noon-day radiance of his fame, at the age of forty, was called to lay down all worldly honours and distinctions, and to endure long months of hopeless sickness, which terminated in death. A higher honour than any which men can confer belonged to the character of Dr. Hope—he was a devout and humble Christian—his whole character was an embodiment of the self-denying benevolent principles of Christianity; and the termination of his mortal career, listening to the last, with fond attention, to the texts of Scripture, repeated in his dying ears by his pious wife, presents a picture of triumphant faith in a dying hour which cannot be surpassed.

Oh! the habit of self-control is a valuable lesson for the young to learn, worthy of their most fixed attention, and their unceasing efforts. The youth thus self-disciplined begins well; and a life of usefulness, happiness, and honour, crowned with the love of the good, and the favour of Heaven, is the frequent and blessed reward.

CHAPTER V.

MORAL HEROISM IN PLANTING COLONIES, MAKING LAWS, AND TEACHING CHRISTIANITY—WILLIAM PENN, ROBERT MOFFAT, JOHN WILLIAMS.

ONE of the commonest ways of justifying war is by stating that, though in itself an evil, it is often made the means of introducing civilization and Christianity into countries that, but for this, would be closed against improvement. If this result ever follows war, it is rather in spite than in consequence of it. To impoverish and injure a people by inflicting cruel wrongs and sufferings upon them, is a strange way of bringing them to believe in Christianity, or to adopt the manners and customs of civilized life. Warlike conquerors have depopulated many a lovely region; but it would not be easy to prove that they have ever benefited a single place. To make a solitude, and call it peace; to destroy all the inhabitants of a district in order that others may come into their place professing a purer kind of reli-

gion; is not the plan which the spirit of Christianity enjoins. Let us see whether there have not been men of peace who have founded colonies far more successfully than by the cruel arms and stratagems of warriors.

In the year 1644, in the city of London, William Penn was born. His family was high in station and influence, his father being Admiral Sir William Penn. His mother was a very excellent and sensible woman, who bestowed great pains on the early education of her son, of whom it is recorded, that, at the early age of eleven years, his mind was deeply impressed on serious subjects, which impression was never afterwards effaced: through all the temptations of school, and the licence of college life, his manners were pure, and his deportment serious.

While he was quite a youth, meeting with an eminent preacher of religion, he was led to adopt the principles of an amiable sect that arose in those times, and are now known by the name of the Society of Friends, or the more common appellation—Quakers.

It was a very decided and important step for William Penn to unite himself with

people who, at that time, were thought mere wild fanatics. His father was naturally disappointed, and very severely opposed and persecuted him, turning him out of doors, and threatening to disinherit him; and, though his tender mother's influence was used to mitigate the rigour of his father's anger, William Penn had a severe struggle between his affection as a son, and his convictions as a Christian. However, conscience triumphed. His heavenly Father's will, as he understood it, was more important than his earthly father's prejudices; and thus, though the most kind and dutiful of sons, he was constrained (being arrived at manhood) on the solemn point of religion, to act according to the convictions of his mind.

Nor was this domestic persecution the only trial William Penn was called to endure. The laws were very severe towards those who did not conform to the worship and discipline of the Church of England; and, consequently, he, and several of his most esteemed Christian friends, soon felt the effects of the stern enactments of Government. At the age of twenty-four he became a preacher among the Society of Friends;

and, publishing soon after a work called "Truth Exalted," the Bishop of London became so incensed at him, that he was sent to the Tower, and treated with great severity. During this imprisonment, he wrote his best work, called "No Cross, no Crown;" thus proving, in his own experience, the truth which has been so often observed, that sorrow, persecution, and imprisonment, often serve to exhibit the best and noblest qualities of the Christian's character.

> "Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,
> For there thy habitation is the heart."

After an imprisonment of seven months, Penn was suddenly liberated; it is believed, in consideration of his family. Shortly after his liberation an entire reconciliation took place between him and his father. He was admitted under the paternal roof, greatly to the joy of his excellent mother and all his friends.

In the year 1670, just two years after William Penn's imprisonment, he was again brought to trial for preaching in Gracechurch Street. This event, however, became a great triumph to the accused, for the jury brought in a verdict "guilty of *speaking* in Grace-

church Street." As that, however, was not a punishable offence, they were desired to alter their verdict; this they firmly refused to do, and, after being detained without food or rest for fifty hours, still persisting in their verdict, the government were compelled to set Penn at liberty.

Such a system of persecution naturally disgusted many good men with their native land, and made numbers anxious to emigrate to North America, where they hoped to be able to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

At the death of his father, which took place some few years after the memorable trial before-named, William Penn found that the government owed his deceased father no less a sum than 16,000*l.*; there was little hope of obtaining payment of this debt from so profligate a spendthrift as Charles II., therefore William Penn petitioned to have a grant of land in America, as a compensation for the sum the government owed. This request was at length complied with, after much delay and opposition on the score of his religious principles. A charter was granted him of land in America, which, being very woody, Penn called Sylvania; and the king

prefixed the word Penn, out of respect to the deceased admiral, Penn's father. This was the beautiful tract of country, forming one of the finest states of America, since known by the name of Pennsylvania.

As soon as Penn got this grant of land, he invited many good people to accompany him, offering them land on very advantageous terms. And though the dangers attending their settlement in a new country were very great, such was the confidence felt in the ability and character of Penn, that many were delighted to place themselves under his direction, and follow him as their leader.

At that time it was no uncommon thing for the North American Indians to attack new settlements, and to put every white man, woman, and child, to death. There had been many cases of villages exterminated by such cruel massacres. Nor was this wonderful when we call to mind that the Indians were often cheated out of their land by the whites. In consequence of this state of things, all persons who thought of settling themselves in new districts of America were intent on taking plenty of fire-arms and ammunition, and relying on warlike skill, as their only protection against the incursions

of the savages. Penn determined to act differently. He placed no reliance upon the principles or practice of war; but thought a peace, purchased by kindness and love, was likely to be a more valuable security. Accordingly, he determined that strict justice and integrity should mark his conduct towards the Indians. Leaving his wife and children in England, he embarked in the ship "WELCOME," with about a hundred passengers in company; and after a voyage of six weeks, rendered distressing by sickness and death, (the small-pox breaking out among them, and proving fatal in thirty cases), he landed safely in America.

William Penn's first act was to enter into treaty with the Indians. Many persons would have felt that they had done all that justice required, when so large a compensation for the land was given to the British government. But this upright man felt it right to treat on liberal terms with the original possessors of the land, and therefore he summoned a large assembly of chiefs and others, who were seen in the woods as far as the eye could reach. They appeared formidable on account of their numbers and their arms; Penn and his friends, on their

part, were entirely without weapons of any kind. They met at Shackamaxon, beneath an elm tree of great magnitude. Under the widely spreading branches of this tree the principal persons on both sides took their stand. Penn was distinguished from the rest by wearing a sash of blue silk net-work. On a given signal they all seated themselves, and William Penn addressed them, through the medium of an interpreter, in the following words:—

"The Great Spirit who made him and them, who ruled the heavens and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost extent of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love."

After these and other words, he unrolled

a parchment and conveyed to them the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the contract for their lasting union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had sold, for it was to be common to them and the English. If any disputes should arise, they were to be settled by a jury of six English and six Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents of English merchandize. They pledged themselves to live in love and peace with William Penn, "so long as the sun and moon should endure." Thus was this memorable treaty concluded; neither bloodshed nor oaths were required to ratify it, but all felt it binding, because it was cemented by justice and love. An eminent French writer has said, "It was the only national treaty made without an oath, and the only treaty ever kept."

This wise and just commencement was followed by an equally good system of government, so that this colony, planted in peace and good will, became, and still continues, one of the most flourishing and important States of North America.

W. Penn had many private troubles. The

greatest of which was the loss of his excellent wife, and also of his eldest son, a young man of remarkable attainments in Christianity, respected and beloved by all for the intelligence of his mind, the sweetness of his temper, and the warmth of his affection; at the age of twenty-one, the sorrowing father was called to resign him; and writing of the event, he says, "So ended the life of my dear child and eldest son, much of my comfort and hope, and one of the most tender and dutiful, as well as ingenuous and virtuous, youths I knew, if I may say so of my own dear child, in whom I lost all that a father could lose in a child; since he was capable of anything that became a sober young man, my friend and companion, as well as my most affectionate and dutiful child."

News reaching him that government intended making many changes in the management of the American Colonies,' W. Penn visited England, in order to watch the proceedings of Parliament, and to interpose his influence, if possible, against any unjust measures. On his departure, fearing discord might arise among his people, he sent the following letter to the principal persons in his colony:—

"Friends,—Your union is what I desire; but your peace and accommodating one another is what I must expect from you. The reputation of it is something; the reality is much more: and I desire you to remember and observe what I say: *yield in circumstantials to preserve in essentials,** and, being safe in one another, you will always be so in esteem with me. Make me not sad when I am going to leave you, since it is for you, as for your friend and governor.

"WILLIAM PENN."

On his return to England, he found the bill which threatened the liberties of the American colonies was abandoned; and the death of King William taking place soon after, Queen Anne (his successor) gave a very gracious reception to Penn, who presented to her the Friends' address of congratulation on her accession.

From this time, troubles of a private nature befel the distinguished founder of Pennsylvania. He trusted an agent with his American affairs, who greatly wronged him;

* As if he had said, "Give up your own will in small and trifling matters, so that, in more important things, you may expect others to give up to you."

and in other ways he experienced much ingratitude, so that his worldly circumstances became much embarrassed, and his health began visibly to decline. The sweet serenity of his temper, and the mild dignity of his manners, were, however, unaltered to the last. After a long period of suffering he peacefully expired on the 30th of July, 1718, and was buried at Jordan's (a Friends' burial-place), in Buckinghamshire.

In the several relationships of son, husband, father, and friend, he was exemplary; and it has been justly said of him, that "as a legislator, he is worthy of the highest commendation. He laid it down as a first principle of government, that no one should be persecuted for their religious opinions. He abolished the punishment of death, except for murder. He ordered that all prisons should be schools of industry and reform,—reclamation, not revenge, being with him the true principle of punishment. The laws that regulated his colony were full of justice, sweetly tempered with mercy, and they became the model for the imitation of other nations."

Numberless eulogiums have been written and uttered on the character of this truly great man, by persons of very different reli-

gious persuasions; among others, Father O'Leary, a Roman Catholic priest, beautifully says:—"Mr. Penn had the success of a conqueror, in establishing and defending his colony among savage tribes, without ever drawing the sword; the goodness of the most benevolent rulers, in treating his subjects as his own children; and the tenderness of a universal father, who opened his arms to all mankind, without distinction of sect or party. In his republic it was not religious creed, but personal merit, that entitled every member of society to the protections and emolument of the state."

The example of William Penn, peacefully planting a colony, is very beautiful, when we consider the warlike character of the times in which he lived. No other example of a pacific spirit evidenced in a similar manner, and on so large a scale, is to be met with. But, in modern times, many savage tribes have been civilized, and colonies planted by Christian missionaries. It cannot be doubted that missionaries are among the most noble and self-denying of men: their sole object being to spread the glorious tidings of the gospel of "peace on earth, good-will to men." This good work, how-

ever, is sure to produce a variety of beneficial results, in reference to temporal matters, as well as spiritual improvement. When people are made Christians, they are sure to become industrious, intelligent, orderly, and well-conducted. And, when we talk of personal bravery and courage, where are those qualities more nobly exemplified than by the missionaries? who go to wild savage tribes, in unhealthy climates, among cruel idolaters, or stupid barbarians; and endure every privation; encounter every peril that can befal human beings,—and all cheerfully, as being their duty to their Divine Master.

Towards the end of the last century, missionary enterprises attracted particular attention in this country, and have gone on increasing in usefulness and success until the present time, when they are justly considered the great means of civilizing and evangelizing the world. It has been found that the sword of the warrior is not the weapon that a God of mercy will bless with real success. And when merely learned and scientific men have visited countries for research into their character and manners, their enterprises have often failed, though aided by all the assistance which powerful patronage and wealth could give;

but the Christian missionary, humble in his deportment, and limited in his temporal resources, has often gone to regions unvisited previously by any one of his colour or kind, and has been blessed with the fullest evidences of the approbation of the Prince of Peace.

The truth of these observations has been pre-eminently verified in Africa,—a quarter of the globe, whose climate, in most parts, is more unfriendly to European constitutions than any other. The slave-trader, pursuing his wicked traffic, has long visited its coast, and carried off the hapless natives; and various expeditions for the purpose of sending out scientific men to explore different parts of the country, have been undertaken; and though Bruce, Belzoni, Ledyard, Clapperton, Salt, and many others, have added to the amount of our knowledge by their labours and research, yet disease and death have ever been the gloomy attendant of their journeys, so that it is with something of a melancholy apprehension that thoughtful people hear of African expeditions by mere men of science. Missionaries, however, have been usually wonderfully preserved; and a most remarkable living instance of this occurs

in the case of the Rev. Robert Moffat, the missionary to South Africa, whose remarkable Narrative abounds in "hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field," during a residence of twenty-three years among the most debased and uncivilized of the human race, and in a region where drought, tempests, sterility, and wild beasts, were the frightful and frequent visitants.

In the year 1817, two young men were accepted by the London Missionary Society, and set apart for the work of missions, at Surrey Chapel, at the same time: they became subsequently eminent in the highest degree for Christian zeal, heroism, and success, though the sphere of their respective labours was very different. The names of these young men were Robert Moffat and John Williams. The former of these was a native of Scotland, a youth of a fine commanding person, and mild, yet firm deportment. He was sent to South Africa, a region where Hottentots, Bushmen, Kafirs, and other debased varieties of the human race reside. The great difficulty he had to contend with in reference to these most ignorant savages, was, not that they were given up to the worship of idols, but that they had no idea

of worshipping any thing; no sense of reverence; no faint idea or tradition of a Supreme Being. To arouse such gross stupidity—to teach beings, so little removed in spiritual desires from the brutes that perish, was a most arduous task; added to this, their language was extremely difficult to acquire, consisting, as it does, of a clicking sound, most confusing to the ear; and, as it never had been reduced to writing, this missionary had all the labour of learning to speak the language, and then putting these awkward sounds into written forms, regulating it by some grammatical rules, in accordance with the custom of speaking common among the natives, before he could translate any tracts, or portions of the word of God, into such a dialect. He had to study hard for years before this could be accomplished; and, in addition, the people were suspicious, and not easily conciliated,—while they paid no sort of attention to any truth the missionary wished to introduce to their notice, rejecting it instantly as falsehood. "All lies," would be their discouraging reply to the most powerful and faithful appeals. These obstacles would have been sufficiently painful, had the climate and country been all that could be

desired; but when it is remembered that it was barren in the extreme, and that scanty food, clothing, and shelter, personal danger from wild beasts, and an entire separation from all the intercourse and comforts of civilized society, had to be endured for years together, with no apparent success resulting: nothing but the firmest reliance on the Divine protection, the deepest sense of duty, and the noblest Christian self-denial, could have enabled any man to go through such a trial. Some idea may be gathered of the distresses and dangers the intrepid Moffat was often subjected to, from the following statement, in his own graphic language, of his suffering from thirst on one of his journeys.

"We had no vessels in which to carry water; and if we had, our horses were not equal to more than the carriage of our persons. We were obliged to halt during the day, fearing our horses would give up from the excessive heat. When the evening drew on, we had to ascend and descend several sand hills, which, weary and faint from two days' fasting, was to us exceedingly fatiguing. Vanderbyle and myself were somewhat in advance of the rest, when

we observed our three companions remaining behind; but supposing they staid to strike a light and kindle their pipes, we thoughtlessly rode forward. Having proceeded some distance, we halted and hallooed, but received no reply. We fired a shot, but no one answered. We pursued our journey in the direction of the high ground, near the long mountains, through which our path lay. On reaching a bushless plain, we alighted and made a fire: another shot was fired, and we listened with intense earnestness; but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed, as well as our parched lips would allow, on what must be done. To wait till morning would only increase the length of our sufferings; to retrace our steps was impossible: probably they had wandered from the path, and might never overtake us; at the same time we felt most reluctant to proceed. We had just determined to remain, when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered by a lion, apparently close to the place where we stood. No wood was at hand to make a fire—nothing but tufts of grass; so we ran and remounted our horses, urging them on towards a range of dark mountains, the gloom increasing as we pro-

ceeded; but, as our horses could not go much above a walking pace, we were in dread every moment of being overtaken. If we drew up to listen, his approach in the rear was distinctly heard. On reaching the winding glen, or pass through the mountains, despairing of escape from our enemy, we resolved to ascend a steep, where, from a precipice we might pelt him with stones, for we had only a couple of balls left. On dragging ourselves and our horses up the steep, we found the supposed refuge too uneven for a standing-place, and not one fragment of loose stone to be found. Our situation was now doubly dangerous, for, on descending to the path the query was, on which side is the lion? My companion took his steel and flint to try, by striking them, if he could not discover traces of the lion's paws on the path, expecting every moment that he would bound on one of us. The terror of the horses soon told us that the object of our dread was close to us, but on the right side, namely, in our rear.

"We continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the

long wished for waterfall, so named because, when it rains, water sometimes falls, though in small quantities; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We bowed the knee to Him who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us was the distant roar of the lion; but we were too much exhausted to feel anything like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. I felt as if engaged, during my short repose, in roving among ambrosial bowers of paradisaical delight, hearing sounds of music as from angels' harps; it was the night wind falling on my ears from the neighbouring hill. I bathed, and slaked my thirst, at many a crystal fount, flowing from golden mountains, enriched with living green. The Elysian pleasures continued till morning dawn, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. We were, however, somewhat less fatigued. My companion directed me to a projecting rock, near the top of the hill, where, if there were water at all, it would be found. I took up my gun to proceed in

that direction, where we went in search of the horses, which we feared might have been devoured by the lion. I ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eyes to see if there was any appearance of the horses—but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them, I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent was very laborious, but I would have given any thing to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done, or intended doing. Levelling my piece at two that seemed most fierce, as I was about to touch

the trigger the thought occurred, 'I have escaped, let me be thankful,' therefore I left them uninjured, perhaps with the gratification of having given me a fright.

"Jantye soon appeared with the horses: my looks, more expressive than words, convinced him that there was no water. He saddled the poor animals, which, though they had picked up a little grass, looked miserable beyond description. We now directed our course towards Witte water, where we could scarcely hope to arrive before afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain. Many a time did we seek old ant-hills, excavated by the ant-eater, into which to thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock; the shrubs—sapless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes.

"We felt an irresistible inclination to

remain at any bush which could afford the least shelter from the noon-day's sun,—the crown of the head having the sensation as if covered with live coal, and the mind wandering. My companion became rather wild. Having been anxious to spare him all the toil possible, I had for a long time carried the gun; he asked for it, apparently to relieve me; but his motions were such, that I was glad to recover possession of it.

"My difficulties and anxieties were now become painful in the extreme, not knowing anything of the road, which was in some places hardly discernible; and in my faithful guide hope had died away. The horses moved at the slowest pace, and that only when driven, which effort was laborious in the extreme. Speech was gone, and every thing was expressed by signs. Oh! what a relief I felt when my guide pointed to a distant hill, near to which water lay. Courage revived; but it was with pain and labour that we reached it late in the afternoon. Having still sufficient judgment not to go at once to drink, it was with great difficulty I prevented my companion doing that which would almost instantly have proved fatal to him. Our horses went to the pool, and consumed

nearly all the water,—for it appeared that some wild horses had shortly before slaked their thirst at this spot, leaving for us but little, and that polluted. Becoming cooler after a little rest we drank, and though moving with animalculæ, muddy and nauseous with filth, it was to us a reviving draught."

Such were the privations common to this intrepid and devoted man. At length, after many years of tribulation, he was privileged to see good results. A savage chief became converted to Christianity, and from that time the divine influence spread among the people. No sooner had they been convinced of sin, and taught to look to Jesus for pardon, than their understandings were opened to see many things wrong in their personal habits and customs. Civilization, the decent arts of social life, spread among them; even they, who were of all human beings the most filthy and degraded, began to cultivate habits of cleanliness, industry, and order. Mr. Moffat came to England in 1841, to publish the wonderful Narrative of his mission; and then returned to labour again among the people of his care, for whom he ever manifested the deepest sympathy; and even when enjoying all the kindness, attention, and

respect, which his character, talents, and adventures, were so calculated to excite, speaking of himself, he says, "he feels that his work in England is now done, and that the spirit of the stranger and the pilgrim is stealing powerfully over him. He longs once more to brave the mighty ocean; and eagerly anticipates the hour when he shall again reach the shores of his adopted country, and appear in the midst of the sons of the wilderness." Is not this man worthy to be called, in the best sense of the word, a hero?

There was another remarkable man engaged in the noble work of Christian missions, who, as we have before observed, was set apart for that work on the same day as Robert Moffat: that man was John Williams, who has been called, not inappropriately, the Columbus of missions. It would be difficult, in the whole range of either religious or secular biography, to find a man who united in an equal degree, gentleness and strength in the qualities of his character: tender and affectionate as a child; resolute and intrepid as a hero; single-minded and pious as a saint; no marvel that his career was extraordinary, for in gifts and graces it is not easy to find his parallel.

John Williams was born of parents in the

humbler walks of life; that inestimable blessing, an excellent and pious mother, was his portion. After receiving a very plain education, he was apprenticed, at the usual age, to an ironmonger of London, to attend the retail shop only. But being of a mechanical turn, and possessed of a singularly active observant turn of mind, he lost no opportunity of going into the adjoining workshop, and there observing the mechanical department proceeding under the hands of the workmen.

During his apprenticeship, he heard a sermon from the Rev. Mr. East, of Birmingham, which forcibly impressed his mind, and led him to serious self-examination, to repentance, and ultimately to a solemn dedication of himself to God. Ardour in a pursuit once entered on, was a leading feature of his character; hence he entered on the duties of practical religion with an indomitable energy; and feeling himself specially interested in the cause of the heathen, after some slender preparation by a course of theological studies, he was set apart, and entered on the work of a missionary.

The lovely islands of the Pacific Polynesia were the scene of his labours, whither he

went with his pious and amiable wife, who had just united her destiny with his. Two principles seemed to be deeply impressed on the mind of Williams, in reference to the manner of carrying out his great work,—first, that kindness is the key that is most likely to unlock every human heart; and, secondly, that the arts of secular civilization should ever accompany evangelization. With these views, his engaging manners, so calculated to win confidence and gain affection, and his industrious habits, harmonized. He determined, he states, when he left England, to have, in his new abode, as respectable a house as he could erect, saying, "*The missionary* does not go to barbarize himself, but to elevate the heathen; not to sink himself to their standard, but to raise them to his."

The first evidence he gave of his fitness for the work he had engaged in, was in his wonderful facility in acquiring the language. His method in this matter was his own. Instead of sitting at home, poring over grammars, and translations, and lexicons, he mingled among the people, and learnt it by conversation, in which manner he acquired the pronunciation and idiom rapidly; and, at the end of ten months, after he reached

Eimeo, he preached his first sermon in the native language, thus accomplishing as much as is usually done in three years.

Keeping in mind his resolution with regard to his dwelling, he selected a plot of ground, and commenced building. The natives assisted him readily in procuring the materials, but beyond that, all was the work of his own mechanical skill and ingenuity. As the work progressed the natives expressed their astonishment. The house was sixty feet by thirty in size, and consisted of three front and four back rooms. It commanded a magnificent view of the harbour. Its framework was of wood plastered with coral lime. From this lime Mr. Williams made not only a white wash, but a gray and orange colouring, with which he adorned the walls of the interior. This dwelling was not merely erected with a view to promote his own comfort, it had another object,—that of exciting a desire in the natives to have dwellings superior to those they had hitherto resided in. This end was completely answered. Emulation and industry was excited. In eighteen months after his arrival, Mr. Williams had founded a society for "*encouraging, among the natives, the growth of the arts and sciences;*"

the rewards being nails. Speaking of the progress of civilization, he thus wrote: —

"It is a great advantage to me that I am able to turn my hand to anything, and indeed it is very desirable that every missionary, sent to an uncivilized part of the world, should possess mechanical qualifications, as well as a missionary spirit. . . . .

"We have not only instructed the natives as to the improvement of their houses, but also in sawing timber, carpentering, smith's work, and, among other things, in boat-building. Brother Threlkeld has now in hand a very large boat, on which only the natives are employed. Requiring a larger boat than that which I built at Eimeo, that I may visit Tahaa, I have completed one sixteen feet long. . . . . .

"When we came to this place, there were only two native habitations, and it was difficult to walk along the beach for the bushes. But the former wilderness is now an open, clear, and pleasant place, with a range of houses extending nearly two miles along the sea-beach, in which reside about a thousand of the natives. We earnestly desire to see the moral wilderness present the same improved appearance. The king, who, we are

happy to say, is one of the most consistent characters, resides very near to us. He is a very constant attendant both at the chapel and the schools. He will probably be one of the first whom we shall baptize in the islands. We are happy in being able to state that his behaviour is circumspect, and that he is very active in suppressing crime.

"We are glad to be able to inform you, that many have built themselves very neat little houses, and are now living in them with their wives and families. The king, through seeing ours, and by our advice, has had a house erected near to us. It contains four rooms, wattled, and plastered inside and out, and floored. He is the first native on these islands that ever had such a house; but many others are now following his example. . . .

"We have been constantly exhorting the people to abandon their pernicious custom of living several families together in one dwelling, and have advised their separation. Several have complied with our request, and before six months more have elapsed, it is probable that there will not be less than twenty houses, wattled, plastered, with boarded floors, and divided into separate rooms for meals and sleeping."

From this time evangelization and civilization proceeded hand in hand. This devoted missionary soon perceived that the commerce of the islands might be improved; accordingly he learned the art of boiling sugar, in order to teach it to the natives, and by this, and other means, improved their temporal condition.

The wondrous success that followed his labours, laid an increased responsibility upon him to extend the sphere of those labours; hence, he was constantly desiring to visit other groups of islands in that region, and carry on the work of Christian civilization. The great obstacle to this was the want of a ship: an insurmountable obstacle, as some would have called it. But the word *insurmountable* had no place in Williams's vocabulary: he always substituted the word *endeavour* for it. Accordingly, without proper tools or materials, he commenced building a ship. The natives could afford him very little efficient assistance; and yet, in little more than three months, his ship, which he named "The Messenger of Peace," was completed. In a letter to Mr. Ellis, he thus speaks of this masterpiece of ingenuity and self-reliance:—

"I have built a little vessel of between sixty and seventy tons, for missionary purposes. She was not four months in hand from the time we cut the keel, until she was in the water. I had everything to make—my bellows, my forge, lathe, and all the iron work out of old axes, iron hoops, &c.; but I cannot enlarge on all my numerous manœuvres to overcome difficulties,—they would be interesting to you, no doubt. Suffice it to say, she is finished."

The possession of this vessel, built under such extraordinary circumstances, was of vast consequence to the missionary cause in the South Seas. By means of it, the devoted Williams was able to visit other islands, and, by the aid of those useful auxiliaries of the missionaries, native teachers, extend the means of spiritual improvement. Thus he visited different groups,—the Navigators' Islands, where the progress of civilization has been little less than miraculous, realizing the glowing language of inspiration, where it speaks of "a nation" being "born in a day."

Yet it was not without considerable personal danger that this heroic champion of the cross visited some of those islands and savage tribes. But fear seems to have been a

stranger to his intrepid spirit. Strong in the strength of the Lord Jesus, he was led to do all, and dare all, in the sacred work he had undertaken.

After twenty years of successful labour, Mr. Williams and his wife returned to England. The approbation and admiration which were so justly his due, Christian friends were not slow to offer. By their liberal sympathy, the missionary was enabled to purchase a vessel of a large size, and many worthy people were munificent in their gifts of sea store, for his voyage to the land of his adoption, and the scene of his peaceful triumphs, where he landed in safety, to the great joy of his attached converts.

The possession of such a vessel was, of course, an additional incitement to his desire to carry the tidings of the gospel to different unvisited groups of islands in Western Polynesia. He, accordingly, set forth on his enterprise. His reception at Fatuna and Taima had been such as to dissipate all apprehension; and though, at times, anxious thoughts visited the mind of this devoted man, hope of success greatly preponderated. He had been so eminently blessed in his labours: the Lord had made him the in-

strument of so much good, that he went forth thinking nothing of himself, but all of those whom he might benefit, and of the Master whom he served.

It was the purpose of an all-wise Providence to bring the labours of this admirable man to a close, in a very remarkable manner. Full of his usual energy, he landed on the fatal shores of Eromanga, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Harris. From the deck of the missionary ship, which lay in the offing, a frightful scene was witnessed: the infuriated natives rushed upon their benefactor; pursued him with their murderous spears into the water, and put a violent end to that life which had been passed in works of faith and labours of love. Another group of savages, at a little distance, had surrounded Mr. Harris, and destroyed him also. Inscrutable dispensation! and yet, for one who had glorified God by such a life, what more noble termination to his labours could have been afforded, than a martyr's death?

No man was ever more warmly beloved, or more deeply lamented. The Christian converts in the lovely islands of the Pacific, vied with each other in testimonials of respect

and sorrow. Monuments to his memory were erected in different islands; while in the churches of his native land, "lamentation was universal."

No man ever effected more in an equal space of time, than did this truly heroic missionary. No wonder that he was beloved. Instant in season and out of season; sowing beside all waters; labouring in all departments of usefulness, it was his lot to extend the knowledge of Christianity and the benefits of civilization to myriads of his fellow-creatures. He was not only pastor, teacher, friend, to the people of his charge, but he was also, in connexion with this, their instructor in every useful art; a builder, shipwright, weaver, planter, smith, mason. Truly such a combination of spiritual and secular activity was rarely presented to the world, and never excelled. He was, indeed, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The feelings entertained towards him by the islanders, were often sweetly expressed by them. The following beautiful specimen of native poetry, addressed to him, will fitly terminate this brief outline of his heroic life and labours:—

"Let us talk of Viriamu.*
Let cocoa-nuts grow for him in peace for months.
When strong the east wind blows, our thoughts forget him not.
Let us greatly love the Christian land of the great white chief.
All *malo*† are we now, for we have all one God.
No food is sacred now. All kinds of fish we catch and eat:
Even the sting-ray."

"The birds are crying for Viriamu.
His ship has sailed another way.
The birds are crying for Viriamu.
Long time is he in coming.
Will he ever come again?
Will he ever come again?
Tired are we of the taunts of the insolent Samoans.
'Who knows,' say they, 'that white chief's land?'
Now our land is sacred made, and evil practices have ceased.
How we feel for the *lotu!* Come! let us sleep and dream of Viriamu.
Pistaulau‡ has risen. *Taulau*‡ has also risen.
But the war-star has ceased to rise.
For Sulueleele§ and the king have embraced the sacred word.
And war has become an evil thing."

---

* *Viriamu*, the name of Williams in the soft language of the islanders.

† *Malo* was a name given to those who were victorious in war, and is the opposite of *vaivai*, the conquered.

‡ Names of stars. § The king's daughter.

CHAPTER VI.

MORAL HEROISM IN BEARING POVERTY AND PRACTISING SELF-CULTURE UNDER ADVERSE CIRCUMSTANCES—WILLIAM GIFFORD AND THE BROTHERS MILNER.

Of all the evils that afflict humanity, perhaps, long continued poverty and neglect are most calculated to depress the energies of the mind, and make people reckless and wretched. It is not difficult to be serene, hopeful, animated, and industrious, when there is a prospect of success in life; nor can it be called a very bitter trial, to endure occasional privations, especially if there is the knowledge that they will last only for a time. But when want and humiliation is the constant lot; when there seems no hope of any change, the mind that is active then in cultivating its own powers, must be a truly great mind: and we ought to be grateful that there are many noble instances of this kind of moral heroism on record. I will recount a few, trusting they may prove incentives to a similar spirit of perseverance in those who have better opportunities, and

are placed in happier circumstances. For surely nothing can be a more interesting object of contemplation, than the unaided efforts of the mind to cultivate itself, in the midst of all the sufferings and ignorance which poverty usually brings in its train. When boys, who have no such difficulties to contend with, see what other youths have done, surrounded by privation and distress, surely it must inspire them with diligence to improve their own privileges; while to the poor and suffering, the contemplation of the noble struggles of others, should give hope, even in the darkest hour, and cause them to remember that admirable maxim, full of wisdom and encouragement—"Whatever man has done, man may do."

In the year 1766, at the town of Ashburton, in Devonshire, two poor boys were left orphans, the eldest was thirteen years old, the youngest two. It was necessary to separate these brothers, who had not a relation or friend in the world; the youngest was sent to the workhouse, and the eldest was taken home to the house of a person named Carlile, who had seized on what little the poor mother of these children had left, under the plea of paying himself some money he

had lent to her. This man gave the boy, whose name was William Gifford, three months' schooling, then getting tired of the expense, purposed taking him home, and employing him as a ploughboy; but an injury on the chest which the child had sustained, unfitted him for that employment. After some little time spent in looking out for a more congenial occupation, he was sent when little more than thirteen, on board a coasting vessel at Brixham. Here (to use his own words written many years after) he says, "It will easily be conceived, that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a ship boy on 'the high and giddy mast,' but in the cabin every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the 'Coasting Pilot.'"

Nothing could be more forlorn than his situation; but, even in this time of sorrow, there is one beautiful incident related of sympathy with the poor orphan. The fishwomen

of Brixham, some of whom had known his parents, pitying his circumstances as he ran about ragged and miserable on the beach at Brixham, carried such an account of his circumstances, that neighbours commiserating his state, Carlile was obliged to send for him home, and place him again at school, where he made such extraordinary progress in arithmetic, that he was soon qualified to assist the master: this raised in his mind the natural and laudable idea, that he might, by diligence, soon be able to become a regular assistant; and also, as the first schoolmaster he had been placed under was very old and infirm, a thought arose in young Gifford's mind, that should his office be vacant by death, he would be able to succeed to it. Doubtless the hope of obtaining a home, in which to shelter his little orphan brother, was a powerful stimulus to the youth, particularly as his disposition was affectionate and grateful. He says, "when I mentioned my plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so indeed he had); he added, that he had been negotiating

with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee as an apprentice.

The poor boy had a strong dislike to this business; however he had no choice but to submit, and was therefore bound for seven years. Whatever were William Gifford's talents in other matters, he was absolutely stupid in his new pursuit: he made no progress whatever; and, in consequence, was disliked in the family, where he sunk into a common drudge. Still, though depressed in spirits from want of sympathy, and from invincible dislike to his trade, in secret he continued to make progress in his favourite studies. It exhibited the family of Gifford's master in a very unamiable light, that when they discovered the poor youth was trying to improve his mind in every interval of leisure, they took care not to let him have many opportunities. It seemed that the shoemaker intended his youngest son to fill the office of schoolmaster when the aged man, whom Gifford had hoped to succeed, should give up his labours, and therefore the whole family resented as a personal injury, their apprentice daring to compete with his master's son in attainments.

However to energy and activity nothing is impossible. Gifford stole hours from repose, and studied mathematics in the books of his master's son while the family were asleep. At this time he had not a farthing in the world; he could not work his problems, having no pen, ink, or paper, and no friends to give him any; but determined to TRY to the uttermost, which is ever the great secret of success, he hit upon a substitute for the necessary writing materials; and for this purpose beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, traced his problems with a blunted awl, doing the arithmetical calculations mentally. In this way, in secret study, and in daily endurance, two years of William Gifford's life passed, when meeting with some verses, a kind of composition which he knew only by name, he made an attempt at verse-making. Little passing incidents furnished matter for his humble muse; and, in a short time, he had about a dozen of these pieces. Speaking of these early compositions late in life, he says, "Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable." We must remember, however, that he became ultimately a very elegant scholar, and the particular kind of intellectual pursuits in which he engaged, as

an editor of one of the first publications in England,* made him intimate with the productions of the most eminent writers of all ages; and looking back on his own first attempts, it is no wonder he spoke severely and contemptuously of them. Nevertheless, whether good, bad, or indifferent, they procured him fame among his associates, and he used to be invited to repeat them to different companies.

This was, undoubtedly, the most dangerous period of Gifford's youth. He was invited to repeat his rhymes at public houses, a small collection being sometimes made, amounting at times to sixpence, which was considered a magnificent sum by the poor youth. The God and father of the orphan must have protected him from evil in the midst of such scenes of temptation. It is worthy of remark, that his money was never spent in drink of any kind, but entirely devoted to the purchase of writing implements, or such old books as could be obtained at the low price he had to offer.

This small resource was not of long continuance, for his master, having heard of his verse-making, seized upon his books and

* Quarterly Review.

papers, and strictly prohibited him from ever again repeating a line of his compositions. In addition to this misfortune, the schoolmaster died, whom he had all along encouraged the hope of succeeding, and a person, not very much older than himself, and not so well qualified for the situation, was appointed to succeed him. Thus all his prospects were blighted, and he did not exhibit the firmness under the disappointment which, from the strength of his mind, might have been expected: indeed, he aggravated his grief, by allowing a repining and discontented spirit to take possession of him. Poor youth, he had no one to advise him—no one to soothe him, and what was worst of all, no one to direct his mind to the Great Disposer of events, who often works in a mysterious way. Well would it have been for Gifford at this time, if he had been able to say of his Creator, that He is

> "Good when He gives,—supremely good,
> Nor less when He denies:
> Even crosses from his sovereign hand
> Are blessings in disguise."

In after life, this extraordinary individual admitted, that he looked back on that part of his life with "little satisfaction,—it was a

period of gloom and savage unsociability. By degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had yet left me." This is a faithful, and certainly unamiable picture, yet perfectly natural when we reflect on the weakness of human nature, and the strength of his temptations, and that he had no human sympathy to call forth better feelings, and no religious principles to elevate him above the region of discontent. Time, however, wore away, and more than five years of his uncongenial apprenticeship had passed, when his hopes began to revive; and some account of his attainments and character having reached the ears of a benevolent gentleman, a surgeon in the town, named Mr. William Cookesley, this excellent man inquired into his history, and being filled with compassion at his friendless state, and entertaining warm sympathy in his studies pursued under such great disadvantages, he determined to befriend him.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich, but he thought of a plan to aid Gifford, and that was, to raise a subscription to purchase the remainder

of the time of this youth, and thus enable him to improve and increase his stock of mental acquirements. This plan was successful: the tyrannical master received the sum of six pounds, which had been collected in small sums, seldom amounting to more than five shillings, and in no case to more than ten shillings and sixpence.

From this time his prospects rapidly improved. Once released from what had been bondage of no ordinary kind, his zeal was untiring; and so pleased and astonished were his patrons with his progress, that they maintained him at school for two years, at the expiration of which time, he was pronounced fit for the University. His unwearied friend, Mr. Cookesley, procured a small office for him, and he was entered at Exeter College, Oxford. Here he distinguished himself, and was taken under the patronage of the Grosvenor family. From this time his advancement was rapid. He became one of the most celebrated writers and critics of his age. There is one circumstance in his subsequent history, that redounds more to his honour than the possession of the most brilliant talents could do; this was, the gratitude he evinced towards his first and truest friend,

Mr. Cookesley. He never mentioned his name without reverence; and though this good man did not live to see Gifford renowned in literary circles, and reaping the rewards of his early diligence and studious habits, yet, when Gifford died, in 1826, rich in honour and in wealth, he left the bulk of his property to the son of his disinterested early benefactor.

I am sure that all thoughtful young people must admit, there was great moral heroism in Gifford persevering in his studies, in the midst, not only of poverty, but of opposition. Neglected, despised, and oppressed, it would not have been wonderful if he had sunk into apathy, or degenerated into crime; or, at the least, if he had given up the cultivation of his mind: but he bravely persevered in the midst of every obstacle, and ultimately triumphed.

An equally interesting instance is afforded in the life of a distinguished German professor, Christian Gottlieb Heyne. Indeed the biography of celebrated Germans is rich in such examples: being poorer than the English, and having abundance of schools, wherever a disposition to cultivate literary pursuits exists, instruction is not wanting to the poorest; but the means of living while

obtaining that instruction, is a very difficult matter. This will be seen in the life of the before-named individual, who may be considered a specimen of the numerous class of poor German scholars.

Heyne was born in the town of Chemnitz, in Lower Saxony, of poor parents, his father being a weaver, with a large family. To use the words of Heyne, in the memoir he wrote of his life, "Want," says he, "was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind when witnessing the distress of my mother, when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured." This was, indeed, a melancholy spectacle to be presented to the eyes of a child as soon as he could take notice of any thing. We must, however, observe, that though poverty was the "early companion" of Heyne, it was virtuous poverty,—a painful, yet often ennobling object of contemplation. There was want in his poor parents' home; but there was industry there,—and what

was better, there was religion there. They did not suffer their children to be ignorant as well as poor. The young Heyne was early sent to a child's school, and his desire to obtain information was very remarkable. He made such a rapid progress in the common branches of knowledge taught in the school, that when only in his tenth year, he helped his parents, by paying his own school fees. The money for which, he earned by teaching the daughter of a neighbour to read and write. All that was taught in this first school having been acquired, Heyne ardently longed to learn Latin; but this was a point of great difficulty. Though the son of a schoolmaster, who had studied at Leipsic, offered to teach him for the small sum of fourpence a week; yet how to obtain this fee was an insurmountable obstacle. Heyne had a god-father, a baker, in pretty good circumstances; and being one day sent to his shop for a loaf, the boy, on his way, was pondering on the constant subject of his thoughts, how he was to obtain the means of learning Latin; and the obstacles to his doing so were so great, that he fairly wept at the contemplation. Entering the shop in tears, the baker inquired the cause, sup-

posing it some childish grief or petulance; but when he learned that the fourpence-a-week fee to enable him to learn Latin had made the child so dejected, he kindly undertook to pay the fee. Heyne was so completely intoxicated with joy, that he could not contain himself, but scampered home, tossing the loaf in the air, which slipped from his hands into the gutter. This little incident, and a sharp scolding from his parents, who could not afford the loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his studies, including the ardently desired Latin, for two years longer, when his teacher owned that the boy knew as much as he himself did. Heyne's father, at this time, was not willing that his son should continue any longer at school; he wanted his assistance in his trade, and was unable any longer to support him. Heyne, though a dutiful and affectionate child, was most anxious to continue his studies. He had learned enough to perceive, that he might be able ultimately to help his father far more effectually than if he learned some humble trade; and it was fortunate for literature that at this crisis a friend stepped in to the relief of Heyne, for otherwise there can be little doubt the youth would have

felt it his duty to obey his father, and his talents might never have been heard of. A clergyman in the neighbourhood, a distant connexion of Heyne's family, hearing a highly favourable account of his studies from the master he had left, undertook to send the youth, at his own expense, to the principal seminary in the town of Chemnitz, and to give him a blue cloak, usually worn there by students, annually. It would be well for all persons who bestow favours, to remember that there is sometimes a disagreeable way of doing even a good action. Kindness of manners, a gentle, courteous demeanour, should be carefully cultivated, for with these even refusals are sometimes made pleasant; while without these necessary qualities benefits are rendered painful. Heyne's patron was cross and penurious; grudging the expense he had volunteered, and never satisfied with the utmost endeavours of the youth. Heyne had no books, and was obliged to borrow of his companions, and make copies of all that he wanted, which, though very severe toil, doubtless had the good effect of imprinting his studies firmly on his memory, and inuring him to habits of diligence and application. Often his blue student's cloak covered not

only rags but hunger. At length he obtained a little teaching in the neighbourhood, by which means, bread, oil for his lamp, and a few books, were scantily procured. The time had, however, come, when it was necessary he should proceed to the University. He ardently desired to go to Leipsic. Applying to his patron, the clergyman, he obtained a churlish grumbling promise of assistance; and getting a person to show him the way, arrived in the city of Leipsic on foot, without a single friend or acquaintance, and with two florins (about four shillings) in his pocket. Perhaps no one ever proposed to enter at a university on such a sum, or in such circumstances, before or since. All his dependence was on the supplies that his patron might send him; and these were so tardy, that he, with the utmost difficulty, kept himself from starving. Often while attending gratuitous courses of lectures in the University of Leipsic, Heyne was without even a penny to buy a small loaf, and had often to make a dinner of *boiled peas husks*. He states, that at this dreadful time he must have perished, but for the compassion of the maid servant where he lodged, who, seeing his deep distress, aided him to the best of her poor ability: a kind-

ness which Heyne never forgot, but refers to in the most affecting way, years after, when he was in affluent circumstances, exclaiming, "Oh that I could find thee now, thou good, pious soul! that I might return to thee, in a small measure, the kindness thou didst show me." What sustained him through this trying period "was not," he said, "ambition," but a strong desire to see whether persevering endeavours would not enable him to obtain a good education; a love of learning for the sake of learning; a desire to improve his mind, from a consciousness that the mind is the noblest part of man; these were the high and pure motives that fed his resolution, and inspired him with courage and endurance. As his difficulties increased, his diligence increased; and, for six months, he only allowed himself two nights' sleep in a week. Yet, while labouring thus, his discontented patron, when he wrote, used to accuse him of indolence, and went so far as to address his letters on the outside, "*To M. Heyne, Idler, at Leipsic.*" It will serve to show the intense love of learning that filled the mind of Heyne, that, in the midst of his troubles one of the professors offered him a situation as tutor in a family at Magdeburg, but

feeling that his studies were very incomplete, he declined the offer, determined to continue in his miseries at Leipsic, until he had accumulated the store of knowledge that he desired. Soon after, some teaching relieved him from the extreme pressure of want. Shortly, he was induced to visit the court of Dresden, where it was thought great patronage awaited him: but he was doomed to disappointment. After being obliged to sell his books for a maintenance, he obtained a situation as copyist, in the library of the Count de Bruhl, at a miserable salary of about 17*l.* a year, which, though provisions were cheap, was not enough to keep him in the humblest way. However, his industrious habits came to his aid; he got work from the booksellers, and commenced making translations from Latin authors. The first money he earned was devoted to paying off some debts he had unavoidably contracted at Leipsic. Thus, by hard study, and hard work, he contrived to subsist for a few years. When just as he was beginning to reap some of the rewards of his constant toil, and to enjoy the comforts of an intellectual and well-ordered home, a war broke out in Germany; the forces of Frederick, king of

Prussia, overran all Saxony, and Heyne, in common with many other men of peaceful occupations, was obliged to fly from Dresden. He wandered about some time without employment. A family at Wittemberg afterwards received him; but war, the enemy to learning and every useful pursuit, still continued to rage, and he was driven from this asylum. He then returned to Dresden, where he had left a few books and articles of furniture; he arrived only in time to witness the bombardment of the city. This calamity, which rendered him penniless, had visited with equal severity a lady to whom Heyne had long been engaged. Nothing but the uncertainty of being able to procure the means of living had delayed their marriage; and yet now, in the darkest hour of adversity, they determined on uniting their fortunes. The step, though seemingly taken at a desperate crisis, proved a wise act, for Heyne's wife was, in all respects, worthy of her husband,—patient, gentle, yet resolute in her disposition. Cultivated in mind and manners, she brought happiness and order as her dower. Kind friends procured them a retreat; and some years were spent, after their marriage, in the management of the

estate of a gentleman of fortune. When peace returned, after seven years of war, Heyne's fortunes progressed. The learned had noticed the writings of the poor laborious student; and though personally unknown to most of the great men of his time, his numerous translations from the classic authors of antiquity, were remarked and admired. When the Professorship of Eloquence in the University of Gottingen became vacant, one of the most distinguished scholars of Germany to whom the professorship was offered, declined it, saying, that Heyne alone was competent to fill the vacant chair. This suggestion was attended to, and the poor weaver's son—the self-taught student—was elected to one of the highest dignities in the first university of Germany. So little was Heyne known, that at the time of his appointment, it was with difficulty that his residence could be discovered.

It is worthy of remark, that he was as diligent in prosperity, as he had been in adversity: that his kind manners made him greatly beloved by the students of the University; while his ever active pen was constantly enriching the literature of his country. He chose "wisdom" for his portion in ear-

liest youth, and he found that it brought him, in the words of Scripture, "long life, riches, and honour." Beloved by his family; revered by his students; honoured as the glory of the University over which he presided; and eminent among the learned of his time; this man, full of years and honours, came to his grave "like a shock of corn fully ripe cometh in his season:" leaving numbers of books to testify of his talents, learning, and industry; and leaving what was better—his life, as an heroic example of fortitude in bearing privations, and diligence in overcoming difficulties.

An equally affecting instance of amiable conduct and studious habits, in the midst of poverty and sorrow, is contained in the following narrative:—

About the middle of the last century, there resided in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near the town of Leeds, a poor weaver, with an aged wife and two sons, named respectively Joseph and Isaac Milner. While these boys were both young, the father died, leaving them and their mother without any means of support. The poor widow was too infirm to do any thing towards the maintenance of herself or her sons. Instead of sitting down

in helpless idleness, or depending on the charity of the benevolent, the two boys, who had learned something of their father's business, determined to endeavour, by their industry, to keep themselves and their mother. They were constantly at their spinning-wheels by day-break in the summer-time; and in the winter they rose by candle-light to pursue their daily toil. No doubt it was a great comfort to them to maintain their poor widowed mother; yet many lads would have tired of the long—long hours, passed in the tedious employment of spinning; and might have sometimes been tempted to be idle,—not so Joseph and Isaac: they persevered with untiring diligence, and kept themselves and their mother in credit and respectability.

Several neighbours watched these two boys with surprise and admiration, and noticed that they never associated with other young persons of the place, in any youthful sports; and that whenever a holiday came, they always employed the brief period of leisure in the perusal of a few books that they possessed or borrowed. Such habits of industry, such kind attention to their mother, such a love of study, and such complete

sobriety as they practised, made them the subject of frequent conversation in the neighbourhood; and it was predicted they would do well in life.

At length the report of their uniform good conduct and amiable character reached Leeds, and was related to some generous and opulent gentlemen of that town, who, when they heard the account, thought that two poor boys who maintained their mother, and employed their short intervals of leisure in reading, must be very remarkable lads; and personal inquiry confirming all that had been reported of them, a subscription was immediately entered into for the purpose of bestowing a liberal education on one of these youths. The choice fell upon the elder brother, Joseph, who was sent to the grammar-school at Leeds. Now, while this was a great blessing conferred, yet it might have proved a means of bitterness and discontent. Both the brothers were equally fond of reading; and if the younger had been selfish or jealous, he might have felt disappointed at not being chosen, and dissatisfied with his life of toil; instead of this, he nobly rejoiced in his brother's advancement, worked away more diligently than ever at his spinning-

wheel, and strove by every means in his power to be a cheerful, as well as useful, companion to his mother.

The conduct of the fortunate brother, Joseph, was equally amiable: he determined to reward his kind brother's generosity of feeling, and to do all in his power to make Isaac a sharer in the advantages he had been selected to enjoy. Every night the brothers might be seen, affectionately seated together in their mother's humble room, Joseph teaching Isaac the lessons he had learned at the school. The blessing of the Father of the fatherless was upon the lads. Joseph's progress pleased his patrons; and Isaac learned with such eagerness the lessons his brother nightly taught him, that his attainments in the classics were quite as great as if he had learned from a more experienced teacher. Doubtless the love that so sweetly subsisted between these good brothers, made the one apt to teach, and the other ready to learn. Thus pleasantly, in the kind interchange of active affection, did three years pass away, when a trial, greater than the brothers had ever known, awaited them. Joseph had finished the usual course at the grammar-school, and was to be sent to college. Isaac was thus

left without any further assistance in his studies; deprived at once of the dear companion of his youth, and of all hope of making progress in his favourite pursuits.

At the time that Joseph was sent to Cambridge, Isaac was taken from his spinning-wheel, and bound apprentice to a weaver. Certainly there was to all appearance a great difference in the condition of the brothers; but their love rose superior to all trials. Isaac went gaily to his weaving; and wisely thinking that the best way of showing his affection to his absent brother, he continued the same course of study; and though he had but little time at his own disposal, that little, was carefully improved. He began making some original compositions in prose and poetry, and found, that by keeping his mind constantly employed on some useful subject of thought or practice, he promoted his real enjoyment. Oh, that every young person who has, or fancies that he has, some cause for grief or discontent, would try the same method, and determine to drive away all gloomy thoughts and feelings, by constant activity! I believe every thoughtful youth will admit, that these youths were clever and diligent; but, much as these

points in their character are to be admired, their early life had exhibited far nobler qualities—their tenderness to their mother: their patient industry; their constant love to each other; their continual good conduct; cause us to esteem them far more than any mere talent and cleverness could do. It is well to be intellectual; but, oh, it is far better to be good; and best of all, when intelligence and goodness are united, as they were in the case of these brothers.

While Isaac was following faithfully his humble employment as a weaver, Joseph was pursuing his studies at the university, with great success. He obtained the second classical medal at his examination; and, entering the church soon after, he removed to Hull, and held the curacy of Trinity Church, and became also master of the free grammar-school of that place.

At this time, Isaac knowing that he had well improved every moment of his leisure time, and that he had made considerable progress in his studies, since the departure of his brother, determined to write to Joseph, and ask him whether it would not be a more proper employment of his talents to be assisting him in the grammar-school at Hull, than

in continuing at his daily labour at the loom. This desire for another sphere of usefulness, more suited to his mental attainments, was not only natural, but laudable. True contentment is a very different spirit to supineness and stupid indifference. While we are to strive in every station of life, and amid all our daily duties, to maintain a cheerful, serene spirit, we are never to neglect opportunities of bettering our condition. Isaac Milner had patiently wrought at weaving while it was his duty so to employ himself; but when his beloved brother was in circumstances to aid his plans of devoting himself to study, it was a right course for Isaac to apply to him for the assistance he required.

Absence, new connexions, and high attainments, had not weakened the principles of fraternal affection in the heart of Joseph Milner. Still, with the conscientiousness which ever formed a prominent part of his character, he hesitated to give his brother a place of trust in the education of others, until he was quite certain that he possessed all the requisite qualifications. Accordingly he wrote and requested a clergyman of Leeds to call and examine his brother, and if

he found his attainments considerable, and genius promising, to send him immediately down to Hull. In compliance with this request, the elergyman waited upon young Isaac, who was then about nineteen years of age. He was found at his loom, with a Tacitus lying by his side. After undergoing a rigid examination, in which he displayed great general information, correctness of ideas, and wonderful command of language, he was thought perfectly competent, and was forthwith taken from his humble occupation at the loom, and sent to Hull as an assistant to his brother.

Up to this period, the characters of these excellent brothers appear, in every respect, to have been similar. Shortly after Isaac joined his brother, there arose between them a difference of opinion on religious subjects; but it is highly honourable to both, that this did not interrupt the affectionate harmony that subsisted between them as friends and brothers. They did not interfere with the conscientious scruples of each other, knowing that every man must stand or fall "to his own master."

Joseph Milner became a very ardent, devoted Christian, on evangelical principles.

He became a fearless and animated preacher of the Gospel; while his irreproachable conduct, and serious manners, made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers, and caused him to be greatly followed and reverenced. A Bible was always his pocket companion, which employed his attention whenever company or business left him a moment's opportunity. For more than thirty years before his death, Joseph Milner lived the life of a faithful believer in Christianity; and his life, in every particular, illustrated the doctrines that he taught.

With such an example before him, Isaac could not but imbibe sentiments of veneration for religion; but his piety was never so strongly and distinctly marked as that of his brother; still his thoughts turned to the Church, and after having assisted his brother for some time in the capacity of usher, he was removed to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he entered as a sizar.

Few persons ever went better prepared to the university, or with talents more likely to promote his advancement. Beside his natural perseverance and abilities, he had the advantage of being educated by a person who had gone through the university before him,

and that person also a brother; who must have been, therefore, a more sedulous instructor than any other. While an usher at his brother's school, he became a complete classic, and a very skilful mathematician. The consequence of this diligence was, that he obtained high honours at the university, and was considered one of the first mathematicians of that seat of learning. He was also an eminent chemist, and had wonderful skill in mechanics. The habits of industry that he had acquired in his early years never left him; he found their advantage through life; and, though often an invalid, he was never unemployed, except when totally disqualified by sickness for study or exertion.

The honours that descended on these brothers, who were once poor fatherless weaver boys, was a proof "that wisdom is better than rubies, and the gain thereof than fine gold." Isaac became Lucasian professor of the mathematics at Cambridge, and Dean of Carlisle. He communicated several valuable papers to the Royal Society, on various subjects of natural philosophy; and he was elected a fellow of that learned body. Thus we see that the brother, who was left at the

loom for many years, and who so nobly went through a trial of disinterested love, was afterwards raised to higher worldly honours than his elder brother.

While Isaac Milner was at the university, he became the friend and companion of William Wilberforce, who was a student in the same college. This gentleman had from his earliest years the advantage of a strictly religious education; yet his sentiments on spiritual subjects are said to have been much influenced, and his principles confirmed, by the clear reasonings of Isaac Milner. Mr. Wilberforce's subsequent career was highly honourable to himself, and useful to mankind. He became one of the brightest ornaments of the British Senate. It was principally through his instrumentality, aided by the benevolent Thomas Clarkson, that the odious and wicked slave-trade was abolished. It required no small degree of moral heroism for Wilberforce to introduce to the British Parliament, a measure which was sure to meet with continued and fierce opposition. But he persevered, session after session, and amid all the ridicule, controversy, and persecution that could, by any ingenuity, be heaped on him. The consequence of his perseverance

was, that he ultimately succeeded in his noble effort.

The friendship between William Wilberforce and Dean Milner was terminated only by death.

It is a beautiful fact, that prosperity did not weaken the strong bonds of brotherly affection. Have you never seen a hardy field-flower bearing the rough winds and bitter frosts, and looking healthy amid all its exposure to the elements? and yet, when the sun shines out upon some sultry day, that flower will droop and wither beneath the sultry beams. So it often is with affection: in the sunny hour of prosperity, the feelings lose their early freshness, and are no longer fragrant with love to those with whom they set out on the journey of life. In the remarkable case of these distinguished brothers, we see that they were tried with adversity and with prosperity. They were tried by advantages being conferred on one, and the other denied them; and they were tried by some differences of views on religious subjects; and yet their love surmounted every trial. It was a noble feeling of Christian heroism that made them both strive together in youth to be dutiful, industrious sons to

their widowed mother; and this congeniality of dutiful affection bound them to each other by bonds so strong, that the world could neither slacken nor break them.

Isaac survived his brother Joseph many years. Joseph was the author of a "History of the Church;" and, after his death, Isaac published a new edition of his brother's work, and collected and gave to the public many of his sermons, prefixing a life of his brother to them. With warm fraternal affection, he defended his brother from some remarks made by an opponent of the principles set forth in his works, and ever evinced the utmost tenderness for his memory.

Now, though the attainments of these admirable and excellent men were very wonderful, and their diligence worthy of the imitation of every one; yet the amiability of their character is more deeply interesting and affecting than anything else in their history. Many men have striven with poverty, multitudes have risen to distinction, and numbers have attained immense learning under the greatest disadvantages; but as dutiful sons and affectionate brothers, the Milners are unsurpassed. These qualities make their names truly illustrious, and their memory

worthy of the reverence of all who honour filial piety and brotherly love, combined with industry, talent, and piety.

CHAPTER VII.

MORAL HEROISM, IN ADVANCING THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE —LINNEUS, BRINDLEY, ARKWRIGHT, AND SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

With the exception of the blessed truths of Christianity, nothing has tended so greatly to improve the condition of the human race as science. Men were skilful and determined fighters and warriors, long before arts and sciences were known. It gives us a mean opinion of war, considered merely by the light of reason, when we reflect that rude and barbarous savages excelled in the kind of animal courage that constitutes a fighter; but as men became enlightened, and particularly since the introduction of the art of printing, by which books became cheap, and learned men had an opportunity of communicating their knowledge to society at large, better methods of employing their activity

and endurance opened to them. To observe the ever-varying and wonderful appearances of nature, and to reflect on them, so as to understand something of the power and wisdom of the Creator, is surely a very wise application of the powers of the mind. And those who have devoted their lives to patient investigation and study, so as to classify and arrange the three great kingdoms of nature, known as the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, deserve the deep gratitude of all instructed minds: since, by their means, constant sources of information are ever opening to the student; and the feelings of the soul become expanded and elevated, by contemplating the works of the Creator in the visible world, and thus looking through nature up to nature's God.

No one man has done so much to classify the different productions of nature, and to extend the knowledge of them, as the illustrious Swede, named Linneus. In his life, also, we have a beautiful example of courage and perseverance in overcoming obstacles of no ordinary kind. When we consider the country of Linneus, its cold and rigorous climate, its rock-bound and somewhat barren soil, we feel that it is scarcely the land

where a great naturalist might be expected to arise; since it must have offered few opportunities for studying nature in her mild and lovely aspects, and presented to the inquirer many difficulties compared with warmer southern climes, where plants and trees and flowers spring up richly under the bright fostering beams of the sun; and where animal and insect life is much more varied and prolific. But we shall see that cold and hardship, a barren soil and poverty, were no hindrance to the active mind and enterprising spirit of the man who is the subject of this narrative.

Charles Linneus was the eldest son of Nils Linneus, a worthy man, who was pastor, or, as it is there called, comminster, in the Swedish church. It is worthy of remark, that the family took their surname of Linneus from a large linden or lime-tree, that grew on the farm where the ancestors of the great naturalist lived. It was the ardent desire of the parents of Linneus, that he should be brought up for the ministry, and thus succeed his father in the pastoral office. The child, however, showed no inclination for those studies that are thought requisite for the clerical profession. "From the very time that he left his cradle, he almost lived

in his father's garden, which was planted with some of the rarer shrubs and flowers; and thus was kindled, before he was well out of his mother's arms, those sparks which shone so vividly all his lifetime, and latterly burst out into such bright flame."

At seven years of age, Linneus was placed under the charge of a private tutor, and two years after was removed to a school at Wexio; but being of a mild and timid temper, he was considered stupid, and treated with great severity, which had the effect of making him dislike his studies, which were rendered doubly irksome by the cruel tyranny of his teachers. Every moment he could spare from the labour of the school-room was spent in collecting plants, and in the favourite pursuit of observing the habits of animals and insects. He was called an idle student, but the word idle could not in justice be applied to him, for he was very diligent in those studies which the bent of his genius, and the strong propensity of nature, led him to.

It is not much to be wondered at, that he made but little progress at school. Indeed, so mean an opinion had his instructors of his talents and acquirements, that when his

father inquired what progress he was making, they replied that he was only fit for some mechanical employment, and all further expense in attempting to give him a learned education would be thrown away. Disappointed in his favourite hope of seeing his eldest son a clergyman, the elder Linneus spoke of his grief to a physician, a friend of the family, who hearing that the youth had a taste for the study of botany, offered to give him board and instruction for one year.

Dr. Mothman's offer was gratefully accepted, and while under his care, the youth made great improvement, particularly in his favourite study of plants. After his term with Dr. Mothman expired, it was thought right to send him to some university, but the testimonial he received from his former school was so unfavourable, that it was not presented, and he entered the university of Lund through the patronage of a friend. From hence he removed to Upsal, with a view of studying in the botanical garden. His parents being able to allow him only eight pounds a-year to defray all his expenses, he suffered the utmost poverty. He was often in want of a meal, and had to patch his shoes with folded paper, and sometimes with

the bark of trees. Yet, even in the midst of these privations, his diligence never flagged, he was constantly engaged in studying the plants, and commenced classifying them according to a different plan to that then in use. His assiduity attracted attention, and one of the professors of the university took him for his assistant. Here he composed his first work on Botany, and it is a proof that he could not have been so dull in school exercises as his masters asserted; this book, as well as all his subsequent works, being written in the Latin language, and the clearness and precision of his style being admired by all scholars.

His writings speedily brought him into note, and he was thought competent to teach the science of botany, and was placed nearly at the head of an establishment where, a year before, he had applied for the situation of gardener.

His zeal to extend his knowledge of nature did not permit him to remain long here. The Royal Academy appointed him to the laborious undertaking of exploring Lapland. Here the difficulties that he encountered were so great, and have been so well described by himself, that I shall quote a portion of his Journal.

"On Sunday I left Lycksele, taking with me only three loaves of bread, and some reindeer tongues, by way of provision. I presumed that I should procure among the Laplanders flesh of the reindeer, cheese, milk, fish, fowl, &c. Nor, indeed, could I well take anything more at present, for whenever we came to any shoals or falls in the river, it was necessary for my companion to take our boat on his head over mountains and valleys; so that I had not only my own luggage to carry at such times, but his likewise. Having, next morning, come within the territories of the nearest Laplander, we left our boat on the bank of the river, and went in search of this man through the wild forest, where we saw no more traces of roads or enclosures than if the country had been uninhabited. We met, however, with several deserted huts, where he had at one time or other resided.

"Being exceedingly tired with this walk, I was glad to repose myself here in the desert, while my Finland conductor went in search of my future guide. Nor was I without considerable fears that this man, when he had met with the Laplander, might not be able to find me again; but, about noon, he

returned, accompanied by a Laplander, who took charge of me, inviting me home to his hut, where he treated me with fresh fish and fresh water.

"I was afterwards conducted from one Laplander to another, till I came to a part of the river, about twenty-five miles above Lycksele, where there was a sort of bay or creek, which we were under the necessity of wading through. The water reached above our waists, and was very cold. In the midst of this creek was so deep a hole, that the longest pole could scarcely fathom it. We had no resource but to lay a pole across it, on which we passed over at the hazard of our lives; and, indeed, when I reached the other side, I congratulated myself in having had a very narrow escape.

"We had next to pass a marshy tract, almost entirely under water, for the course of a mile; nor is it easy to conceive the difficulties of the undertaking. At every step we were knee-deep; and if we thought to find a sure footing on some grassy tuft, it proved treacherous, and only sunk us lower. Sometimes we came where no bottom was to be felt, and were obliged to measure back our weary steps; our half-boots were filled

with the coldest water, as the frost on some places still remained on the ground. Had our sufferings been inflicted as a capital punishment, they would even in that case have been cruel. What then had we to complain of? I wished I had never undertaken the journey, for all the elements seemed adverse; it rained and blew hard upon us. I wondered I escaped with my life, though certainly not without excessive fatigue and loss of strength.

"By four o'clock in the morning, we had conquered all our difficulties, still we could not meet with any Laplander; I was so exhausted, that I could proceed no further without some repose. We therefore struck up a fire, and having wrung the water out of my clothes, I lay down by the side of it, in the hopes of taking a little rest; but in this I was disappointed. The fire scorched me on one side, while the cold north wind pinched me on the other; and the gnats so stung my hands, face, and legs, that it was impossible to sleep. Thus I remained in expectation of my conductor, who had set out in search of another, till two o'clock in the afternoon. I could not help thinking how miserably I might have to end my days

here, in case he should think proper to desert me entirely.

"At length he returned, quite spent with fatigue, and having made inquiry at many of the huts, but in vain. He brought with him a person whose appearance was such, that at first I did not know whether I beheld a man or a woman. I scarcely believe that any poetical description of a fury could come up to the idea which this Lapland fair one excited. It might well be imagined, that she was truly of Stygian origin. Her stature was very diminutive; her face of the darkest brown, from the effects of smoke; her eyes dark and sparkling; her eyebrows black; her pitchy-coloured hair hung loose about her head, upon which she wore a flat red cap. She had a grey petticoat, and round her waist she wore a girdle, and on her feet a pair of half boots.

"Her first appearance really struck me with dread; but though a fury in aspect, she addressed me with unmingled pity and regret: 'Oh, thou poor man, what hard destiny can have brought thee hither, to a place never visited by any one before? This is the first time I ever beheld a stranger. Thou miserable creature! how didst thou

come, and whither wilt thou go? Dost thou not perceive what houses and habitations we have, and with how much difficulty we go to church?' I inquired how far it was to Forsell. 'That we do not know,' said she, 'but in the present state of the roads it is, at least, seven days' journey from hence!'

"My health and strength being by this time materially impaired by wading through such an extent of marshes, laden with my apparel and luggage, by walking for whole nights together, by not having for a long time tasted any boiled meat, by drinking a great quantity of water, as nothing else was to be had,* and by eating nothing but fish unsalted and crawling with vermin, I must have perished, but for a piece of dried reindeer's flesh, given me by my kind hostess, the clergyman's wife, at Lycksele. How I longed once more to meet with people who fed on spoon-meat.

"I inquired of this woman whether she could give me anything to eat; she replied, 'Nothing but fish.' I looked at the fresh

* It is much to be doubted whether such fatigues could have been sustained, if any other beverage than water had been used. The testimony of travellers, in every latitude, supports the fact, that "water is best."

fish, as it was called, but perceiving its mouth to be full of maggots, I had no great appetite to touch it; but though it abated my hunger, it did not recruit my strength. Finding it impossible to proceed in that direction, I was obliged to return the way I came, though very unwillingly, heartily wishing it might never be my fate to see this place again."

Such was the perilous nature of the journey which he undertook, with the hope of increasing the amount of human knowledge; and you will admit that his perils, in his dreary, lonely tour, were as great, if not greater, than ever soldiers have to endure on long marches and dangerous retreats. It required as much bravery to undertake such toils, and no less fortitude to endure such privations. He came home rich in knowledge, but as poor in circumstances as ever; and, in reference to his own condition, he used often to repeat a Latin proverb, "He is praised and starves." And, on his return, trials of other kinds awaited him. He commenced giving a course of lectures on botany, when the mean and wicked envy of other teachers was aroused; and because he had never obtained a degree in the university, they contrived to put down his lectures. It mattered not

that he had studied in the great university of nature, and been honoured with success by the Divine Head of that splendid university; petty jealousy prevailed against him, and, for a time, he was cast into obscurity.

Wishing to increase his knowledge of minerals, Linneus visited the great Swedish mining districts. He was accompanied by seven young men, whom he superintended, and who aided him in exploring. On his return from this expedition, he obtained a degree as a Doctor of Medicine, and commenced practising as a physician. His knowledge, diligence, and fame, which was now well established, brought him into repute, and secured him a large practice. He married an amiable and intelligent lady, the daughter of a physician, and the remainder of his life was devoted to the duties of his profession, and in writing numerous valuable works on natural history, and instructing students in the science that he loved, and had brought to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown. His life was one of constant employment and unceasing study; and though he was called to suffer much, from the persecutions of malice and the meanness of envy, yet all the wise honoured his useful labours, and all

the good, his industrious, honest, disinterested character.

He was not without domestic trials. His family consisted of one son and four daughters, who grew up to maturity all that their fond father wished, particularly the son, who inherited his father's abilities, and who, at the age of twenty-two, was appointed to assist his father as Professor of Botany in the university of Upsal. After some years, in which the talents and fame of the son continued to increase, he was suddenly removed, in the prime of life, by a fever. The now aged naturalist was almost overwhelmed by this bereavement, but he did not sorrow as those without hope. His activity and public duties continued unabated until about two years before his death, when the infirmities of age compelled him to lay aside his usual occupations. He continued in a distressing state of bodily weakness, but in a calm serenity of mind, until he expired, in a gentle slumber, on the afternoon of the 10th of January, aged seventy years and seven months.

Every human honour was paid to his remains—the grief of his countrymen was without bounds. A general mourning was

ordered at Upsal; and the King of Sweden, in his oration on the death of Linneus, said, "They had lost, alas! a man whose celebrity was as great over the world, as the honour was bright which his country derived from him as a citizen. Long will Upsal remember the celebrity which it acquired by the name of Linneus."

Turning from the wide field of natural history, which Linneus so greatly advanced, to those sciences which exercise human ingenuity, skill, and combination to the utmost, and are the means of promoting national advancement and social comfort; we find in these departments of human activity and genius many names remarkable for their noble struggles with adversity; many whose trials and triumphs entitle them to the name of Hero. Among such names, that of James Brindley will ever be pre-eminent, whether we consider the great public works he planned and executed, or the difficulties that impeded him in his labours.

Nothing is more desirable in a country priding itself on its commercial character, than to multiply inland opportunities of transporting merchandize and luggage from one part to another. Formerly it was a very

tedious and exceedingly expensive process to send goods from one part of England to another; and it is somewhat singular in a country like England, celebrated for its activity and enterprise, that canals, or artificial water-roads, had not been earlier introduced. In ancient times the Egyptians, foremost in all the arts of civilization, had constructed a canal, and by this means effected a junction between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The Romans, during the time of their dominion in Britain, cut a canal from the vicinity of Peterborough to that of Lincoln, some traces of which are still discernible. In China, also, canal navigation is of great antiquity. The Imperial Canal of that country is a stupendous work, being two hundred feet broad, and extends southward from Pekin for a distance of about nine hundred miles, and is supposed to have been made eight hundred years ago. Many countries of modern Europe have also used this means of artificial inland navigation, particularly the Netherlands, which is intersected with numerous canals; and France, that early availed herself of this useful means of communication.

Yet notwithstanding these examples in

other countries, England was very tardy in availing herself of similar facilities for commerce. The first modern canal that was actually completed in England was not commenced until the year 1775: this was the Sankey Canal, in Lancashire, which is about twelve miles in length, and was found a useful and profitable speculation. It is necessary to mention these few particulars, because James Brindley, the subject of our present inquiries, completely altered the system of conveying goods, and of inland navigation and commerce, by his labours.

This remarkable man was born at Tunsted, in Derbyshire, of poor parents. Indeed, poverty was not the worst evil that young Brindley had to encounter. His father was a man of dissipated habits, consequently the mind of the child was familiarized with the most dangerous and painful of all spectacles, that of a father, who, instead of being a pattern for his child of industry and virtue, was daily practising the excesses of intemperance. The poor boy was allowed to grow up, as the drunkard's child usually is, without any school instruction; and from the time that he was able to do anything, was employed in ordinary country labour. His

genius, it is evident, was of the practical rather than the reflective kind; for he never counteracted the effects of parental negligence and ignorance by a personal application to the elements of knowledge, as we have seen in other cases. But it is pretty evident he wished for some pursuit that afforded more exercise for his mental faculties, than drawing a cart or following a plough; for we find that, at the age of seventeen, he apprenticed himself to a millwright, named Bennet, who resided at Macclesfield. It is equally evident that he commenced studying his new business with great ardour, and that his bias for mechanical inventions soon became apparent; for it is said, that "in the early part of his apprenticeship, he was frequently left by himself for whole weeks together, to execute works concerning which his master had given him no previous instructions. These works, therefore, he finished in his own way; and Mr. Bennet was often astonished at the improvements his apprentice from time to time introduced into the millwright business, and earnestly questioned him from whom he had obtained his knowledge. He had not been long at the trade, before the millers, wherever he had been

employed, always chose him again in preference to his master, or any other workman; and before the expiration of his servitude, at which time Mr. Bennet, who was advanced in years, grew unable to work, Mr. Brindley, by his ingenuity and application, kept up the business with credit, and even supported the old man and his family in a comfortable manner."

This gives us a very favourable idea of the moral worth of young Brindley. Some youths, when conscious of their being so necessary to an employer, would have made themselves very disagreeable, by assuming manners; and if he had been either conceited or selfish, he might have thought more of advancing his own interests than promoting his master's advantage. But Brindley began life well, by doing his duty to the utmost towards his master, and we shall see that, in due time, he reaped his reward.

From the accounts that have been collected, it seems that Brindley's master was not very competent to direct the mind of his apprentice. On one occasion Bennet had been employed to erect a paper-mill, and went to examine some mills of that kind, in a distant part of the country, in order to become acquainted with the machinery. He, how-

ever, returned home little benefited by his investigations, and sorely perplexed in consequence. He set his people to work, but could make no successful progress with the machinery, and reports got abroad, that the man who had employed Bennet would find he had thrown away his money on an incompetent workman. Young Brindley heard these reports, and interested for the credit of his master, as well as stimulated by his own desire for mechanical knowledge, he formed the determination of visiting the mill his master had previously examined. Saying nothing to any one of his design, he set out on foot for the mill, one night when his work was over; obtained, on the following day, a complete view of the machinery; and returned to his work at the usual time on the morning after, having accomplished the whole journey of fifty miles on foot, and made such observations as, with his ingenious brain, enabled him to clear up all the difficulties which had so puzzled his master. The mill, under Brindley's management, was finished to the entire satisfaction of the proprietor, and, indeed, was far better than the model, for the youth had introduced many original improvements.

Brindley faithfully served his master as apprentice and workman for several years, and then set up in business for himself. His path in life was now open before him, and, with his industry and genius, could not fail, under the Divine blessing, to be prosperous. His skill attracted attention, and shortly after commencing business as a millwright, he turned his attention to engineering, in all its branches.

In 1752, he added greatly to his local fame by the erection of a water-engine for draining a coal-mine, at Clifton, in Lancashire. Though this work was much admired, proprietors seemed, in many cases, doubtful of employing an engineer who had not been regularly educated for his employment; and once, when he was engaged to assist in erecting a silk-mill, at Congleton, in Cheshire, he was required to do the practical part under a superintendant, who was a regularly educated engineer. This person, however, Brindley soon discovered to be very incompetent, and, with becoming self respect, our self-taught engineer determined either to relinquish his share in the work altogether, or to conduct it without the superintendance of an incompetent individual. The work

was fully confided to him, and, as usual, he distinguished himself by the introduction of many ingenious and beautiful contrivances for simplifying and saving human labour. Gradually his fame spread, and Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, a name ever venerable among the patrons and benefactors of science, having heard of him, sent for him, and communicated to him an idea in reference to constructing a canal from some coal-mines on his estate, which coal-mines were comparatively valueless, in consequence of the expense of transporting the coal. An Act of Parliament had been procured by the duke's father, enabling him to cut a canal to Manchester, but the immense outlay required had deterred the former duke from proceeding in the matter. No sooner had the idea been communicated to Brindley, than, confident in his ability, he instantly entered warmly into the project, and commenced surveying the ground for the stupendous undertaking, and expressed his belief, after a careful survey, that there were no difficulties which might not be overcome.

It is probable no man but Brindley would have given such a report; for the difficulties were such, that no man less vigorous in

determination and fruitful in resources than himself, could possibly have accomplished such a work. The canal was to be of an uniform level throughout, consequently it had to be carried through hills and over valleys, so that long tunnels and extended aqueducts had to be made; and all this was planned and carried out successfully, by a man who never learned either surveying or engineering, whose skill in reading was so limited that he scarcely ever looked into a book, and whose accomplishments in writing extended no further than to the signing of his own name, in a cramp unpractised hand. When we think of the mathematical, as well as mechanical, skill, requisite for such a work, the nice calculation and arrangement required, its accomplishment seems the very triumph of human genius and industry.

Brindley was not above consulting others, though he received very little aid from them. Thinking it due to his munificent employer, he once called in an engineer, to give his opinion as to the possibility of making an aqueduct over a certain part of the river Irwell. The man looked with equal amazement at the spot, and at Brindley, almost doubting the sanity of the latter, when he

perceived the natural obstacles that existed to the design being carried out, and replied, "That he had often heard of castles in the air, but never before was shown where any of them were to be erected." However, the work proceeded successfully, and became one of the greatest wonders of the time. The astonishment it excited is well described in a letter which appeared in the newspapers to the following effect:—

"Gentlemen, come to view our eighth wonder of the world—the subterranean navigation, which is cutting by the great Mr. Brindley, who handles rocks as easily as you would plum pies, and makes the four elements subservient to his will. He is as plain a looking man as one of the boors of the Peak, or one of his own carters; but when he speaks all ears listen, and every mind is filled with wonder at the things he pronounces to be practicable. He has cut a mile through bogs, which he binds up, embanking them with stones, which he gets out of other parts of the navigation, besides about a quarter of a mile into the hill of Yelden, on the side of which he has a pump, which is worked by water, and a stone, the fire of which sucks through a pipe the damps,

which would annoy the men who are cutting towards the centre of the hill. The clay he cuts out serves for bricks, to arch the subterraneous parts, which we heartily wish to see finished to Hilden Ferry, when we shall be able to send coals and pots to London, and to different parts of the globe."

When the great Bridgewater Canal was finished, Brindley was engaged in several similar works, which had the effect of entirely changing and greatly increasing our internal commerce. In the present day, when railroads, of wondrous construction, make us familiar with stupendous tunnels, deep cuttings, and vast embankments; and when the steam-engine performs, with consummate skill, the most immense, as well as the most minute labours, we are in danger of not rightly valuing the genius that first planned and executed canals in our country, and who had no other aid from science than the ingenious resources which is own ready mind presented. When we hear warriors extolled for laying waste a country, how much nobler does the hardy intrepid skill of the civil engineer appear, who, instead of destroying, creates; instead of putting a stop to commerce, and a check to communication, as war

invariably does, increases the facilities of trade, and, by rendering modes of transporting goods from place to place more easy and economical, reduces the price of those goods, and thus increases the comforts of life, and promotes social prosperity and refinement.

The merit is the greater, when we recollect his uninstructed boyhood and neglected youth, and remember that boys so circumstanced often grow up to curse society by their crimes, or defraud it by their indolence. Brindley was a benefit to his country. He commenced life by prudently applying himself to learn a trade: thus, in the first instance, providing himself with the means of an honest livelihood, which was doing justice to his own interests; and the result fully proved the truth of the poet's fine remark:

> "To thine ownself be true. And it must hence follow,
> As light follows day, thou canst not then be false
> To any man."

The great change which Brindley effected in our internal commerce, by his artificial water-roads, was destined not to be the only revolution which trade would undergo by the means of a self-taught mechanician. Exactly sixteen years after the birth of Brindley (that is in 1732,) at the town of Preston, in Lan-

cashire, a poor couple, named Arkwright, had an increase to their already large family, by the birth of a son, whom they named Richard. This boy was the youngest of a family of thirteen children, and it is therefore very doubtful whether he received any school instruction; but one thing is certain, that his education was very limited, and it is equally certain that his childhood was subject to all the privations, the neglect, and the temptation that are the usual lot of the children of the poor, particularly in a manufacturing town. He was brought up to the trade of a barber. An occupation more dissimilar from his future pursuits could not possibly be imagined. He followed this trade in a humble way among working people, until he was nearly thirty years of age, when he gave up shaving, and began dealing in hair for the wig-makers, collecting this commodity by travelling up and down the country.

A more humble occupation, or a more unpretending-looking individual than Richard Arkwright was, in those days, it is difficult to imagine; and yet he was destined, by his skill and ingenuity, to effect an entire change in, and greatly to increase, the cotton trade of this country. Before his time, all the

cotton thread was spun by the distaff and spindle, the spinner drawing out only a single thread at a time, and though there were fifty thousand spindles at work in Lancashire alone, the weavers were often thrown out of work, because a sufficient quantity of thread could not be procured. "It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day." Of course the supply of cotton goods was scanty and expensive. Many attempts had been made to contrive some method of spinning more effective, but without success.

In the year 1767, Arkwright, in his peregrinations as an itinerant hair-dealer, became acquainted with a person named Kay, to whom he has been supposed indebted for some information in reference to the ingenious model of a spinning-machine, which he subsequently constructed. There is one remarkable peculiarity in the domestic history of Arkwright, namely, that his trials in his own home, in reference to his invention, were very great. His wife felt no sympathy with his mechanical pursuits, thought it all a waste of time, and is said to have actually impeded

his progress by breaking or injuring his models. Such instances of want of sympathy are very rare—usually the female members of a man's family are among the first to admire and estimate talent, and to stimulate to perseverance. Even in cases where they are totally incompetent to judge of the merits of a work, as in the present case, affection prompts them to feel interest, and bestow commendation. However, Arkwright was not the man to be deterred when he had once determined on a matter, and, therefore, he pursued his mechanical inventions, and appeared at Preston with his friend Kay, where they obtained a room, and set up a model of a spinning-machine. At that time Arkwright was miserably poor, and fearing some violence from the people of Lancashire, who were ignorantly prejudiced against machinery, they went to Nottingham, where, for a time, Arkwright was in great straits, meeting with no individual willing to embark the capital necessary to bring his invention into use. At length, however, a stocking weaver of that place, a singularly ingenious man, inspected the model, and satisfied of its utility and value, entered into partnership with Arkwright, who took out a patent as the inventor

of the machine. For five years he continued to persevere with it, but before it answered the expectation of the parties interested in its success, a capital of twelve thousand pounds had been expended. The patience, and perseverance, and industry of Arkwright were fully as commendable as his ingenuity; though he had been, from his youth up, afflicted with asthma, he took scarcely any recreation, but devoted himself entirely to his one pursuit, that of creating a new branch of industry in the land.

There is always one painful ordeal through which every man has to pass who introduces a new system, whether in industry or morals, and this is the ordeal of envy and prejudice. Thus Linnæus was not permitted to give lectures on the science he had so fully investigated, or the natural objects he had collected. Thus, in former times, Roger Bacon, the great scientific genius, of the thirteenth century, was treated, not as a benefactor to mankind (which, if their ignorance had not prevented, he might have been,) but as a wizard and necromancer. Thus Faust, the first printer, was obliged to appear before the parliament at Paris, and only escaped with his life by giving the most detailed ex-

planation of his invention. Thus also Galileo, the illustrious Florentine, was doomed to a gloomy prison and an old age of sorrow and persecution, for having said, and what was more, *demonstrated*, that our earth moved. Thus Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was assailed, and had his house pulled down; himself narrowly escaping the fury of the ignorant populace: And thus also Jenner, who introduced the system of vaccination, as a means of preventing or mitigating that frightful malady, the small-pox, was the subject of contemptuous opprobrium; and was even preached against from the pulpit as the "beast" mentioned in the Revelations. When such has been the spirit in which society has treated its benefactors, it is not surprising that Arkwright should have felt somewhat of the same prejudice and injustice. No sooner did his machine fully answer, than his claim to be the inventor was questioned; several vexatious law-suits were the consequence, and his patent was set aside, though afterwards his rights obtained legal protection. He ultimately triumphed over his enemies and opponents, and we perceive that his dili-

gence met its reward. He saw his invention introduced into general use. The cotton manufacture increased beyond all expectation, and became one of the staple articles of British commerce. The poor Lancashire barber, who had passed so many years in obscurity, and also so many in striving to overcome the obstacles that lay in the way of making his invention known and valued, was at length dignified with the rank of knighthood, and lived to realise an immense fortune. While a yet greater triumph, was the impetus given to industry and commerce by his mechanical skill. With his success we have not so much to do as with the means that led to it. Rank and fortune, though worthy of all honour when achieved by merit, are yet very secondary considerations when compared with the industry that profits by every opportunity, the perseverance that overcomes every difficulty, and the endurance that bears and forbears under every opposition. Sir Richard Arkwright, like every other really great man gifted with moral heroism, had one end constantly in view, and incessantly pressed forward towards it. This is the true secret of success in all undertakings. His course

is onward, like the eagle so beautifully described by the American poet: *

"——— The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line."

Among those who have advanced the best interests of society by scientific discoveries, no name ranks higher than that of Sir Humphrey Davy. The particulars of his boyhood and youth, as far as they have been made known in the biography of him by his brother—Dr. John Davy, are remarkably interesting and instructive. This eminent man was born in 1778, at Penzance, in Cornwall. His father was a wood-carver, in that town, and Humphrey was his eldest son. His parents bestowed upon him all the advantages of education which the locality furnished. Penzance, at that time, was a most obscure place, with great simplicity of manners, and making no pretension to literary advantages. The child was not remarkable for precocity of intellect, though he was

* Doane.

thought to possess a fine capacity: one of his childish amusements was verse making. He had a very severe schoolmaster, who used to amuse himself by pulling the boys' ears. Once little Davy made his appearance in the school with his ears plastered over with adhesive plaster; on being asked the reason, he gravely replied, "To prevent mortification;" a witticism which probably saved him from the cruel infliction afterwards. This injudicious mode of correction appears to have given the youth a disgust to school training, for, in after life, we find him, in a letter to his mother, saying, "Learning is naturally true pleasure; how unfortunate, then, that in most schools it is made a pain!"

The death of young Davy's father, which occurred when the son was in his sixteenth year, placed the family in embarrassed circumstances; but the good sense, resolution, and industry of his admirable mother remedied the calamity to a great extent. Young Davy was bound apprentice to an apothecary of Penzance, but did not make improvement in any other branch of his profession but Chemistry. When quite a boy he had delighted in exploring in the neighbourhood of his native town, collecting herbs, sea-weed,

and minerals: probably no part of England could have furnished equal facilities for observations of the kind he was likely to make. When he first commenced chemical experiments, his apparatus was exceedingly mean and meagre; in fact, supplied by his own ingenuity, and consisted of phials, wine-glasses, teacups, tobacco-pipes, and earthen crucibles. He used, by rising soon after midnight, in the summer time, to find time and opportunity of reading and making various experiments in his favourite study. It is worthy of remark, however, that he did not exclusively confine himself to one branch of study, but, anxious to obtain general information, marked out for himself a plan comprehending a very extended and liberal course of study. He not only marked it out, but adhered to it. The list is worthy the attention of all young persons:—

1. Theology, or Religion
   (Taught by Nature)
   Ethics, or Moral Virtues
   (Taught by Revelation)
2. Geography
3. My Profession
4. Logic
5. Physics
6. Mechanics
7. Rhetoric and Oratory
8. History and Chronology
9. Mathematics

Thus this apprentice of an obscure Cornish apothecary was laying the foundation of his

future intellectual greatness. One amiable and powerful incentive to his exertions was his love to his widowed mother, who appears to have been fully worthy of her son; giving him such encouragements, and affording him such sympathy, as was likely to foster the growth of his genius.

It was a fortunate circumstance for young Davy, that while he was still a lad Mr. Gregory Watt, a son of the celebrated James Watt, the improver of the steam-engine, happened to come to Penzance for his health, and took lodgings at the house of Davy's mother. This gentleman soon discovered the youth's talents, and assisted him by suitable advice and encouragements. Soon after, as young Davy was one evening leaning over his mother's gate, a gentleman, named Gilbert, happened to pass, accompanied by some ladies, one of whom observed, "That is young Davy, the boy who loves Chemistry." This observation caused enquiry, and the result was, that Mr. Gilbert was particularly struck by the account he heard of the youth's studies and tastes. A conversation with him confirmed the favourable opinion expressed.

Mr. Gilbert (himself a scientific man, and

subsequently president of the Royal Society) offered the youth the use of his library, and, soon after, introduced him to Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, who had just established a "Pneumatic Institution, for investigating the medicinal properties of the different gases."

Dr. Beddoes was greatly interested in his young acquaintance, and being particularly struck by an essay, in which the latter had propounded an original theory of light and heat, offered him the superintendence of his new institution. Young Davy was then only in his nineteenth year, and of course was delighted to close immediately with this advantageous offer.

In the house of Dr. Beddoes he met with many advantages. Mrs. Beddoes was a daughter of the Edgeworth family, and half sister to the celebrated Miss Edgeworth. Southey and Coleridge, then both young men, were frequent visitors. In such society, and engaged in scientific pursuits, that advanced him daily in his favourite inquiries, the progress of the youthful philosopher was most rapid, and his discoveries soon became the theme of extended praise. In less than three years from the time of his joining Dr. Beddoes, Davy was offered a situation as

assistant lecturer on chemistry at the Royal Institution, the chair of which had just been vacated by Dr. Garnet.

In Davy's first session, as lecturer at the Royal Institution, men of the first rank and talent, ladies engaged in literary pursuits, all that society possessed of the intellectual, wealthy, and fashionable, crowded to his lectures, and his success was most brilliant and triumphant. It is said that the young lecturer had the happy and uncommon art of making an abstruse and dry subject plain and interesting. From this time his career was marked with undeviating success; and great as were his discoveries in the science of chemistry, his amiable character as an individual was fully equal to his genius as a philosopher. His brother, speaking of his success as a lecturer, remarks, "He was always in earnest; and when he amused most, amusement appeared quite foreign to his object. His great and first object was to instruct, and, in conjunction with this, maintain the importance and dignity of science; indeed, the latter, and the kindling a taste for scientific pursuits, might rather be considered his main object. His manner was perfectly natural animated, and energetic, but not in the least

theatrical." He received letters of commendation, and, indeed, of injudicious praise, from some of the first people in the kingdom; yet the authority above quoted remarks, "All the praise that was bestowed, all the delicious flattery which he received, and which might have spoilt the best disposition, and seduced from the path of exertion to luxurious repose, or dissipation in the circles of fashion, seemed to have been either wasted on his mind, and to have made no impression, or to have acted as a spur to continued exertion; and he never laboured harder, or exerted himself more successfully, than at the time he received most court, and apparently might have indulged most in the pleasures of luxurious society."

This was an evidence of uncommon greatness of mind in a young man just emerged from comparative obscurity, and suddenly lifted to an eminence of popularity and distinction, that would have rendered a weaker mind giddy and confused. Prosperity has its trials as well as adversity; and many an individual, who has struggled bravely through the trials of poverty, and come out of the furnace of affliction refined and purified, like fine gold from the crucible, has not been able

to bear the more seductive and subtle temptations of prosperity. Pride, indolence, and luxurious self-indulgence, the vices engendered by prosperity, have been the faults which have marred many a man's usefulness, who, but for these, might have made himself an honourable name among the wise and good.

The letters of Davy, addressed from time to time to his beloved mother, show the purity and freshness of his affection, and prove how unspoiled he was even in the debilitating atmosphere of fashion, and receiving constantly the intoxicating incense of praise. "I am at this moment (he writes) very healthy and happy; I have had great success in my experiments, and I gain a competence by my pursuits; at the same time, that I am (in hopes at least) doing something towards promoting the public good. If I feel any anxiety, it is that of being removed so far from you, my mother, and my relations and friends. If I was nearer, I would endeavour to be useful to you; I would endeavour to pay some of the debts of gratitude I owe to you, my first protector and earliest friend."

The discovery which renders Davy's name

as dear to humanity as to science, is that of the safety lamp, by which the poor miner is able to pursue his dreary occupation in comparative safety. The frequent explosions that took place in mines, caused by the pent-up noxious vapours and gases, that rendered the introduction of a light sometimes fatal to the lives of hundreds, had often attracted the attention and occupied the mind of Davy; and his lamp, which he perfected after the most elaborate and careful experiments, proved eminently successful. With a liberality that will ever reflect honour on his heart, he refused to protect this discovery by a patent, but made it an offering for the protection of human life, without seeking to derive any personal advantage from it.

In reference to the safety lamp, Mr. Buddle informed Dr. Paris, in a letter, that he had advised Davy to secure the property of his beautiful invention. "I felt," he says, "that he did not contemplate any pecuniary reward; and, in a private conversation, I remonstrated with him on the subject. I said, 'You might as well have secured this invention by a patent, and received your five or ten thousand a-year from it.' The reply of this great and noble-minded man was, 'No,

my good friend, I never thought of such a thing; my sole object was to serve the cause of humanity: and if I have succeeded, I am amply rewarded in the gratification of having done so.' 'More wealth,' he added, 'could not increase my fame or my happiness. It might, undoubtedly, enable me to put four horses to my carriage; but what would it avail me to have it said, that Sir Humphrey drives his carriage and four."

In 1812, he was created a Baronet, being the first person on whom George the Fourth, (then Regent, during the illness of George the Third,) conferred that honour. To the close of his life, though often afflicted with ill health, he continued his scientific labours; his actuating motive always being to advance human happiness by increasing human knowledge. Sir Humphrey Davy died at Geneva, May the 29th, 1829, leaving society indebted to his labours; and youth, of every station, benefited by his example of industry and disinterestedness.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORAL HEROISM, IN ENDURING DISAPPOINTMENT—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—EDWARDS, THE WELCH ENGINEER—CLARKSON AND WILBERFORCE.

"HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick," is the testimony of inspired truth, and of human experience. A certain measure of success is, with some temperaments, necessary to perseverance. Hence the recoil of disappointments, the anxiety of suspense, are among the greatest mental trials that can fall to the lot of a human being. Many a mind possessed of good and fine natural powers has withered under the blighting influence of disappointment, and sunk from activity and energy to slothful apathy or stupid indifference; while others, more impetuous, have been goaded by disappointment into recklessness or despair. Of the latter class was Chatterton, the youthful poet, whom Wordsworth has described as

"——— The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that *perished in its pride.*"

This great but undisciplined genius, disgusted with the want of sympathy he found in the world, the disappointments in his literary pursuits, which plunged him into poverty, with frantic rashness threw off the appointed burden of existence, and ventured with his own daring hand to open the mighty door of eternity, and to enter unbidden the awful presence of his God!

Such is the effect of disappointment to rash unsanctified human nature. It is a trial that excites either to impotent rebellion, or crushes to slavish indolence. Yet it is well worthy of reflection, that disappointments are extensively the lot of every human being who has the ordinary responsibilities of life. It is part of the discipline appointed, by a wise Providence, during our probationary state of existence; and, like all the sorrows incident to humanity, if rightly understood, may be made conducive to our growth in wisdom and virtue. It seems only reasonable that human beings should learn to bear patiently those trials which it is probable will be their portion; and disappointment is frequently one of these. But patient endurance is not the only quality which enlightened moral heroism requires from those who are

the subjects of disappointment. If our object be good and our aim lawful, continuity of effort after repeated failures, returning with renewed activity to the charge, after being often foiled, is an undoubted evidence of the heroic in human conduct and character.

One of the finest examples on record of moral heroism sustaining man under repeated and long-continued disappointments, is to be found in the life of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America—the man who has been finely said to have lifted "the veil that covered half mankind."

The fifteenth century, which was the era of the times of Columbus, was remarkable for many mighty events: of these the introduction of the art of printing, and the discovery of the western hemisphere, are unparalleled both in their magnitude, and in the results that have followed these two splendid achievements of human industry and genius. By the former, error in all its forms of priestcraft, bigotry, superstition, and ignorance, received a death-blow. And the glorious events of the sixteenth century—the Protestant reformation, and the spread of intelligence and freedom, were the consequence following, absolutely, if not immediately,

the setting up of the printing press. While, in reference to Columbus's grand discovery, we must admit the force of the beautiful lines, by an eminent living female writer:*

"No kingly conqueror since time began
The long career of ages, hath to man
A scope so ample given for trade's bold range,
Or caused on earth's wide stage such rapid mighty change."

Columbus was by birth a native of Genoa, and descended from a poor but ancient family. Engaged early in life in maritime pursuits, he found time, during his constant and arduous occupation, to render himself the most accomplished and learned geographer and astronomer of his time. Besides these studies, which his profession as a seaman more particularly led to, he kept up an acquaintance with those branches of elegant and classic literature which, during his school years, he had commenced. By reflecting on the spherical form of the world, it occurred to Columbus, that it was likely a great continent or continents existed on the western hemisphere; and pursuing this idea with all the logic of his clear and vigorous mind, and

* Miss Joanna Baillie's Metrical Legends.

all the ingenuity with which his scientific skill had gifted him; he came to a conclusion that led him to believe in the absolute certainty of the correctness of his conjectures. Once impressed with this belief, it became the one-absorbing occupation of his life to prosecute his plans by exploring the unknown world of waters. To do this, however, means were necessary. The undertaking was so vast, sovereign princes alone were in circumstances competent to undertake the expense. The republic of Genoa, to which, as his native place, Columbus first proposed the matter, rejected it on the grounds of their poverty.

The Portuguese were the first people in Europe who distinguished themselves by maritime expeditions and discoveries; and to Portugal, therefore, while still a very young man, Columbus went. King John, of Portugal, gave Columbus a favourable hearing, and induced him to believe that he would undertake the matter. But just then being engaged with discoveries on the coast of Africa, and feeling more interested in them, than in the more distant and hazardous project of Columbus, the monarch dallied and procrastinated from time to time: re-

ferring the matter to his learned men, one of whom was a bishop, and two others eminent Jew physicians. These men, though they professed to consider it "a fabulous notion," had the meanness to make themselves acquainted with the plan Columbus intended to act on, and the course he designed to steer; they advised their royal master not wholly to reject the project, but to send out a vessel upon pretence of sailing to Cape Verde, in the hope of finding out the secret. But the vessel being many days out at sea, and in great storms, returned without finding anything, and making a jest of Columbus's project, who was not ignorant of this mean attempt.

"This action," says the Spanish writer Herrera, "very much troubled Columbus." And no wonder; a conscientious, upright spirit would naturally recoil at such meanness. Thus, we see, that this great man was the subject in this instance of disappointment, aggravated by treachery and insult; but he was still determined to persevere, and therefore, with noble indignation, quitting Portugal, he betook himself to Spain; but fearing that a similar fate might await him there, he sent his brother Bartholomew to

England, to the court of Henry the Seventh, to explain his plans and crave assistance in carrying them out. While his brother was thus employed and was meeting with many vicissitudes in his voyage, and on his arrival in England, Columbus went a humble suppliant to Ferdinand and Isabella, who then jointly ruled in Spain. At Cordova, he met with sympathy and encouragement from a man high in office, Alonza de Quintanilla, controller of the revenue of Castile, a man who delighted in great undertakings. Columbus, by this time, had exhausted his pecuniary means in his fruitless endeavours to prosecute his designs, and would not have been able to subsist had it not been for the generosity of the before-named individual, who, looking upon Columbus as a man of worth and genius, gave him maintenance, and introduced his project to the king and queen. They, however, were too intent on carrying on the frightful war against the Moors in Grenada, to give much attention to a wise and peaceful project like that Columbus proposed. However, they referred it to the learned men of the country, most of whom were priests; after hearing as much as Columbus thought it prudent to communicate

of his project (the mean treatment he had met with in Portugal making him reserved in his details) they came to the conclusion, "that since during so many ages of the world, men so well versed in marine affairs had known nothing of those countries which Columbus persuaded them must be found, it was not to be imagined that he could know more than all of them." A reply, ever memorable for its ignorance and arrogance; since the same remark might be made in reference to every new discovery, and invention would become stagnant, under the idea that all was known which could be known.

Here was a second grievous disappointment; —still a determination not to give up hope, supported the heroic soul of Columbus; he continued to press his suit with all courteous importunity; after a long delay, in which he had ample proof, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," Ferdinand and Isabella ordered this answer to be given to Columbus: "That being engaged in several ways, particularly with the conquest of Grenada, they could not enter upon fresh expenses, but when that was over, they would cause further inquiry to be made into his proposals," and so dismissed him.

Columbus, on receiving this reply, was very melancholy, for he had spent five years at court to no effect. As a last resource in Spain, he applied to two wealthy grandees, but these also rejecting him, he wrote to the King of France, and determined to go over to England to seek his brother, of whom he had heard nothing. At this time, when every prospect was darkened, he met with a priest possessing more than ordinary intelligence; this was Father Perez, the queen's confessor, who, hearing Columbus's project, determined to confer with some of his learned friends; the result was, that Father Perez wrote to the queen, and represented to her the benefit which other countries would derive by Columbus's discoveries, provided he proved successful, and the loss which Spain would sustain. The queen, naturally generous and intrepid, commanded Perez to appear at court, and sent a sum of money to pay also Columbus's expenses thither; when the whole affair was again canvassed, and again ended in a disappointment; the majority of the priests being against Columbus. The latter resolved on going away immediately to Cordova, in order to proceed thence to France. These repeated

disappointments, though they had not quelled the spirit, or unnerved the determination of Columbus, had tried him greatly. Though then scarcely in the meridian of life, anxiety had turned his hair grey, and marked his majestic mien and noble countenance with the signs of care and sorrow.

The munificent nobleman who had maintained Columbus at court, uniting with the friendly priest, made a last effort to gain over the queen to the cause of the anxious and persevering Columbus. Her imagination was fired at the thought of the grand design contemplated, and, after a little hesitation, she made the memorable reply (first adverting to the exhausted finances of the kingdom in consequence of the long war,) "I will undertake this adventure for my own kingdom of Castile, and will borrow money on my jewels, in order to raise the money necessary." This determination once made, a messenger was instantly despatched after Columbus, who had commenced his departure. He was ordered to travel post to overtake him, and then command his return. The messenger overtook Columbus two leagues from Grenada, at the bridge of Peiros, and though concerned at the small attention hitherto

shown him, he obeyed the queen's command, and every thing was forthwith prepared for his great undertaking.

The trials of Columbus did not end with his obtaining royal patronage, and ships to prosecute his discoveries. A new series of troubles awaited him,—a striking proof that even in the attainment of cherished earthly desires, there is always some drawback of disappointment and evil. Very shortly after leaving Spain, when his ships had launched out on the trackless waste of unknown waters, the ignorant mariners, incapable of comprehending the great design of Columbus, and seeing nothing but ocean and sky for so many days, they became alarmed, particularly as the ships were very old and crazy. Every day, as it increased their distance from land, added to their discontent. Of all that company, the great heart of Columbus alone never quailed—his resolution never wavered. At length the fierce and angry crew became so mutinous, that many of them broke out into open threats and rebellion, and "there were not wanting some who said, that to put an end to all debates, the best way would be to throw the Admiral into the sea, and say that he had unfortunately fallen in as he was

attentively gazing on the stars; and since nobody would go about to inquire into the truth of it, that was the best means for them to return and save themselves." Sorely troubled and perplexed, but nothing daunted, Columbus reasoned with his mutinous crew, and at length, when discontent had reached its height, after thirty-three days' sail, land appeared in sight. It was an island fifteen leagues in length, well wooded and watered, on which Columbus first landed, and to which he gave the name of St. Salvador. Here, in the transports of their joy, the crew begged pardon for the trouble and uneasiness they had caused Columbus by their inconstancy and faintheartedness.

We can imagine the triumph that it must have been to the intrepid Admiral, when he beheld the great hope of his anxious life realized, and saw that what had been called a wild vision by some, and a presumptuous fallacy by others, was now a demonstrated proof. Nevertheless, he had to "rejoice with trembling." He could not restrain the excesses of his crew; and the gentle natives of the island he discovered, who at first thought the Spaniards were superior beings, descended from heaven, soon found reason to alter their

sentiments, and to deplore their arrival as a great calamity. After some further discoveries, Columbus returned to Spain; leaving thirty-nine of the most cheerful, healthy, and well-disposed of his men on the island, to remain there a year, at the end of which time he purposed to return to them. His parting charge to this colony was, that they should act with kindness and justice towards the natives, and live peaceably with them.

On the homeward voyage of Columbus, he encountered dreadful storms, and several times almost despaired of ever reaching his native land. At length, however, he landed in Spain, and was received with all those demonstrations of joy and admiration which his services to that country merited. The man who has been schooled by the stern teachings of long-continued disappointment, is seldom unduly influenced by prosperity. Columbus received praise with the same dignified calmness that he had shown when "hope deferred" was his trying portion. The thanks of princes, and the homage of grandees, though courteously received, were doubtless valued at their true worth, by one who had for years been deceived by hollow promises,

and perplexed by tormenting procrastination. If indeed he was tempted in the hour of his triumph to value too highly the expression of approbation from his sovereigns, he subsequently had to learn a different lesson. He made another voyage, accompanied by numerous adventurers, to his new-found country, and there a disappointment awaited him: the men he had left had misconducted themselves by oppressing the natives, who, goaded to desperation, had retaliated in the fierce spirit of revenge, and bloodshed and anarchy were the result.

Many disasters, chiefly arising from the cruelty and bad passions of the Spaniards, befel the first colonists; and Columbus, amid all the splendour of his destiny, as the discoverer of the largest quarter of the globe, had abundant reasons for sorrow, when he found that he was not able, either by precept or example, to control the vices of the men who accompanied him.

So stern were his remonstrances at their excesses, that a spirit of mingled hatred and envy took possession of their minds. They combined to send malicious accounts to Spain, wishing to be rid of the presence of Columbus, who was a check upon them in the grosser

enormities which they wished to perpetrate. They accused him to their sovereign, and the result was, that an official was sent out from Spain with credentials, which interfered with, and indeed subverted the authority of Columbus. In short, as a sort of crowning disappointment, the Admiral was seized, made a prisoner, and sent to Spain in chains! The mariners who navigated the vessel that carried the illustrious prisoner would fain have knocked off his chains, but this he nobly refused, alleging that if such an indignity had been indeed commanded by his sovereign, the power that had ordered, alone should release him from his fetters.

It is but justice to the royal patrons of Columbus to say, that they had been imposed on by false representations of the state of affairs in their new colonies; and Queen Isabella, with tears in her eyes, apologised to Columbus for the ungenerous treatment of which he had been the subject. Still their conduct was not strictly noble and candid, for in the words of the Spanish writer before quoted, "They fed him with fair words and promises, till they could hear what one of their own officials would say about the affairs of the island."

Columbus was now advancing in years and broken in constitution, a premature old age was settling upon him; yet, though he had been so ungenerously treated, he offered to devote the remainder of his life to making further discoveries. Four small ships were at length granted him, and he again set forth to benefit his ungrateful country by the exercise of his talents. The splendid discoveries of Columbus caused a great influx of wealth to Spain; the new countries being rich in gold and silver. The influence and example of Columbus were insufficient to keep the avarice and cruelty of the Spaniards in check; he had the constant grief and mortification of beholding them committing acts of injustice upon the natives, which embittered his triumphs, and caused him, in the midst of the grandeur of his success, to drink deep of the cup of disappointment.

It is worthy of remembrance, as a proof of divine retribution in the workings of Providence, that Spain, instead of being benefitted by the immense wealth which the discoveries of Columbus placed within her reach, was ultimately deeply injured. A spirit of indolence and luxury took possession of the people; and though the precious metals

became so common, that the grandees had their mules shod with silver, all the arts and manufactures declined, and, as a consequence, the commerce also;—a striking instance, that wealth to nations, or to individuals, is only a real benefit when it is wisely employed. A curse came with the Spaniards' wealth. The blood of the poor Mexicans and Peruvians rose to heaven, and drew down that curse.

The thoughtful observers among other nations foretold—

> "How Spain should rue in future times,
> With desert plains and fields untill'd,
> And towns with listless loit'rers fill'd,
> The with'ring spoil received from foreign climes."

In private life Columbus was as pious and amiable, as in his public character he was intrepid and dignified. Spain, which had caused him much unmerited suffering through life, sought to make amends by giving him titles and honours when he could not enjoy them, and especially in bestowing upon him a sumptuous funeral and a stately tomb. Such is often the tardy and worthless compensation of society, for lives embittered by neglect and shortened by injustice; showing us that, in the career of the most eminent

men, there is little satisfaction connected with this world's rewards; and that he who toils *only* for earthly fame, is no wiser than the child who attempts

> "To grasp the rainbow that appears,
> And finds it only formed of tears."

Yet there is a noble and pure fame, which is not unworthy of the aspiration of every ardent spirit,—the fame that arises from benefitting mankind, and from the wise employment of the talents God has bestowed; such a fame as the gifted poetess, before quoted, describes, when concluding her beautiful metrical legend of Columbus, in the following words:

> "O! who shall lightly say of Fame,
> 'Tis nothing but an empty name;
> Whilst in that sound there is a charm,
> The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;
> As thinking of the mighty dead,
> The young from slothful couch will start,
> And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
> Like them to act a noble part?
>
> "O! who shall lightly say of Fame,
> 'Tis nothing but an empty name;
> When but for those, our mighty dead,
> All ages past a blank would be,
> Sunk in Oblivion's murky bed—
> A desert bare, a shipless sea?
> They are the distant objects seen—
> The lofty marks of what hath been.

" O! who shall lightly say of Fame,
'Tis nothing but an empty name;
When mem'ry of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to Immortality?"

It may be said, that an example so illustrious of moral heroism, in bearing disappointment, as that given by the life of Columbus, is more calculated to excite wonder than sympathy: as the individual practising it was equally removed from ordinary mortals by his splendid talents and remarkable destiny. Let us vary our inquiries, then, and look into the humble ranks of life for one engaged in ordinary pursuits, and see if we can meet with an instructive example there of the moral heroism that enables a man to bear with and to remedy disappointment.

Among the mountains of Wales, in the county of Glamorganshire, there resided, on a small farm, a widow and her family of four children. The two eldest were sons, who helped their mother in the business of her farm; the third was a daughter, and the fourth a boy of two years old, named William

Edwards. This child's subsequent school education was limited to the acquirement of reading and writing Welsh. He was not remarkable for his talents, even in this small matter of learning, but he was noticed for his activity and ingenuity. When he was about fifteen years old, he set himself to work, mending the stone fences (common in that country) that belonged to his mother's farm; and he made such good, neat, expeditious work, that neighbouring farmers employed him to mend their fences, and advised his mother and brothers to keep him to that business. After this he kept regularly at that kind of work, gladly adding his earnings to the common stock of the family, and by this means augmenting his mother's comforts.

Hitherto the only attempts at building that he had seen or practised was rough stone masonry, without mortar. But some masons coming to the parish to erect a shed for shoeing horses, William, with an observant eye, watched their proceedings, and noticed the different kind of tools employed. Not long after this single opportunity of seeing how houses were built, the youth engaged to build one himself; it was a workshop for a neighbour, and was so well executed that

it not only gave great satisfaction to his employer, but became a subject of remark, when the limited opportunities and early age of the self-taught architect were considered. Soon after this he was employed to erect a mill, and acquitted himself of the task so well, that he began to be considered the best workman in the county, and business rapidly increased upon him.

Up to this time everything had prospered with him; he had gone on, step by step, improving in knowledge and skill, and gradually gaining the confidence of his neighbours. In his twenty-seventh year, he was induced to engage in a very difficult undertaking, of a far more important character than anything he had yet attempted. Through his native parish runs a river, named the Taff, which flows into an estuary of the Severn. It was proposed to throw a bridge over this river, at a particular spot where it crossed the line of an intended road, and thus increase the facilities of communication and commerce of the district that Edwards inhabited. Apart from the ordinary difficulties of bridge building was the fact, that mountains covered with wood rose to a considerable height from both the banks of the

river. These attracted and detained every cloud, and then sent down its contents in torrents into the river. Notwithstanding these peculiar obstacles, Edwards undertook the task of constructing the bridge, though he had never been engaged in any such work previously.

In the year 1746 he commenced his work, and in due time completed a very light and elegant bridge, of three arches; and though this was the work of an untravelled, inexperienced, self-taught artist, it was acknowledged to be superior to anything of the kind in Wales. So far his success had surpassed all expectation, but he had trials awaiting him. We can suppose the pleasure with which he contemplated his beautiful bridge, the offspring of his talents, enterprise, and industry. He had given security, both through himself and his friends, that the work should stand for seven years, and for the first two years and a half all went well. There then occurred a flood, of most extraordinary magnitude; torrents descended from the mountains, hurrying with them trees of the largest size, which they had torn up by the roots. These, detained by the middle piers of the new bridge, formed a dam there,

and the waters, accumulated behind it, at length burst from their confinement, and swept away the whole structure.

In every sense this was a most heavy misfortune to Edwards. It was a serious pecuniary loss, and there was the bitter disappointment of seeing the labour of many a day and the object of his complacent satisfaction swept away by the relentless waters. Nevertheless, he did not suffer himself to be disheartened, but immediately proceeded, as his contract bound him to do, to the erection of another bridge. He determined to span the whole width of the river by a single arch, of the immense magnitude of one hundred and forty feet from pier to pier. He finished this noble arch in 1751, and had only to add the parapets, when he was doomed to another disappointment. His bridge sunk into the water over which he had raised it, in consequence of the weight of the masonry having forced up the key-stones, and of course at once deprived the arch of what sustained its equipoise. This heavy blow had not the effect of damping the ardour of the young architect. Instead of lamenting over his disappointment, he commenced again with unabated courage to erect his bridge a third

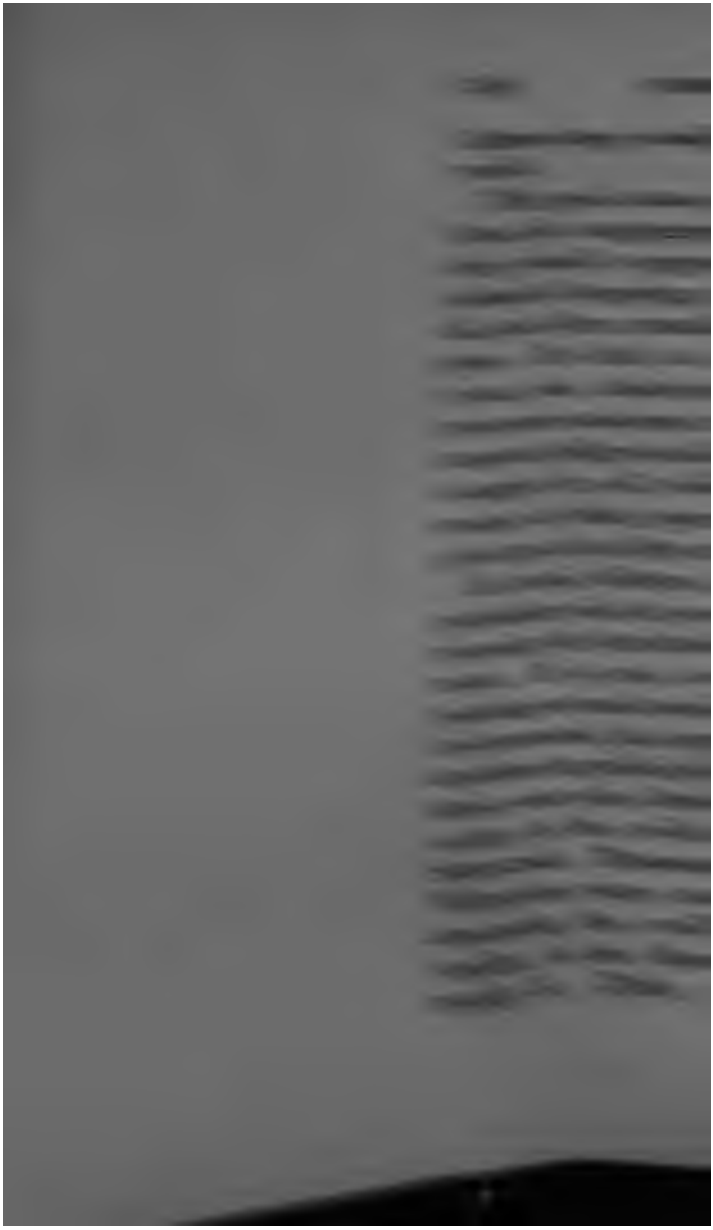
time. Determined to adhere to his last plan of a single arch, he thought of an ingenious contrivance, by which he diminished the enormous weight which, in the former case, had pushed the key-stone out of its place. In each of the large masses of masonry, at the two extremities of the arch, he opened three cylindrical holes, which relieved the central part of the structure from over pressure, and improved the general appearance of the bridge in lightness and elegance. This bridge was finished in 1755, the whole arduous undertaking having occupied the self-taught architect only nine years; and it proved completely secure and durable.

This bridge, at the time of its construction, was the largest stone arch over a river known to exist in the world. Since that time stone arches, of immense dimensions, have been constructed, and the size of the one in question has ceased to cause remark; but when the mathematical skill and calculation requisite to form such an erection is taken into consideration, then we cannot but admire the talent, aided only by its native force and reflection, that was competent to such a work. But more admirable than the talent was the perseverance under repeated disappointment;

for without the exercise of that moral quality, talents are unavailing.

After this his fame spread, and he built many bridges in South Wales, improving constantly in his art, which he asserted he had chiefly learned from studying the masonry among the ruins of an old Gothic castle in his native parish.

It would be a very inconclusive account of this man's character, if his firmness under his repeated disappointments was supposed to be merely the result of a strong will. No; it was drawn from another and far higher source. Edwards was an eminently pious man; in the midst of his secular labours he was unwearied in his spiritual efforts as a Christian to spread the gospel of Christ. He officiated every Sabbath, for many years, as the pastor of an Independent church. He was regularly ordained to that office when he was about thirty years of age, and held it till his death. It was about the time of his ordination that he was called to endure the series of disappointments named, and thus we are not left to conjecture as to the cause of his patience and perseverance; we may be assured they arose from his piety and cheerful trust in God. Those who feel that they enjoy the smiles of



young thoughtless people a very easy matter. "Surely," said an amiable child once in my hearing, when the slave-trade was spoken of, "when people were made aware that such cruel practices were carried on, they must have been most desirous to have them instantly put down." Alas! there is never an evil in the world but some persons find it to their advantage to perpetuate it. The vile traffic in human beings was found profitable; and "the love of money" being "the root of all evil," reconciled people to the odious merchandize. They contended for the rights of their traffic as warmly and unblushingly as if it had been a most harmless one, and having wealth and influence, their friends were powerful and their party strong.

It was the arduous office of Thomas Clarkson to collect information, to diffuse it, to agitate the question of abolition throughout the kingdom and the world. In pursuing this noble task, humanity, discretion, single-heartedness, and perseverance were all requisite; in a word, moral heroism of the noblest kind. William Wilberforce's task was of another, but equally important character: it was his work to introduce the plans of Clarkson to the notice of Parliament; and

had he been lukewarm in the matter, easily depressed or daunted, had disappointments the power to chill his ardour or warp his resolution, the measure of the abolition of the slave-trade, which gilds the memory of Wilberforce with so pure a ray of glory, would not have been gained by him.

The attention of the House of Commons was called to the question of the slave-trade, in 1788. Wilberforce was then met by determined opposition. The cause appeared hopeless, but, year after year, he agitated it, and, though he experienced eleven defeats in his endeavours to carry the measure, at length he triumphed; and the disgraceful barter in human flesh and blood ceased to stain the character of the English nation. Long will a grateful country cherish the name and memory of Wilberforce. He showed in the senate of the land how noble was the union of Christian graces with the character of a legislator; while his coadjutor, and, indeed, forerunner, in the work, Thomas Clarkson, from youth to manhood, from maturity to old age, devoted himself unreservedly to the one great purpose of obtaining freedom and justice for the oppressed negro. Finely has the poet Wordsworth said, in his sonnet to

Clarkson, on the final passing of the Slave-Trade Abolition Bill, in 1807:

"Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb;
How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by thee
Is known—by none, perhaps, so feelingly.
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
Hast heard the constant voice its charge repeat,
Which out of thy young heart's oracular seat
First roused thee. O true yoke-fellow of time,
With *unabating effort*, see, the palm
Is won! and by all nations shall be worn!
The bloody writing is for ever torn,
And thou henceforth shalt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness: thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!"

CHAPTER IX.

MORAL HEROISM UNDER PERSONAL AFFLICTION—MILTON, BAXTER, DR. JOHNSON, ROBERT HALL.

NOTHING has a greater tendency to depress the energies of the mind, and to disqualify persons from arduous or useful undertakings, than physical infirmities. We invariably excuse persons labouring under personal affliction from all active exertion: feeling

that they are claimants on our sympathies rather than contributors to our welfare. And yet the world has been greatly benefited, in various ages, by the fine examples of fortitude and pious resignation given by those on whom Almighty wisdom has laid the rod of chastisement. Often the couch of pain has been the hallowed shrine of every Christian grace, and the chamber of death the holy vestibule of heaven.

And not only by the admirable way in which they have borne affliction have the great and good taught a lesson to the world, but their exertions, their activity, when enduring physical privations, have conferred actual and positive benefits on society. The ardour of their genius, and the nobility of their principles, have enabled them to triumph over the weakness and diseases of their mortal frame, and to give to the world testimonies, that the soul may be active, vigilant, and unsubdued, even while clogged with a body bearing all the infirmities of sin, and dwelling in the valley of the shadow of death. This is moral heroism in its most beautiful and touching form, soaring above the sorrows of sense, to bask in the hallowed atmosphere of piety. We have seen, in the contem-

plation of the trials and triumphs of other worthies, the truth of the poet's remark:

> "Not stony tower, or walls of beaten brass,
> Or airless dungeon, or strong links of iron,
> Can be retentive to the *strength of spirit*."

And now we are to contemplate the same strength of spirit, struggling with physical maladies and fearful infirmities, and yet rising triumphant above pain and sickness, and doing a noble and manful part in blessing and benefiting mankind.

John Milton, the deservedly celebrated author of Paradise Lost, was one of those who thus exhibited the noblest qualities of moral heroism, under the pressure of the most severe infirmity that can afflict a human being—that of blindness. Milton was born in Bread-street, in the city of London, December the 9th, 1608, and received his education at St. Paul's School, and Christ College, Cambridge. From his earliest youth he was distinguished for a studious, thoughtful turn of mind, and great delicacy and purity of manners and conversation. He had an earnest desire to enter the church, for which his elevated piety, pure morals, and elaborate learning, eminently fitted him; but he had a dislike to the oaths prescribed, which

he said required "an accommodating conscience." After quitting the university, he passed five years in studious retirement, at his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he composed his Comus and other poems, especially those entitled "Allegro," or the mirthful man, and "Penseroso," or the melancholy man. These two poems became at once favourites with the discerning and cultivated portion of the public. They contain imagery the most appropriate, expressed in language the most elegant, and verse the most harmonious. The mirth is without levity, the melancholy without gloom; transcripts of a mind that, even in early youth, was imbued with a calm and gentle dignity in his happiest moments, a sweet and innocent serenity, the "dignity of mirth," as a distinguished critic has happily called it; and also of an elevated contemplative spirit, investing melancholy, not with sternness or complaint, but with a noble meditative grandeur.

After this he went to France and Italy. On his return, great changes were taking place in society. Milton engaged in the education of youth, and was, for many years, a schoolmaster in the city of London. At

length, however, politics took up much of his time and attention. We must believe that this interest in public affairs, at that momentous time when monarchy was subverted in England, and Oliver Cromwell governed as Lord Protector, was rather a conscientious matter of duty with Milton, than of choice. His habits were contemplative, his tastes pure and gentle; doubtless, therefore, it was a violence done to the nobler qualities of his nature when he was engaged in the stern contests and fierce struggles of that eventful time. He was Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell, and the literary champion of the Republican cause. On the restoration of Charles the Second, it is said that a report was very generally circulated of Milton's death, and that he had to keep carefully concealed, in order to escape the vengeance of those in authority. At this time, when poverty and obscurity were his lot, his misfortunes were greatly increased by his blindness. Milton was upwards of fifty when this affliction befel him. He bore his infirmity with Christian resignation and heroism. His beautiful sonnet, written to his friend Cyriac Skinner, shows that his energy of mind was not subdued by the loss

of sight, but that he was consoled by the firm belief, that he had become blind through his diligence in defending, by his pen, what he believed to be truth and freedom.

To Cyriac Skinner.

" *Cyriac*, this three years day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs does day appear,
Or sun or moon, or stars throughout the year;
Or man, or woman. *Yet I argue not*
Against Heaven's hand, or will; nor bate one jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, t' have lost them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task."

From his earliest youth, Milton had earnestly desired, as he himself says, " to leave something so written as that my countrymen would not willingly let it die;" but he adds his conviction, that this was not to be done in " the heat of youth," but only by " fervent and devout prayer to Him who can illumine with all wisdom and knowledge, and sends out his cherubim with a live coal from off his altar to touch the lips of whom He pleases."

Thus, through life, there was a devout consecration of all his powers to Him who gave them; and, when in age, and sorrow,

and blindness, he recalled the earnest desire of his life to write something that should do honour to God, his country, and himself, instead of bewailing his great affliction, he directed his thoughts heavenward, and though all around was dark and mournful, he enjoyed a Divine sunshine of the soul, and by his glorious epic poem, "PARADISE LOST," poured a flood of light over all time.

Poetry was his occupation, and music his recreation—two sublime arts, worthy to alternate with each other as the pursuits and pleasures of the illustrious Milton. It may be said that, admirable as was his skill in these, that they are both more suited than any other intellectual pursuits to be the solace of such an affliction as Milton's. But it must be remembered, Milton's noble strains would never have come down to us if he had composed them solely for the delight of his own contemplative mind. He might have enjoyed the visions his splendid imagination presented to him with equal delight, and spared himself the labour of careful and studied composition. Had he been either an impatient, an indolent, or a selfish man, he would have refrained from the task of pouring forth his harmonious utterances for the

instruction and delight of others. But he knew himself a steward of his great gift, and bound, even under his affliction, to use it for the honour of the Giver and the benefit of man.

Milton had three daughters; the youngest of these, Deborah, was his most diligent amanuensis, and transcribed from his dictation his noble poem. And surely it must be a cold, unsympathizing nature, that can read Milton's pages, and not think gratefully of the filial piety that thus became eyes to the blind.

Another evidence of the moral heroism with which Milton bore his affliction is to be gathered from the fact, that he seldom alludes to his personal sorrows throughout his long poem. The fine invocation to light, at the commencement of the third book, naturally and affectingly leads him to speak of his deprivation, and serves to show that his state of mind under it is equally removed from querulous discontent, and from stoical pride or indifference. He feels his affliction as a man, but it is sanctified to him as a Christian.

" ——— Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:

But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me. From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out:
So much the rather thou, celestial light!
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

The "Paradise Lost" was not the only poem that Milton gave to the world after his blindness. "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes," were the not unworthy "successors of his grander song." Besides these, some very elaborate treatises on languages, and also some political tracts, full of vigour and sincerity. Had Milton possessed his faculties all unimpaired, he could not possibly have done more. In his own words we may truly say,

"——— Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair."

Milton's great work is usually thought, from its length, the elevation of its style,

and the sublimity of its subject, to be above the comprehension of most young persons. There may be some truth in this remark. Those young persons who only read poetry for amusement, to while away an idle hour, and to have the ear gratified with sweet, smooth rhyme, had better not attempt reading Milton. But those who love to meet with noble thoughts, who wish to understand the power and the riches of their own language, who desire to attain an elegant style of reading aloud, would do well to study select portions, if not the whole of Milton's great poem. The difficulties of the verse will gradually disappear before persevering study, while the exceeding harmony and flowing grandeur of the measure, with the length of the periods, renders it truly admirable as an exercise for those who wish to possess a graceful and correct elocution. An elegant living poet has said, "Paradise Lost is a study for imagination and elaborate musical structure. Take almost any passage, and a lecture might be read from it on contrasts and pauses, and other parts of metrical harmony." *

* "Imagination and Fancy." By Leigh Hunt.

The endurance of long protracted pain is equally as severe a trial of fortitude, and has a tendency fully as much to disqualify for any exertion, as the loss of sight; and yet examples are on record of men whose whole life was one long disease, rising superior to suffering, and heroically devoting all their energies for the intellectual advancement of society, with equally as much diligence and power as if they were in perfect health. Among such instances of moral heroism, the name of the eminent divine, Richard Baxter, occupies a distinguished place. He was contemporary with Milton, and under similar influences in politics and religion during those stormy and eventful times.

The early life of Richard Baxter is a remarkable instance of strength of principle resisting the influence of bad example. He was born in November 1615, at Rowton, in Shropshire. His father had been addicted to gaming in his youth, and had greatly injured his property by this vice. Happily, about the time that Richard was born, he became deeply impressed with a sense of his sin and folly; and, devoting himself to religion, he carefully implanted the seeds of truth and righteousness in the opening mind of his

child; who rewarded his care by the extreme docility of his disposition, and his attention to the truths taught him. Indeed, the religious impressions of Richard must have been unusually strong; for when quite a child, it was remarked that he would reprove the improper conduct of other children in a manner that excited the astonishment of those who heard him. The salutary effect of these early convictions was proved by the wholesome influence they had in preserving him from the contagion of bad example. From six to ten years of age, Richard Baxter was under the charge of the four successive curates of the parish, in order to obtain the ordinary rudiments of education. Two of these curates never either preached or taught, and the other two, who possessed the most learning of the four, drank themselves to beggary and deserved contempt, and then left the place. Thus Baxter beheld in the characters of his instructors the deplorable vices of indolence, intemperance, and a wanton disregard of the duties of religion, and even the ordinary decencies of life. At the age of ten, he returned to his father's house, having previously resided with his grandfather, and had the misfortune to be

placed under the charge of another clergyman who was found to have committed or connived at forgery. He preached only once during Baxter's time, and then was in a state of intoxication. From such men it will readily be believed no scholastic instruction was derived, but it is remarkable that their vile example had no influence in injuring the principles of the child. This fact shows that there was great strength of character exhibited by Richard Baxter, a strength which shone forth in his future life, and fully proves that in his case the line of the poet is correct, where he says—

"The child is father to the man."

Subsequently he had the benefit of some instruction from Mr. John Owen, the master of the free-school at Wroxeter; but it has been well observed by one of his biographers, "Considering the great neglect of suitable and regular instruction which Baxter experienced in his youth, it is wonderful that he ever rose to eminence. But the strength of his genius, the ardour of his mind, and the power of his religious principles, compensated for minor defects, subdued every difficulty, and bore down with irresistible energy

every obstacle that had been placed in his way."

At the age of fourteen or fifteen, Baxter was attacked with the symptoms of that disease which attended him to the grave. He had all the appearances of a deep consumption. He was also the victim of a variety of different modes of medical treatment: one physician prescribed one mode of cure, and another a different one, till from first to last he had been under the medical care and treatment of thirty-six professors of the healing art, and all without apparent benefit or alleviation of his complaint. He was diseased literally from head to foot, a weak disordered stomach, dreadful head-aches, cough, rheumatism, and his blood so thin and acrid that it often oozed out from his finger ends, and kept them continually tender; so that at twenty he had all the appearances, and more than the ordinary diseases of fourscore. Surely, if ever a man in this world had a right to be idle, it was this poor martyr to disease; nay, it might naturally be supposed that he would of necessity be compelled to relinquish all exertion. But the heroic strength of a rightly disciplined, energetic will, impelled him to wrestle with his bodily

ailments, and devote the solitude and leisure of a sick room, and the intervals of acute pain, to active mental effort.

So far from this man being, as might have been expected, a dependent on the sympathies of others, he became a most earnest and powerful minister of the Gospel. Kidderminster was the principal scene of his pastoral labours. Here he resided for about fourteen years, and was instrumental in turning many to righteousness. His afflictions, as is often the case, were made a blessing both to himself and others. He was led to study physic with the hope of understanding and ministering to the relief of his own complicated malady, and this enabled him to benefit his neighbours and flock by medical advice. Speaking of his labours, he says, very beautifully:—

"God made use of my practice of physic amongst them also, as a very great advantage to my ministry: for they that cared not for their souls, did love their lives and care for their bodies; and by this they were made almost as observant, as a tenant is of his landlord. Sometimes I could see before me in the church a very considerable part of the congregation, whose lives God had made me

a means to save, or to recover their health; and doing it for nothing so obliged them, that they would readily hear me. Another help to my success, was the small relief which my low estate enabled me to afford the poor. Though the place was reckoned at near two hundred, there came but ninety pounds, and sometimes but eighty pounds to me. Beside which, some years I had sixty or eighty pounds a-year of the booksellers for my books; which little dispersed among them much reconciled them to the doctrine that I taught. I took the ablest of their children from the school, and sent divers of them to the universities; where, for eight pounds a-year, or ten at most, by the help of my friends, I maintained them. Some of them are honest, able ministers, now cast out with their brethren.*

"In giving the little that I had, I did not ask whether they were good or bad, if they asked for relief; for the bad souls and bodies needed charity most. And this truth I will speak to the encouragement of the charitable; that what little money I have now by me, I got it almost all, I scarce know how, at

* Cast out for Nonconformity, which was the fate of many hundreds of pious ministers at that time.

that time when I gave most, and, since I have had less opportunity of giving, I have had less increase."

What a beautiful illustration is the last remark of the language of Scripture! "There is that giveth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

Speaking of the spiritual improvement of the people of Kidderminster, under him, he says:—

"Before I entered into the ministry, God blessed my private conference to the conversion of some, who remain firm and eminent in holiness until this day; but then, and in the beginning of my ministry, I was wont to number them as jewels; but since then I could not keep any number of them. The congregation was usually full, so that we were fain to build *five galleries after my coming thither;* the church itself being very capacious, and the most commodious and convenient that ever I was in. Our private meetings also were full. On the Lord's days there was no disorder to be seen in the streets; but you might hear a hundred families singing psalms and repeating sermons as you passed through them. In a word, when I came

thither first, there was about one family in a street that worshipped God and called on his name; and when I came away, there were some streets where there was not one poor family in the street that did not so, and that did not, by professing serious godliness, give us hopes of their sincerity. And in those families which were the worst, being inns and alehouses, usually some persons in each house did seem to be religious. Though our administration of the Lord's Supper was so ordered as displeased many, and the far greater part kept away, we had six hundred that were communicants, of whom there were not twelve that I had not good hopes of as to their sincerity."

Such was Richard Baxter in the midst of bodily sufferings, as long continued and severe as ever fell to the lot of any man who attained the ordinary limits of human life. Yet he found time and strength to practise physic, to minister to the temporal wants of the distressed, to preach the Gospel with energy and success, and to write no less than *sixty volumes* on theological subjects; ranging from the most elaborate and abstruse speculations, suited to the scholar and Christian philosopher, to the simplest and most prac-

tical truths, fitted for the comprehension of a child. This immense amount of mental labour we must remember was not in consequence of his education, but in contradiction to it. Baxter was evidently a self-taught scholar; indeed he says, with his usual point and noble simplicity: "As for myself, my faults are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none; I have but little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live; and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts. Beginning by necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and now am going to see that for which I have lived and studied."

There is something sublimely affecting in the contemplation of such a life. Baxter would have been a great man even if God had blessed him with health; but he is a model of moral heroism, in consequence of the crosses he had to endure, and the fortitude with which he bore them; drawing out precious balm from the bitter fruit of pain, and, daily, instead of murmuring, exclaiming with the Psalmist of old, "It was good for

me to have been afflicted." When he saw others enjoying health, and rising with comparative ease to renown among the learned, while he had sorrows of body and persecution to contend against, he exclaimed, at a very early period of his life, addressing the Almighty,—

> " ——— Thou didst foresee
> That such a course would not be best for me,
> Thou madest me know that man's contempt and scorn
> Is such a cross as must be daily borne."

A very different character to Richard Baxter, but one who, in the world of literature and morals, ranks deservedly high, is Dr. Samuel Johnson. And he also had to contend, from his childhood up, with frightful physical maladies. A graceful female writer, of the present age, has said: " If we could know the circumstances under which many an admired work was written, the account of these would be more interesting than the work itself, and perhaps more valuable." We must admit the force of this remark, when we recollect that a great man teaches as much by his life as by his works. And though comparatively few are witnesses of the former, yet all the actions of such a man become the subjects of inquiry, and

ultimately of public testimony; and, if it is found that his life gives force to his writings, by showing that harmony subsisted between them, that the individual practised the precepts which he taught, then society owes a double debt of gratitude to that man. Dr. Johnson was a great advocate for diligence, industry, and correct aims, in the great business of life; and he exemplified his own theory in his practice.

Dr. Johnson's parents were somewhat advanced in life when he was born. His childhood was marked by pain and suffering, from an hereditary scrofulous disease. There was a superstitious and absurd custom once prevalent in England, that of taking children afflicted with the disease, to which Johnson was a martyr, to the king or queen,* for them to lay their hands on the sufferer. This was called the "*royal touch*," and unprincipled priests and courtiers, aided by medical men, imposed on the credulity of the people; so that it was a commonly received belief, that the ceremony of the "royal touch" was a perfect cure. We should rejoice that increasing intelligence has exploded such silly and impious superstition. Dr. Johnson, when

* If reigning in her own right as sovereign of the realm.

an infant, was "touched" by Queen Anne for the cure of his disease, and it is thought was the last person on whom the ridiculous ceremony was practised. His sufferings, which embittered a long life, were a convincing proof that royal hands had no influence as a means of cure.

During the time that Dr. Johnson was at the university (where he was indebted for his maintenance to the scanty aid of a wealthy individual, who professed to keep him there as a companion to his son,) he suffered great privations from poverty; yet, when some of his fellow-students observed that his shoes were worn out, and placed a new pair at the door of his room, his strong determination to maintain an independent spirit, free from the trammels of obligation, induced Dr. Johnson to refuse the present in the peremptory manner natural to his resolute character. For years after he toiled at literary pursuits in the employment of booksellers, who did not reward his labours in the most liberal spirit; and, once in his early manhood, it is said that he had no more than four-pence a-day to live on. When we think of him, unknown, unfriended, poor, and under the fearful scourge of a painful disease, that never

left him a single day entirely free from suffering, and often tortured him dreadfully, we must confess that there was much of moral heroism in his manfully and determinately setting himself to work. His Dictionary, which classified the English language, and which so wonderfully abounded in quotations, showing in what sense all the distinguished writers of preceding times had used various words, will ever remain, for the very peculiarity of its copious quotations and illustrations, a noble monument of learning and perseverance; and the circumstances under which it was written must increase our admiration, by enlisting our sympathies.

The same spirit of independence which prevented Dr. Johnson from receiving the shoes from his fellow collegians remained with him, and prevented his seeking for patronage among the great. By a long-continued series of efforts, he contrived to maintain himself in modest competence, never arriving at affluence. Nevertheless, his charities were munificent. His house was a refuge for the distressed and afflicted. He took Mrs. Williams, a blind lady of considerable talents, into his house, during the lifetime of his wife, ostensibly as companion to the latter, though

in reality to give an asylum to distressed merit, as was proved by the fact, that, when Dr. Johnson's wife died, he did not withdraw the protection of his house from Mrs. Williams, but ever kindly and liberally ministered to her necessities, though often sore pressed for means, and though sometimes meeting with petulance from the object of his care and generosity.

He had a truly liberal spirit; and, with great and unpleasant sternness of manner at times, his heart overflowed towards the unfortunate. In the various relationships of life he was truly estimable; he was a most affectionate, obedient son to his parents. When his beloved and excellent mother died, he wrote his "Rasselas," in the evenings of one week, to pay the expenses of her funeral. Once only he disobeyed a command of his father's, and, so keen was his compunction for that one act of disobedience, that he always remembered the day on which it occurred, and years after he stood bare-headed, for an hour, in the pouring rain, in the market-place at Lichfield, as a self-inflicted punishment for the offence. There was great eccentricity, no doubt, in this mode of acting; but, while few would defend the necessity of such

a kind of expiation of an offence, all must admire the tenderness of conscience that kept him so sensitive on the subject of his fault, and the warmth of affection for his father, that made it linger so painfully in his memory.

Dr. Johnson's numerous writings were all designed, and most of them calculated, to promote the elevation of the morals of society. He was called "The moralist of the age." He was always distinguished for his firm Christian faith, and to the consolations it afforded, we must look for the causes of his fortitude and perseverance. Dr. Johnson's manners were not prepossessing, nor was his temper even; his prejudices also were neither few nor feeble; but, with all these drawbacks from the *loveable*, and these human frailties, when we view him combating with difficulties, bearing up under disease, and labouring incessantly to enlighten others by his genius, we must admit that he was a fine example of moral heroism.

In the present age, a fine instance of activity, under the pressure of great and continued physical suffering, was afforded by the late Rev. Robert Hall. No name is more rich in sacred and splendid associations

than that of this pious and highly-esteemed man.

Robert Hall was the son of a minister of the Gospel, and was born at Arnsby, May the 2d, 1764. He was the youngest of fourteen children, and so weak and sickly in his infancy that, at two years old, he could neither walk nor talk. It is said that his nurse taught him his letters from the grave-stones in a burial-ground, near his father's dwelling. 'Twas a solemn place of instruction, and became afterwards a favourite place of resort of the child during the intervals of school-hours. Here he delighted to spend his time in reflection, or lying on the grass in perusing, with avidity, his favourite authors. While his mind benefited by this contemplative abstraction and study, his body suffered, for here it is thought he contracted the disease which afflicted him throughout life, namely, a violent agonizing pain in the back, that visited him with fearful paroxysms of anguish, that were almost beyond human endurance.

Robert Hall had to pass through a trying ordeal in his childhood, and one likely to have seriously injured his character. He made uncommon progress in his studies, reading profound standard works with full appre-

ciation of their merits, before he was nine years old. "Edwards on the Will," and "Butler's Analogy," were the chosen literary companions of his childhood. At the age of eleven years, such was his knowledge of theology and wonderful command of language, that he was competent to the delivery of admirable extemporaneous addresses on the most important and elevated spiritual themes. Admiring friends, delighting in the rare genius of the child, were in the habit of bringing him forward to preach at the early age above named; a practice which no one reprobated more than Robert Hall himself did, when his judgment was matured. He rightly concluded that such an injudicious course was calculated to engender vanity and to injure the simplicity of the character. Doubtless, deep convictions of his own natural failings, and solemn views of the perfections and purity of Deity, kept the mind of this extraordinary child from being warped and weakened by the unwise admiration of his friends.

After receiving a course of academical instruction, under the Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, and subsequently at the Bristol institution as a student of theology, he was

solemnly ordained to the work of the ministry at the age of sixteen years. The following year he entered King's College, Aberdeen, and here he formed an intimacy, that ripened into friendship, with one who became a brilliant ornament of his age—Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James said, that he became attached to Mr. Hall because "he could not help it." Neither their tastes nor sentiments were alike at first, and the subsequent character and career of each was cast in a different mould, and ordered in different scenes. Yet they were fast friends through life. "I was fascinated," says Sir James, "with his brilliancy and acumen, in love with his cordiality and ardour, and awe-struck by the transparency of his conduct and the purity of his principles."

In 1785, Robert Hall became assistant pastor at Broadmead, Bristol, with Dr. Evans, and also classical tutor at the Baptist academy. From hence, after five years of great usefulness, he removed to Cambridge, and was eminently successful in spreading evangelical piety, and increasing the members of the church. Here he preached and published his celebrated sermon on "Modern Infidelity," which not only procured him the esteem of

many illustrious men, of various religious creeds, but was the means of checking the growth of the pernicious principles which it successfully exposed. This was followed by other works, admirably adapted to the important time when they were written;—the time when the ambition of Napoleon was filling Europe with tumult, disorder, and affliction.

In November 1804, the increased violence of the dreadful pain in his back, from which he had few periods of respite, and the want of sufficient rest, occasioned by his ceaseless study and mental activity, caused his fine mind to lose its balance. The sympathy felt for him was equal to the admiration his great talents had excited. Happily, after about two months' seclusion, his health was restored; but, before the close of another year, he was again visited with a similar attack. This also was of short duration, but it was deemed essential to his permanent recovery that he should resign his pastoral charge, and remove from Cambridge. These two attacks, of the most fearful and humiliating malady that can afflict humanity, occurring within so short a period, made a most solemn impression on the mind of the

sufferer. From the time of his second restoration to the unclouded use of his noble mental powers, he made the most admirable use of the severe visitation by becoming more than ever devoted, spiritual, and earnest in his piety. From that time to the last year of his life, it was his custom to renew, every birth-day, his covenant with God by a renewed dedication of himself to his service.

In 1827, he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Leicester, where, for twenty years, his career was one of great usefulness, activity, and success. Here he entered on the duties, enjoyments, and responsibilities of a husband and a father, and, though never permitted to enjoy one day's uninterrupted health, his labours were as incessant as they were valuable. Dr. Pritchard has remarked, that "no man probably ever went through more physical suffering than Mr. Hall," and that "he was a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of mind, exalted by religion, over the infirmities of the body."

The death of this truly great man was worthy of his life, and both equally honoured his Maker and edified the world. Dr. Candlish has given to the public an affecting account of his last illness and death. The

fatal event was ushered in by an acute illness of ten days, and when expressing his apprehension, that he should never minister among his people again, he said, "But I am in God's hands, and I rejoice that I am. I have not one anxious thought either for life or death. I think I would rather go than stay, for I have seen enough of the world, and I have an humble hope." After one of his violent paroxysms, being asked if he felt much pain, he replied, "My sufferings are great. But what are my sufferings to the sufferings of Christ? his sufferings were infinitely greater; his sufferings were complicated. God has been very merciful to me; very merciful." During the last day, when the final struggle came on, Mrs. Hall exclaimed, in much agitation, "This can't be dying!" To which he replied, "It is death, it is death, death! Oh, the sufferings of this body!" Being asked, "But are you comfortable in your mind?" He immediately answered, "Very comfortable, very comfortable;" and exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come." He hesitated, as if incapable of uttering the last word, when one of his daughters involuntarily anticipated him, by saying "quickly;" on which her dying father gave

her a look of the most complacent delight. Thus, with a serene and heavenly smile upon his face, this suffering saint entered into his rest. Many Christians have glorified God by a martyr's death; it was Robert Hall's equally trying portion to glorify him by a martyr's life.

Great and learned men, of every creed, have united in praise of Robert Hall's character, and admiration of his genius. Dr. Parr has said, that he combined "the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint." Dugald Stewart, the distinguished metaphysician, has also said, "Whoever wishes to see the English language in its perfection, must read the writings of the Rev. Robert Hall. He combines the beauties of Johnson, Addison, and Burke, without their imperfections.

The most thoughtless reader of the lives of men, who have thus glorified God, and benefited mankind, even in the furnace of physical affliction, must admit that such are truly heroes, before whose noble fortitude, self-denial, and strong determination, the boasted intrepidity and mere physical bravery of

warriors shrink into insignificance; and, compared with such men, warlike conquerors appear, what they really are—scourges, but not heroes.

CHAPTER X.

MORAL HEROISM, IN FAITHFULLY ADMONISHING THE GREAT, IN VISITING THE AFFLICTED, AND IN ENDURING PROVOCATION AND DANGER—THOMAS SHILLITOE—DANIEL WHEELER—EVENTS DURING THE IRISH REBELLION.

MORAL courage consists quite as much in speaking faithfully as in acting steadfastly. Many a man capable of spirit-stirring actions has felt himself daunted in the presence of the high and illustrious, and incapable of faithfully uttering the dictates of his conscience. There is as much cowardice as flattery in the adulation which kings and rulers receive; and to speak the plain unvarnished truth to persons in such a station, is a task few appear equal to. About the end of the last, and the commencement of the present, century, a good man, of humble birth and limited education, a member of the Society of Friends, named Thomas Shillitoe,

reflecting upon the vast responsibility which rested upon kings, and the opportunities they possessed for improving the moral condition of their people, felt it a matter of duty to attempt to obtain audience of some of the rulers of the earth. According to human probability, nothing seemed more unlikely than that such an individual, so humble, and in every way so uninfluential, should have opportunities afforded him of unburthening his mind of the responsibility which, in this matter, he felt rested upon it.

Yet the strong desire to do good, the obligation to a faithful discharge of what conscience dictated, and the reflection that words of truth were very seldom spoken to those in the elevated sphere he contemplated, all encouraged him to persevere in his determination. When Thomas Shillitoe mentioned his desire, or, as he termed it, "his concern," to the members of the denomination he belonged to, they heard him with respect and affection, for such is their wonted manner and feeling; but much encouragement he did not receive, the general impression being, that the attempt, though in itself laudable, was impracticable. However, in the year 1794, Thomas Shillitoe, accompanied by a

friend named Stacey, went to Windsor, and having some slight knowledge of a person holding a subordinate situation in the castle, they obtained admittance to the part where the royal stables were. The hour was morning, and, as if Providence smiled on the design of the two friends, King George the Third came towards the stables, accompanied by two of his nobles, and passed near where they were standing. The king observed them, and came near as if to give them an opportunity of speaking. For an instant the companions were not prepared to crave the attention of the monarch, and he accordingly turned about, and, though still looking towards them, went into the stable. Thomas Shillitoe, feeling compunction that the first opportunity had been lost, proposed to follow the king into the stable. This, however, the attendants would not permit. But the king, hearing their remarks, came out; when Stacey said, "This friend of mine hath something to communicate to the king." On which his majesty raised his hat, and his attendants ranging themselves on his left and right, Thomas Shillitoe advanced in front, saying, "Hear, O king," and, in a discourse of about twenty minutes' duration, pressed

upon the monarch the importance of true religion in persons of exalted station, and the influence and responsibility attached to power. It is to be regretted, that in the quaint yet graphic memoirs of Thomas Shillitoe, there is no account kept of the words of this address; a circumstance accounted for by the fact of its being entirely unpremeditated and extemporaneous. Yet we may infer it did not want power by the effect it produced on the royal hearer, who stood with the utmost attention, "the tears trickling down his cheeks."*

It was said, that he did not pursue his diversion of hunting that day, but returned to the queen, and informed her of what had passed.

In the year 1813, the same energetic man drew up an impressive religious address to the Prince Regent, and going to Brighton, where the prince then was, in defiance of the remonstrances of timid friends, he sought and obtained a personal interview, in a manner seemingly as accidental as that had been with the king, his father, and presented his address. When the inaccessible and ceremonious character of George the Fourth is

* See Journal of Thomas Shillitoe, vol. i. p. 21.

remembered, such an event seems particularly striking, and evidences that nothing is too difficult for zeal and perseverance to accomplish.

The Society of Friends justly appreciating the valuable qualities of their indefatigable minister, acquiesced in the wish of the latter to visit the continent of Europe, on a sort of religious mission, in which he was to do good, as he had opportunity, to all men. One circumstance, which deeply and painfully impressed the mind of Thomas Shillitoe, was, the universal desecration of the Lord's-day, which he saw almost in every continental town. It seemed to him an imperative duty to remonstrate with the rulers of the people, in reference to the general laxity of morals and religion. Consequently, when he was in Denmark, he determined to see the king. He had no friend in Copenhagen, either to advise or aid him in his undertaking; yet, having resolved on it as a matter of duty, he determined to use every means to accomplish his object. Accordingly, learning the name of the prime minister, he went to him and requested his influence in obtaining him an audience with the king. This bold request, though urged with all the mild self-possession

of native courtesy, startled the prime minister, who, gazing on the attire of the person making such a request, said, "You do not mean to appear before the king in those clothes, do you?" With the utmost simplicity, Thomas Shillitoe says, in his journal, "I told him I had no others with me, as it was uncertain I should want my best until summer. I had left them at Altona, intending to furnish myself with winter clothes when I reached Norway." The nobleman smiled at this frank reply, and promised, on the following morning, to procure the applicant the interview he wished.

Accordingly, the following day, Thomas Shillitoe was introduced to the King of Denmark, with whom he faithfully remonstrated on the desecration of the Lord's-day throughout his dominions, and also took occasion to remark on the sinfulness of that species of gambling known by the name of lotteries, which the government licensed, and by which many poor deluded people were reduced to ruin. It required no small effort of moral courage to enable an obscure stranger thus to speak to a king, in reference to the institutions and abuses existing in the land. His communication was heard with

indulgent attention, and from this it is but reasonable to infer that good was done.

In 1823, this same indefatigable man drew up an address on religious subjects, and presented it to George the Fourth, at Windsor, where, waiting in the long-walk of the park, when the king was taking an airing in his pony-chaise, Thomas Shillitoe presented the address, by order of the king, to the Marquis of Conyngham. Some few words of religious admonition were added, which, when they were concluded, the king politely said, "I thank you," and departed on his drive, most probably impressed with the singular, yet solemn manner and appearance of his humble monitor.

In 1824, Thomas Shillitoe was again on the continent, visiting schools, hospitals, and prisons. When in Prussia, he felt the same desire, as on former occasions, to have an audience with the king, and a most interesting interview was the result of his endeavours. The audience with the King of Prussia took place in the garden of the palace of Berlin. Thomas Shillitoe, in the first place, presented a petition in reference to the persecution of a member of the Society of Friends, in consequence of his refusing to

serve as a military man. This the king received graciously, and promised that no man in his dominions should be persecuted for conscience sake. After this, the faithful Shillitoe added a solemn admonition, in reference to the duty of persons in authority to be "a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well," and to rule their people in righteousness. The king not only listened with attention, but promised to profit by the admonition.

Probably the most interesting of all the visits paid by this faithful minister of the Gospel to royal personages, was that to Alexander, the late Emperor of Russia, and brother to the present Emperor Nicholas.

In the year 1825, Thomas Shillitoe visited Russia, and beholding in the city of St. Petersburg the same desecration of the Sabbath and general laxity of morals, he was induced to address a circular to all the Protestants inhabiting that city, remonstrating with them, and showing the necessity there was for their being more consistent in life and conduct, so as to be lights in the darkness of an evil world. The opportunity of obtaining an audience of the emperor, to press upon him also the necessity of this

improvement, was not so difficult as in other instances. Thomas Shillitoe was now known and honoured; the religious body of which he was a member was highly esteemed by Alexander. There were many of that denomination in Russia. William Allen and Stephen Grellet, eminent members of the Society of Friends, were known to, and esteemed by, the emperor. Moreover, Alexander was a very superior man, and exhibited in his high and difficult position many of those virtues which are most uncommon in the atmosphere of a court. On the evening of the twenty-sixth of December, Thomas Shillitoe was received at the back entrance of the palace at Petersburg, and was ushered into the presence of the most absolute monarch in Europe, when we consider his unlimited authority, though its exercise was restricted by moderation and prudence. The venerable messenger of truth, for he was now advanced in years, began boldly to inform the emperor of the abuses and oppressions that existed under his government. The liberty of the press had become so restricted, that the Moravians had been unable to procure the printing of their new-year's hymn; and also that the address, prepared by himself

and before alluded to, could not, under existing restrictions, be translated and printed; and, therefore, he added, "I should not be able faithfully to acquit myself in the Divine sight in this matter, but by giving the address in charge to him whom I was to consider the father of his people; desiring, as I most fervently did, the Divine wisdom would be pleased to direct him in the right disposal of it." On which the emperor cordially received the address. After some farther conversation on important religious subjects, the emperor was pleased to give, very pathetically, the following testimony, which, under the circumstances, is an important historical fact, in the personal character of Alexander, which is worthy of being far more widely known than it now is:—*

"Before I became acquainted with your religious society and its principles, I frequently, from my early life, felt something in myself which, at times, gave me clearly to see that I stood in need of further knowledge in Divine things than I was then possessed of." After speaking of the influence of the Holy Spirit in awakening and renewing his soul, he added, "My mind is at times brought

* Journal of Thomas Shillitoe, 2d vol. p. 104.

under great suffering to know how to move along; I see things necessary for me to do, and things necessary for me to refuse complying with, which are expected from me. You have counselled me to an unreserved and well-timed obedience in all things; I clearly see it to be my duty; and this is what I want to be more brought into the experience of: but, when I try for it, doubts come into my mind, and discouragements prevail; for, although they call me an absolute monarch, it is but little power I have for doing that which I see it to be right for me to do."

Nothing could exceed the condescension of the emperor at this interview: he commanded the humble Friend to sit beside him on the same sofa, and, dismissing his attendants, communed with him as with a friend and equal.

Before Thomas Shillitoe quitted Petersburg, he was favoured with another gracious interview, and experienced similar tokens of his message being accepted with candour and attention. These instances are very instructive, as evidences of the power of truth, when faithfully uttered, to overleap the barriers which human pride and expediency have

raised between man and man, and to bring the humblest and the highest human beings together, as creatures equal in the sight of Him, before whose throne "rich and poor meet together," for he "is the maker of them all." Addresses of congratulation, praises, homage, flattery,—these are words that usually meet the ears of kings and rulers. It is thought a great honour when a private individual succeeds in presenting some message of an adulatory character to such elevated individuals; how much greater the dignity, how noble the moral heroism of him who, strong in the strength of the Gospel, knowing little, and caring less, for the ceremonies of courts, sees in a king only a responsible human being, and feels that truth is as imperative in an address to him, and caution and counsel as much needed by him, as by any other of God's creatures; and, therefore, frankly and fearlessly, but with all Christian courtesy, ventures to warn and to admonish in the name of the Most High.

Some persons have very rashly imagined that the peace principles, so fully advocated by the Society of Friends, must have a tendency to produce pusillanimity of character; the foregoing instances of intrepidity, in

speaking unwelcome truths to the great, is a tolerably fair specimen of the spirit that animates the peaceful denomination of the Friends. In encountering danger at the call of duty, and in forbearance and fortitude in time of persecution and imminent peril, they have shown equal bravery of spirit.

There is an interesting narrative given of the voyage of Daniel Wheeler, a minister in the Society of Friends, who undertook a religious visit to the Pacific Ocean, to New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Land, with the hope of being made useful in comforting the afflicted, and admonishing the sinful. To carry out the comprehensive plans of Daniel Wheeler, great perseverance was necessary, and great self-denial. A ship, called the "Henry Freeling," was purchased by the Society of Friends for the accommodation of their minister and missionary, as, with truth, he might be called. This ship, though well built, was only of 101 tons burden, and consequently very small, in comparison with the noble vessels which navigate the mighty waters of the vast expanse of ocean, Daniel Wheeler purposed traversing. The undertaking in itself was bold and brave, in the most popular acceptation of those terms; but the

calm carrying out of the undertaking, under circumstances of long-continued peril, without abatement of energy, or murmuring, or fear, —was a fine exhibition of the quality which it is the object of these simple pages to inculcate.

The Henry Freeling sailed from the river Thames on the 13th of November, 1833, and arrived at Hobart Town on the 10th of September, 1834. Thus the voyage was of ten months' duration; during that time the little bark and its adventurous crew were buffeted by a succession of the most terrific storms. In the words of the Psalmist, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord! the floods have lifted up their voice, the floods lift up their waves;" and yet they experienced that "the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." Time after time were these devoted men visited by the most terrific tempests, compelled to work incessantly to keep the ship in any sort of condition, to bear the dashing and straining of the winds and waves, and when Daniel Wheeler at length arrived at his destination, he writes, "Though many of the storms and tempests have been enumerated, yet not one-half of what it has been

our portion to witness has been told to my beloved friends. It may suffice for me to say, that we have been compelled to seek refuge more than twenty times from the fury of the hostile elements, by 'lying to,' with the ship's head to the wind and waves: and this has been resorted to only in cases of extreme danger."* Probably no vessel of the same size ever encountered a greater succession of disastrous weather and perils. Indeed the preservation of the ship and crew might, under the circumstances, be considered marvellous. In engaging a master to navigate this vessel, care was exercised to choose a person who should unite personal worth to professional skill, as Daniel Wheeler (who was accompanied by a most devoted pious son) determined to have the worship of God regularly observed on board the ship. The consequence of this wise and pious arrangement was, that the minds of all were continually stayed on Him, of whom it is said, "Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise thou stillest them." And the effect was, that instead of the oaths, murmurings, and insubordination, which long-

* Narrative of Daniel Wheeler's visit to Van Dieman's Land, &c. p. 32.

continued hardships often cause among seamen, the men imbibed the spirit of their captain and employers, and Daniel Wheeler remarks, "Our sailors have exceeded my most sanguine expectations as to behaviour and conduct in general; but I think no men could have endured greater hardships from weather than they have suffered. For a time we gave them some wine, but whether from its becoming flat and vapid by washing about in the cask when a quantity had been taken out, or with the change from cold to heat, and then to cold again, some of them declined drinking it, so that they had nothing but water for months together:"—another proof to the many now on record, that in all cases water is the best and safest beverage. It is gratifying to find, that the devoted Daniel Wheeler did not encounter these storms without subsequently meeting with what he deemed a full recompense, in the satisfactory results of his religious visit. Many were the drooping mourners among the convicts in our penal settlements whom he visited and consoled with the promises of the Gospel. Many were the miserable outcasts, who might previously with truth have exclaimed, "No one careth for our souls," who were led from dark-

ness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, by his ministrations; while his visit was equally cheering to Christian friends and missionary stations, in those remote parts of the world; for as "iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend."

Undoubtedly the most difficult trial of moral courage is, when personal provocation and peril have to be endured. During the Irish rebellion, in 1798, some remarkable instances of the power of passive resistance were afforded, which deserve the serious attention of all, the young especially, because they establish two important positions: the first, that there is more bravery in enduring evil than in resenting it; and the second, that Providence extends, in a wonderful manner, its protection to those, who, taking "no thought for their life," quietly and prayerfully resign themselves into its keeping; leaving the retribution of offences to Him who has said—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Nothing is a greater trial to the passions of human nature than to be exposed to personal danger, arising from the cruelty and bad passions of others. Naturally, violence begets violence—anger excites anger; but

this ought never to be the case with those who call themselves by the name of Christ; "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again." To flesh and blood this is a difficult attainment, but it is worth attaining, and, more than that, it is our duty to attain it if we would exemplify the gospel of Christ in our lives and conversation. "What pusillanimity! what cowardice!" exclaims some rash and thoughtless youth, whose spirit has never been disciplined by the teachings of wisdom. Alas! cowardice and pusillanimity far more frequently belong to the man who wields the sword, and embrues his hand in the blood of his fellow-creatures, on the plea of necessity. There is not much physical, and no moral, heroism in fighting. It may be brawling—it is not bravery.

During a time of rebellion, when a kingdom is divided against itself, it is very difficult to remain neuter. We may avoid engaging in, or sympathizing with, ordinary warfare; but when our neighbours and friends become the subjects of aggression, or are engaged in the conflict, then interest in their actions, sympathy in their sufferings, is inevitable. The condition of the peace-loving members of the Society of Friends

during the Irish rebellion, was an interesting exemplification of moral heroism sustaining a people in peace in the midst of conflicting parties, and while under the apprehension of impending violence and death.

As early as the years 1795-6, their attention was called to the threatening aspect of affairs, and their course determined on. In the county of Wexford many Friends resided, and it is remarkable that, though they aided the martial operations in no one particular; yet in seasons of distress they succoured the wounded and wretched of each party:

> "They did not question their opinion
> Of party, kingship, or dominion:
> They did not e'en their folly chide,
> But like the sun and showers of Heaven,
> Which to the false and true are given,
> Want and distress relieved on either side."

This mode of conduct, at the time, subjected the Friends to the animadversions of both parties. The military accused them of disloyalty—the rebels of apathy; and yet they carried out their principles in the minutest particular. A worthy man at Ferns, in the county of Wicklow, on the breaking out of the rebellion, to show his neighbours the part he meant to act, took out his fowling-

piece, the only weapon that would find a place in the dwelling of a Friend, and broke it to pieces before his door, in the open street; thus showing to all that his house was entirely without weapon of offence or defence. Another individual, who kept a shop where ropes and hardware were sold, had his dwelling surrounded by the military, who came and demanded ropes to hang the rebels they had taken. Though his life was imperilled by the refusal, as it might be construed into rebellion, the Friend refused to supply the rope for taking away the life of a fellow-creature. At another time, a night attack on a town in possession of the rebels was intended by the military, and all persons not in league with the rebels were commanded to put lights in their windows; but, as the Friends chose to put confidence in the protection of God rather than man, they declined to do this, particularly as such lights would aid the combatants in their murderous warfare. In all these instances, though sternly threatened and in imminent peril, the moral heroism of the Friends triumphed, and their lives were preserved.

Scarcely any one who, in that dreadful time, resided in Ireland, dared to attempt

going out on their usual pursuits, for all subordination was at an end; and yet the Friends, unarmed, went constantly to their religious meetings, through the most disturbed districts of the country, and though commanded, on peril of their lives, to desist. Conscience commanded them to go, and they went, leaving the issue in the hands of the Almighty, who wonderfully preserved them. Throughout the whole of that fearful time, it is a remarkable fact, that only one member of the Society of Friends perished, and he was led to trust in the power of earthly weapons to preserve him rather than in the care of the Almighty, and the exercise of his own moral heroism.

It may be said, that the well-known principles of the Society of Friends disarmed the resentment of both parties, and conduced to the successful result. This is doubtless true in a measure, and is an argument in favour of the principle of peace. Still they were not buoyed up with any trust that their principles would preserve them. It was not selfishness, but duty, that inspired them. Neither is it an invariable rule that a pacific spirit would always disarm opposition. In Dr. Handcock's interesting work, "Peace

Exemplified," which is the testimony relied on in the particulars given, there is an exceedingly beautiful and affecting narrative of the death of two brothers, which is full of the purest instruction, and exhibits the most perfect moral heroism.

"The following affecting narrative contains a few particulars relative to two brothers, named John and Samuel Jones, who were put to death by the insurgents, on the day of the burning of Scullabogue-barn, in the lawn near it:—

Samuel Jones, the younger of the two, had attended the meetings of Friends, and was considered to make no other profession of religion. But if unconquerable faith and fortitude in the hour of extremity could entitle any one to the name of martyr, his name and the circumstances of his death deserve to be recorded, as affording an instructive example of Christian heroism; and he might have been justly regarded as a worthy associate of any Christian community. They lived at Kilbraney, near Old Ross, in the county of Wexford.

"Samuel was of a meek and tender spirit, and remarked for the benevolence of his dis-

position. At one period he had applied himself closely to the perusal of Fox's Martyrology, and other religious books; thus fortifying his mind, as it were, against the day of trial. As the preparations for the impending conflict were going forward he became very thoughtful, apprehending that some serious calamity would befal him from the insurgents. About a month before the lamentable event took place he told his wife that he did not expect to die upon his bed: and on one occasion having, with her, accompanied some young women to their place of abode, who were gay and lively, he remarked, with much seriousness, 'How little do these poor creatures know what is before them!' The last time he attended the meeting at Forrest, it appeared as if he considered it to be a final parting with his friends.

"Shortly after this, as the troubles increased, and danger became more imminent, he was urged by his Protestant neighbours to fly for refuge to the adjacent garrison-town of New Ross: but he and his wife thought it right to remain at their own residence.

"He was taken prisoner, soon after, with his elder brother John, and conveyed to the

mansion of F. King, of Scullabogue, his wife accompanying them. John lamented his situation and former manner of life, signifying that he was ill prepared to die; but Samuel encouraged him by repeating the declaration of our Saviour, 'He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

"The house where they were imprisoned was close to the noted barn, in which, within a few days after they were taken, a number of their fellow-creatures were horribly burnt to death. Like many others confined there, they had little to eat; and his wife, having procured a loaf of bread, brought it to him: but being more inclined to sleep than to eat, he placed it under his head, intending to reserve it till he awoke; and whilst he slept, it was conveyed away. When he awoke, and his wife was lamenting the loss of it at such a time of need, he patiently answered her, 'God, who has permitted the food to be taken away, can likewise take away hunger.' But afterwards, as he was walking about the room, his foot struck against a plate of potatoes, which lay concealed under some clothes, and, though cold, *to them* they were delicious. A New Testament which they had with

them afforded them much comfort. On the morning of the day when the barn was set on fire, which was also the day of the battle of Ross, as they were reading in the New Testament, Samuel's wife inquired of one of their guards the cause of the peculiar smell, like burning animal matter, which she perceived. He told her it proceeded from some beef steaks they were preparing for breakfast! To a further inquiry she made, 'What was meant by the firing of guns?' he replied, 'Tis some criminals we are shooting.' 'And will they shoot us?' said the poor woman. 'Oh! may-be they will spare you till the last,' was his answer.

"In about five minutes after this, the three were taken out.

"The rebel officer who commanded there had been reminded by Samuel of their having been school-fellows, and the latter had given him his watch and money to keep for him: it is even stated, that the officer slept in the same bed with him part of the previous night. Having proposed to Samuel that he should conform and turn to the Roman Catholic profession, he replied, 'Where shall I turn, but where my God is?' And when he was urged to have his children sprinkled, he said,

'My children are innocent, and I will leave them so.'

"When the two brothers, with Samuel's wife, were brought out into the lawn in front of the dwelling-house where they were imprisoned, to be put to death, some person said, 'They were Quakers.' It was replied, that 'if they could make it appear they were Quakers they should not be killed.' As they were not in reality members of the Society, this was not attempted to be done. Those who had them in custody then took Samuel aside, and on certain conditions offered him his life; but, whatever was the nature of these conditions, he firmly rejected them; and when the *holy water*, as they termed it, was brought to them, he turned his back upon it.

"The insurgents then shot his elder brother, whom he very much encouraged, fearing his steadfastness might give way—for John had shown a disposition to turn Roman Catholic if it might be the means of saving Samuel's life; but the latter encouraged his brother to faithfulness, expressing the words of our blessed Saviour, 'They that deny me before men, them will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven;' and he again revived the

39th verse of the same chapter in his remembrance. See Matthew, chap. x.

"Samuel then desired his love to be given to different Friends, whom he named,—some of the rebels, at the same time, with a view to depress his spirits, telling him, that these Friends had been made prisoners before he was, and shot at the camp at the Three Rocks. This communication had partially the effect they intended; he meekly replied, 'They died innocent.' He then took an affectionate farewell of his wife, who, with admirable fortitude, stood between the two brothers, holding a hand of each, when they were shot; and his last words were reported to be those expressions of our Lord and Saviour, which he repeated for the third time in the hearing of his murderers, 'He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' It was cause of mournful reflection to his friends that he was fired at three times before his death took place. He was an innocent young man, much beloved by his neighbours.

"It seemed as if his wife would have shared the same fate, had not the officer who commanded interposed in her favour. She was permitted to convey their bodies to their

former dwelling on a car; but not being able at that time to procure coffins for them, she buried them in the garden. On the death of their aged father, which took place in the following month, and was probably hastened by the untimely end of his two only sons, the bodies of the three were taken to the burying-ground of the Friends at Forrest, and there interred, about seven weeks after."

Let those who admire military courage ask themselves, "Who, in this case were the really brave?" those who were slaughtered, or the soldiers who slaughtered them? Truly, physical force is a cruel and despicable thing, when compared with moral heroism.

CHAPTER XI.

MORAL HEROISM EXHIBITED IN THE FEMALE CHARACTER—LADY RACHAEL RUSSELL—WIFE OF THE SCOTCH COVENANTER, JOHN BROWN—MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

As the sphere of woman's duties is limited for the most part to the social circle, her station in society being that of subordination and obedience, superficial or arrogant observers may

suppose that the quality called moral heroism is not often found united with the female character. This, however, is a conclusion which the wise and discerning will not be likely to arrive at, for this reason; as it is a mental quality not depending on bodily strength, it may be exhibited by the weakest and most tender in physical structure, equally with the most hardy and robust. And the sex who are called to endure the greatest amount of suffering—whose cares, while they may be more limited, are certainly more affecting, and probably more incessant, endure a discipline of circumstances likely to produce a very great amount of the quality under consideration. No station in life is more important and arduous than that of a wife and a mother. The happiness and the virtue of society depend mainly on the wise and faithful fulfilment of those relationships. A nation is truly prosperous, not merely by its wealth, its commerce, its political enactments, and relations, but by its social purity and moral elevation; and these depend on

"Well ordered home, man's chief, best good, below."

The contemplative and philosophic poet of our age,* has beautifully and justly

* Wordsworth.

defined the female character when he thus describes it:—

> "A being breathing thoughtful breath—
> A traveller 'twixt life and death.
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill:
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, to command,
> And yet an angel too, and bright
> With something of a spirit's light."

The difficulty of pourtraying instances of moral heroism in women, does not arise from scarcity, but is rather the difficulty of wise selection from a mighty mass of material. If we look to the volume of inspired truth, we behold this feature of excellence richly adorning the illustrious women whose lives are recorded there:—whether it is Deborah the prophetess, who sat under her palm tree, and the men of Israel came to her for judgment; and who ruled the land in prosperity for forty years: or whether we contemplate the contented liberal-minded Shunamite, ministering to the wants of God's servant and messenger, and refusing all distinction or worldly advantage for herself, in the words so simple, and yet so significant, in their noble brevity, "I dwell among mine own people;"

or if we contemplate the good and gentle Ruth, tenderly and bravely clinging to her poor bereaved mother-in-law, following her into a distant land and working to maintain her:—or when we meditate upon Hannah fulfilling her covenant with God, and resigning her cherished child, the hope of so many sorrowing years, to the service of the temple while he was yet young, even though that involved a separation from herself which must have sorely tried the mother's fortitude:—or if we gaze upon the young and beautiful Esther, raised to royal dignity, and yet upon a giddy eminence from whence a word of the despotic monarch she was united to could have hurled her in an instant; and think of her nobly undertaking to plead the cause of her afflicted kindred and people, saying, "If I perish, I perish:"—oh, in all these instances, how sublime is the moral heroism! How powerfully and continually does the inspired page recognise that quality as an ingredient in the female character! And when the religion of love, the reign of the gentler virtues, commenced with the preaching and work of the Divine Redeemer, then again we have moral heroism exhibiting its greatest triumphs among the devoted women

of the time. From the mother of the Redeemer, who "pondered all his sayings in her heart;" to the sisters of Bethany, who loved and revered him; and the magnanimous trio, who, with weeping eyes and tortured yet faithful hearts, were true to him in the last great scene of the mighty and awful drama; who, when one disciple betrayed him, another denied him, and all, with one exception, forsook him and fled—then the moral heroism of woman triumphed, for 'twas she "who lingered latest at the cross, and watched earliest at the grave."

And from that time to the present hour, blessed be God! that spirit has not departed from woman. In conversions more numerous, in persecution as faithful, the Church has not ceased to have a holy succession of mothers in Israel, who have shown that the weak things of this world can confound the mighty.

One fact, however, is apparent—that moral heroism in woman is always the result of piety. In man it sometimes, as we have seen, may spring from what is called strength of mind, or philosophical contemplation. In woman this is rarely the case. Her reasoning powers seldom lead her to delight in drawing supports and incitements from varied

sources of investigation; but with the trusting confidence of a child in the command of a parent, she goes at once to Scripture, and learns there, and there only, the reasons on which to sustain her hope, and the encouragements to foster her moral heroism. A few examples of this will not be uninstructive.

A name held in honoured remembrance by all intelligent Englishwomen is Lady Rachael Russell, whether the reader consider the trials she passed through as the widow of the patriot Lord Russell, who was beheaded most tyrannically, the magnanimity with which she bore those trials, or the admirable reflections she deduced from them. On his trial, she was her husband's only counsellor, sitting by him and arranging his papers; and whether in scenes of acute suffering or in chastened and pious reflection, she is alike estimable. How full of meaning is the now obsolete expression, "*amazed*" with grief, as used by Lady Russell in her first letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam after the murderous execution of her patriot husband.

"I need not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this. You will soon find how unfit I am

still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is."

* * * *

"You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one! It may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss."

"Lord! let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts; I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it. But yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with: all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too: all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be."

In a subsequent letter she says:—

"You deal with me, Sir, just as I would be dealt withal; and it is possible I feel the

more smart from my ragged griefs because I would not take them off. As it is easiest to our natures to have our sore and deep wounds gently handled, yet, as most profitable, I would yield to have mine searched, that, as you religiously design by it, they may not fester. It is possible I grasp at too much of this kind for a spirit so broke by affliction; for I am so jealous that time or necessity, the ordinary abaters of all violent passions, (nay even employment, or company of such friends as I have left,) should do that my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief as I can ever hope for—a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and such victory over myself that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh accidents and occasions offering to my memory that dear object of my desires, which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live."

It is beautiful also to trace the gradual calming influence of religion in soothing her sorrows.

"My glass runs low. The world does not want me, nor I want that; my business is at home and in a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed, so it now affords me, together with remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot, and such pleasures in educating my young folks as surmount the cares it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy and not in judgment."

* * * *

"There is something in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be borne than a greater loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old, but methinks it is a violence of nature."

There was surely something prophetical in these remarks, for it was appointed unto

this bereaved mourner to have her sorrows as a mother equal her trials as a wife. The loss of her only son, Wriothesly, Duke of Bedford, of the smallpox, in the 31st year of his age, was thus recorded by the distressed yet heroic mother.

"I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure with time relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the Goodness which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by His grace to rest contented with what His unerring providence has appointed and permitted, and I shall feel easy in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death but the losing him."

An anecdote is recorded of this illustrious lady, that illustrates the astonishing presence of mind and resolution that were her characteristics. In the November of the same year (1711) that had deprived her of her only son, her daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, died in child-bed. Lady Russell went to see her in her coffin, and then paid a visit to her other daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, who, being also in

her confinement, it was necessary to conceal the death of her sister from her. In answer to the anxious inquiries of the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Russell replied, with a serene countenance, and without violating the truth, "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

In looking for moral excellence, it is pleasing to descend into the humbler walks of life, and see the faith which sustained this noble lady in *her* hour of trial, equally strong to support, in an hour of as great trial, a lowly woman, the wife of a working man, and the tenant of a poor dwelling in Scotland.

Every one has read of the fearful struggles that occurred in Scotland, when an iniquitous attempt was made to force upon that people the forms of a mode of worship different from that which the Scotch conscientiously preferred, and had long practised. Bishops, according to the Episcopal form of Christianity, were established in Scotland by the power of the sword, and the ministers who had heretofore taught the people, and were deeply and sincerely beloved by them, were turned out from their pulpits, hunted like wild beasts, compelled to hide in dens and

caves of the mountains; and yet, zealous to glorify God and to teach his commandments, laboured in the hot furnace of affliction. As often as opportunity offered they preached the word of eternal truth, standing on the mountain or moorland sod, the broad arch of heaven their only canopy, and enduring the rough buffettings of a stormy clime, and the constant alarms of dreaded interruption from the brutal soldiery, who delighted, seemingly, in riot and slaughter.

During these times lived John Brown, the pious Edinburgh carrier, who thought it both a duty, and a privilege, to succour the distressed and persecuted ministers of the Gospel. One of these godly men had recently been succoured under the hospitable roof of the poor carrier, and, when he departed, made him acquainted with his hiding place. Just at that time, the cruel Claverhouse, afterwards the Earl of Dundee, the persecutor of these righteous servants of the Lord, was scouring the country, with troopers as cruel as himself, in search of the hiding places of the preachers, and, knowing the pious reputation of Brown, went to his lonely dwelling, situated near Edinburgh, and called "The Cottage on the Muir."

The pen of Professor Wilson has so beautifully and affectingly described the tragedy that took place, and the glorious moral heroism that marked the scene, that all other description would be tame. The following is the graphic sketch of the powerful writer named:—

"Early in the morning, the cottage of John Brown was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, with Clavers at their head. John, who had probably a presentiment of what might happen, urged his wife and daughter to stay within doors, insisting that as the soldiers were, in all likelihood, in search of some other individual, he should soon be able to dismiss them. By this time the noise, occasioned by the trampling and neighing of horses, commingling with the hoarse and husky laugh and vociferations of the dragoons, had brought John, half-dressed and in his night-cap, to the door. Clavers immediately accosted him by name; and in a manner peculiar to himself, intended for something betwixt the expression of fun and irony, he proceeded to make inquiries respecting one 'Samuel Aitkin, a godly man, and a minister of the word, one outrageously addicted to prayer.' John admitted at once

that the worthy person referred to was not unknown to him, asserting, however, at the same time, that of his present residence, or place of hiding, he was not free to speak.—'No doubt; no doubt;' rejoined the questioner, 'you, to be sure, know nothing!—how should you, all innocence and ignorance as you are? But here is a little chip of the old block, which may probably recollect better, and save us the trouble of blowing out her father's brains, just by way of making him remember a little more accurately.' 'You, my little farthing rushlight,' continued 'Red Rob,'* alighting from his horse, and seizing the girl rudely and with prodigious force by the wrists,—'you remember an old man with a long beard, and a bald head, who was here a few days ago, baptizing your sister, and giving many good advices to father and mother, and who is now within a few miles of this house, just up in a nice snug cave in the glen there, to which you can readily and instantly conduct us, you know?' The

* "Red Rob," the "Bothwell," probably, of "Old Mortality," was, in fact, the right-hand man of Clavers on all occasions, and has caused himself long to be remembered amidst the peasantry of the West of Scotland, not only by the dragoon's red cloak which he wore, but still more by his hands, crimsoned in the blood of his countrymen!

girl looked first at her mother, who had now advanced into the door-way, then at her father, and latterly drooped her head, and continued to preserve a complete silence. 'And so,' continued the questioner, 'you are dumb; you cannot speak; your tongue is a little obstinate or so, and you must not tell family secrets.—But what think you, my little chick, of speaking with your fingers, of having a pat, and a proper, and a pertinent answer just ready, my love, at your finger ends, as one may say? As the Lord lives, and as my soul lives, but this will make a dainty nosegay' (displaying a thumbikin or finger-screw) 'for my sweet little Covenanter; and then' (applying the instrument of torture, meanwhile, and adjusting it to the thumb) 'you will have no manner of trouble whatever in recollecting yourself, it will just come to you like the lug of a stoup; and don't knit your brows so,' (for the pain had become insufferable,) 'then we shall have you chatty and amusing, I warrant.' The mother, who could stand this no longer, rushed upon the brutal executioner, and with expostulations, threats, and the most impassioned entreaties, endeavoured to relax the questioner's twist. 'Can *you*, mistress,

recollect any thing of this man we are in quest of?' resumed Clavers, haughtily; 'it may save us *both* some trouble, and your daughter a continuance and increase of her present suffering, if you will just have the politeness to make us acquainted with what you happen to know upon the subject.' The poor woman seemed for an instant to hesitate; and her daughter looked most piteously and distractedly into her countenance, as if expectant and desirous of respite, through her mother's compliance. 'Woman!' exclaimed her husband, in a tone of indignant surprise, 'hast thou so soon forgot thy God? and shall the fear of any thing which man can do, induce thee to betray innocent blood?' He said no more; but he had said enough, for from that instant the whole tone of his wife's feelings was changed, and her soul was wound up, as if by the hand of Omnipotence, into resolution and daring. 'Bravo!' exclaimed the arch-persecutor, 'Bravo! old Canticles, thou word'st it well; and so you three pretty innocents have laid your holy heads together, and you have resolved to die, should it so please God and us, with a secret in your breast, and a lie in your mouth, like the rest of your

psalm-singing, hypocritical, canting sect, rather than discover guid Mr. Aitkin!—pious Mr. Aitkin!—worthy Mr. Aitkin!—But we shall see what light this little telescope of mine will afford upon the subject,' pointing at the same time to a carbine or holster pistol, which hung suspended from the saddle of his horse. 'This cold frosty morning requires that one,' continued Clavers, 'should be employed, were it for no other purpose than just to gain heat by the exercise. And so, old Pragmatical, in order that you may not catch cold by so early an exposure to the keen air, we will take the liberty,' (hereupon the whole troop gathered round, and presented muskets,) 'for the benefit of society, and for the honour and safety of the King,—never to speak of the glory of God and the good of souls,—simply and unceremoniously, and in the neatest and most expeditious manner imaginable, to *blow out your brains.*' John Brown dropped down instantly, and as it were instinctively, upon his knees, whilst his wife stood by in seeming composure,—and his daughter had happily become insensible to all external objects and transactions whatever.—'What!' exclaimed Clavers, 'and so you must pray too, to be

sure, and we shall have a last speech and a dying testimony lifted up in the presence of peat stacks, and clay walls, and snow wreaths; but as these are pretty staunch and confirmed loyalists, I do not care though we entrust you with five minutes of devotional exercise, provided you steer clear of King, Council, and Richard Cameron—so proceed, good John, but be short and pithy.—My Lambs are not accustomed to long prayers, nor will they readily soften under the pathetic whining of your devotions.' But in this last surmise Clavers was for once mistaken, for the prayer of this poor and uneducated man ascended that morning in expressions at once so earnest, so devout, and so overpoweringly pathetic, that deep silence succeeded at last to oaths and ribaldry; and as the following concluding sentences were pronounced, there were evident marks of better and relenting feelings. 'And now, guid Lord,' continued this death-doomed and truly Christian sufferer, 'since thou hast nae mair use for thy servant in this world, and since it is thy good and rightful pleasure, that I should serve thee better and love thee more elsewhere, I leave this puir widow woman, with the helpless and fatherless children, upon thy

hands. We have been happy in each other here, and now that we are to part for a while, we maun e'en look forward to a more perfect and enduring happiness hereafter. And as for the puir blindfolded and infatuated creatures, the present ministers of thy will, Lord, reclaim them from the error and evil of their courses ere it be too late; and may they, who have sat in judgment and in oppression in this lonely place, and on this blessed morning, and upon a puir, weak, defenceless, fellow-creature, find that mercy at last from thee which they have this day refused to thy unworthy but faithful servant. — Now, Isabel,' continued this defenceless and amiable martyr, 'the time is come at last, of which, you know, I told you on that day, when first I proposed to unite hand and heart with yours; and are you willing, for the love of God and his rightful authority, to part with me thus?' To which the poor woman replied, with perfect composure, 'The Lord gave, and he taketh away. I have had a sweet loan of you, my dear John, and I can part with you for his sake, as freely as I parted with a mouthful of meat to the hungry, or a night's lodgings to the weary and benighted traveller.' So saying, she ap-

proached her still kneeling and blindfolded husband, clasped him round the neck, kissed and embraced him closely, and then lifting up her person into an attitude of determined endurance, and eyeing from head to foot every soldier who stood with his carbine levelled, she retired slowly and firmly to the spot she had formerly occupied. 'Come, come, let's have no more of this whining work,' interrupted Clavers suddenly. 'Soldiers! do your duty.'—But the words fell upon a circle of statues; and though they all stood with their muskets presented, there was not a finger which had power to draw the fatal trigger. There ensued an awful pause, through which a 'God Almighty bless your tender hearts,' was heard coming from the lips of the *now* agitated and almost distracted wife. But Clavers was not in the habit of giving his orders twice, or of expostulating with disobedience. So extracting a pistol from the holster of his saddle, he primed and cocked it, and then walking firmly and slowly up through the circle, close to the ear of his victim * * * There was a momentary murmur of discontent and of disapprobation amongst the men as they looked upon the change which a

single awful instant had effected; and even 'Red Rob,' though a covenanting slug still stuck smartingly in his shoulder, had the hardihood to mutter loud enough to be heard, 'By God, this is too bad.' The widow of John Brown gave one, and but one shriek of horror as the fatal engine exploded; and then, addressing herself leisurely, as if to the discharge of some ordinary domestic duty, she began to unfold a napkin from her neck. 'What think ye, good woman, of your bonny man now?' vociferated Clavers, returning, at the same time, the pistol with a plunge into the holster from which it had been extracted.—'I had always good reason,' replied the woman, firmly and deliberately, 'to think weel of him, and I think mair o' him now than ever. But how will Graham of Claverhouse account to God and man for this morning's work?' continued the respondent firmly.—'To man,' answered the ruffian, 'I can be answerable; and as to God, I will take him in my own hands.' He then marched off, and left her with the corpse. She spread the napkin leisurely upon the snow, gathered up the scattered fragments of her husband's head, covered his body with a plaid, and sitting

down with her youngest and yet unbaptized infant, wept bitterly.

The cottage, and the kail-yard, and the peat-stack, and the whole little establishment of John Brown, the religious carrier, have long disappeared from the heath and the muir; but the little spot, within one of the windings of the burn, where the 'House in the Muir' stood, is still green, amidst surrounding heath; and in the very centre of that spot there lies a slab, or flat stone, now almost covered with grass, upon which, with a little clearing away of the moss from the faded characters, the following rude but expressive lines may still be read:—

'Clavers might murder godly Brown,
But ould not rob him of his crown;
Here in this place from earth he took departure,
Now he has got the garland of the Martyr.'

Decidedly the most remarkable and admirable woman in this age, when happily female excellence and intelligence are by no means rare, was the late highly-gifted, benevolent, and pious Elizabeth Fry. She was the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich. She was born in 1779, and exhibited in childhood sweet indications of

the excellence that would distinguish her riper years. Entirely free from selfishness, her great delight was to promote the happiness of those around her; to this end her sweet temper, vivacity, and intelligence must have greatly contributed. In very early youth she commenced a school on her father's premises, for the benefit of the poor children of Earlham and the surrounding parishes. Over this useful institution she exercised a superintending care, and her influence for good was soon manifested by the improvement of the children.

Though full of warm benevolence and good desires, she was, up to this time, a stranger to the converting and sanctifying influences of high-toned religion. Indeed, the gaiety of her disposition induced her rather to delight in the pleasures of the world, which indeed her many talents, gifts, and personal graces, eminently fitted her to enjoy and to adorn. Being, however, the subject of illness, she was led to reflect on the transitory and unworthy character of all worldly pursuits and enjoyments, and to give herself, and all the powers she had been endowed with, unreservedly to God. From this time her conduct became that of a

decided and eminent Christian. In her manner was a lovely combination of sweetness and dignity, Christian mildness and moral firmness; it might truly be said of her, in the words of Milton—

" All higher knowledge in her presence fails;
Wisdom in discourse with her, loses discountenanced,
And, like folly, shows.
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first.
And, to crown all, greatness of mind and nobleness,
Their seat in her build loveliest, and create
An awe around her, like a guard angelic placed."

At the age of twenty she married, and came to reside in the metropolis. She was called, in the providence of God, to fulfil all the domestic duties, and sustain all the social responsibilities of woman. She had been a most dutiful affectionate daughter to her widowed father, and a tender sister to her ten brothers and sisters; and now, as a fond wife and devoted mother, she was called on for yet greater exercise of the fireside virtues. Yet, while fulfilling admirably all these relations, she was not one of those who think that all their talents should be exerted for, and absorbed by, their own immediate circle. The consciousness of being the depository of the power to do good, and the desire to do it,

impelled her, as a solemn act of duty, to endeavour to benefit the world.

It is well known that the religious society of which Mrs. Fry was a member permits the ministerial office to be filled by all who are divinely called to it and fitted for it, irrespective of sex; and Mrs. Fry became one of the most distinguished, acceptable, and useful of their ministers. Nature and grace had both admirably fitted her for public speaking. Her manner had a dignified simplicity, a holy calm serenity, her countenance beamed with intelligence and loveliness; like some pure crystal lamp, it was radiant with the light of the hallowed spirit that burned bright within; while her voice, deep-toned, full, melodious, flexible, and impressive, was admirably adapted to give expression to her fine thoughts, pious aspirations, and pure doctrines. Never was Christian teacher more highly endowed with natural or spiritual gifts.

The great work that pre-eminently distinguished the benevolent career of Mrs. Fry, and rendered her a female Howard, was her visitation of prisons, and attention to the female inmates.

This was a work which only a woman

could do effectually, and yet it was a work which, for obvious reasons, women might naturally shrink from engaging in. When Howard instituted a reformation in the condition of prisons and prisoners, it was not in his power, or that of his successors, to purify the morals and benefit the character of the female portion; this was a work suited to female sympathy—the guilty, the fallen, the outcast, who had none to pity or to advise them, were subdued at once to gratitude, if not to penitence, when, bright in unsullied purity, a gentle, tender, pitying woman came to reason with them.

When first Mrs. Fry heard of the condition of the female prisoners in Newgate, their profligacy, their conduct, their hardy and determined recklessness, she was deeply moved at the account. Her determination to visit these people, and try by the *might* of gentleness to make some impression on them, received the sanction of her husband, friends, and religious society; but it was considered very hazardous by parties supposed to know the characters and habits of criminals best. And it must be borne in mind that, with reference to the female character, while it is capable of reaching the noblest heights of

virtue, yet, when perverted and degraded, it is equally capable of sinking to the lowest depths of vice. Nothing on earth can be better than a good, or worse than a bad, woman.

Hence, when Mrs. Fry determined to visit Newgate, she was advised to leave her watch and purse behind her; but she declined doing so, wisely resolving to attempt to win confidence by reposing it. Accordingly she appeared among the vilest criminals of our worst metropolitan prisons, and was locked in with them. The effect of her winning, yet authoritative demeanour and instructions, was soon apparent. Order was introduced among a set of human beings, supposed to be incapable of acting on any right impulse, and wholly incorrigible. Many was the hard heart that melted under the influence of Mrs. Fry's teaching; many the lip that had only known how to curse and scoff, that learned from her to pray. Meanwhile, to suffering innocence unjustly condemned—to thoughtless credulity, heartlessly seduced and betrayed—Mrs. Fry extended, not merely a comforting, but a rescuing hand. "The cause that she knew not she searched out."

Under her auspices, ladies' prison visiting

committees were established. throughout the British dominions; and her example stimulated hundreds to activity who never would have thought of the work, or dared to engage in it, but for the moral heroism which they had seen so successfully exhibited by her.

The exertions of Mrs. Fry were marked by such wonderful success, that people, high in authority, not only admired her benevolence, but co-operated in it. The arrangement of the ships for female convicts was, by successive administrations, placed under her direction, which doubtless contributed much towards the personal comfort of those who were destined to suffer the cheerless voyage of a prisoner.

In other departments of Christian activity, Mrs. Fry was equally zealous. The cause of the slave lay very near her heart, and she was ever ready, by advice and pecuniary aid, to encourage the noble-minded men striving for the emancipation of the negro. The Bible Society found in her a warm and liberal supporter. As a tract distributor, she was peculiarly zealous, her motto being, "Sow beside all waters."

When the formation of libraries, at different stations, for the use of the coast guard

around our shores, was first instituted, she took great interest in the arrangement, and, with her accustomed liberality, contributed to it.

Schools, penitentiaries, asylums, were all so many claimants on her support, or evidences of her zeal. She eminently fulfilled, in a manner few could parallel and none exceed, the apostle's injunction to women: "Be ye clothed with good works." She was indeed covered with them, and, in the sublime language of Scripture, might have justly said, though the sweet humility of her character would have forbidden the expression, "I put on righteousness, and it clothed me; my judgment was as a robe and a diadem."

In addition to her incessant labours in her own country, she went, under the sanction of her religious relatives and friends, on several missions to different parts of Europe, visiting the prisons, instructing and comforting the ignorant and afflicted. Her way was remarkably opened, for every where attention to her admonitions, sympathy with her plans, admiration of her talents, and love for her character, was exhibited. The great and noble received her with distinction; and few, perhaps no private individual, ever had more

intimate and extensive intercourse with crowned heads than Mrs. Fry. On these visitations she was accompanied in succession by her husband and two of her brothers, and was courteously received by the royal families of France, Holland, Belgium, Hanover, Denmark, and Prussia, many of these mighty ones of the earth concurring and aiding in her benevolent and pious plans.

The King of Prussia, in particular, was her personal friend. During his last visit to this country he visited her, and was introduced to the whole of her children and grandchildren, an interesting company, between thirty and forty in number!

In an account recently published of Mrs. Fry, in the pages of a periodical, and bearing the impress of being written by one intimate with her, is the following sweet estimate of her personal and private character, which is the more interesting, as all can form a judgment of the value of her public labours, and every one must admire her great talents and ceaseless activity; but, in woman, even these gifts do not atone for the want of the sweet, genial, social, home sympathies, which some assume must be deteriorated by public duties.

Let those who think thus, contemplate the following description:—

"After all, those loved her the best who knew her the most in private life. She was, truly, an attached and devoted wife—a cherishing and cherished mother—a loving and grateful sister—a dispenser of the true balm of Christian comfort, in every hour of need, to her intimate associates and friends. Her love, which flowed so freely towards mankind in general, assumed a concentrated form towards the individuals of her own immediate circle. There was not one of them who did not live in her remembrance: not one who could not acknowledge her as an especial friend—a helper and sustainer in life. Delightful was her conversation in the family group, whether at her own dwelling, or in those of her relatives; always fixing the attention, always soothing the feelings, always tending to virtue and happiness, to love, peace, and union.

"She was an ardent lover of the beauties of nature, and observed them with delight, in their smaller, as well as larger features. A shell by the sea side, a feather, or a flower, would fill her heart with joy, and tune her

tongue to praise, while she gazed on it as an evidence of Divine wisdom, skill, and goodness. It was, indeed, a remarkable feature in her character, that she was as complete in the little as in the great things of life—as successful in matters of a subordinate nature as in those of higher moment. She cared for the bodies of her friends as kindly and skilfully as for their souls. She was the refuge of those around her in every trouble. whether more or less important; and knew how to satisfy all who came to her, and all to whom she came.

"Those who are accustomed to observe the ways of Divine mercy and wisdom will not be surprised that so beloved, so popular a being, should experience the full force of the Scripture declaration: 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Many and varied were her tribulations in the course of her pilgrimage; and it was through no light measure of affliction that she was prepared for her fulness of sympathy with the sufferings of others. A delicate constitution, and many sore visitations of sickness, the unexpected death of some of her beloved children and grandchildren, as well as the loss of other near relations and connexions, and

some unexpected adverse circumstances, were among the close trials of faith and patience with which her Heavenly Father saw fit to prove her in this valley of tears. And, indeed, they served their purpose; for she was preserved in deep humility and true tenderness of spirit before the Lord, under whose holy hand she quietly bowed in resignation of soul. She knew what it was to mourn and weep, but she never despaired. She was one who could truly sing the song of Habakkuk:—'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.'"

For some time before her death she was the subject of very severe physical suffering, borne with the fortitude and Christian resignation that marked her character. In the afternoon of the 11th of October, after a day or two of considerable suffering and debility, she was suddenly attacked with pressure on the brain, and, while sinking under the stroke, was heard to exclaim, 'Oh, my dear Lord, keep and help thy servant.'

After this she fell into a deep slumber, only interrupted by some severe convulsions, of which, however, she was totally unconscious. Once and once only she awoke up for a few moments, and said, to a faithful attendant who was beside her bed, 'This is strife: but I am safe.' On the morning of the 13th, she quietly drew her last breath, and entered into the everlasting rest of the spirits of the just made perfect, and to enjoy the everlasting presence and smile of Him whom, on earth, she loved and served with a singleness of purpose, worthy of all imitation.

Truly, in losing Mrs. Fry, her country and her times have lost one of their brightest lights. But the flame of benevolence that she kindled will not be permitted to expire; the remembrance of her worth will fan the fire, and motives, such as her pious life exhibited, will supply the fuel. "She opened her mouth with wisdom, and on her lips was the law of kindness."

Many noble examples of female excellence are on record, but none surpassing that exhibited by the life and labours of Mrs. Fry; while it would be difficult to find in the whole range of biography a purer model of moral heroism.

CHAPTER XII.

MORAL HEROISM IN THE ORDINARY PURSUITS OF LIFE—HUTTON—DEVONSHIRE MAGISTRATE—CONCLUSION.

I THINK it must be now pretty clearly demonstrated, that moral heroism combines all that is admirable in personal bravery, intrepidity, and courage, and rejects all that is merely the result of animal passions and brute strength. It may be said, "But the examples have been chiefly of the very excellent of the earth, raised so high above ordinary mortals by their gifts and graces, that we feel almost inclined to despair of reaching such excellence." Never allow such a despair to take possession of the mind; to admire excellence and to desire it, are the two first steps towards attaining it.

There is also a common fallacy among young people, or rather two common fallacies: the first is, that all persons who rise to distinction in their day and generation by the practice of moral heroism, exercised in various departments, must be endowed with the gift of genius.

The second, that lucky chances and fortunate accidents have much to do in promoting success.

Now, in reference to the first of these, be it ever remembered, that genius, without the government of discretion and the sanctifying influence of religion, is a fatal gift, far more likely to be a curse than a blessing. And also, that moderate powers rightly exercised have often issued in the most beneficial results to the world and the possessor. All depends on the exercise of talents, and not on their number. Howard, Oberlin, Walker, and others who have been named, were indeed men of fine mind, but not of great genius, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The application of their powers was the secret of success, and not the powers themselves. Look at the thin vapour of steam that rises from the spout of a kettle; how light, how volatile, how insignificant it appears! But place that fragile looking thing, called steam, under certain methods, subject it to fixed scientific laws, and you have a physical power the most mighty that man has yet learned the application of. So it is of the mind; apply the humblest gift properly and perseveringly, and you cannot calculate the beneficial consequences.

Indolence and envy are the parents of the ridiculous notion about lucky chances, which notion is fostered by silly superstition. It matters not what favourable opportunities and advantageous positions are enjoyed by individuals; if they have not the qualities within them to improve these, they are comparatively valueless; like the wealth and accession of territory that Spain derived by the discoveries of Columbus. Advantages unimproved are likely to injure rather than to benefit. Shakspeare's well-known line is often quoted to favour the idea of luck: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, that, taken at the ebb, leads on to fortune." Yes! but then it implies discretion in watching and improving the turn of events; if this tide in human affairs leads folly or knavery on to fortune, it is only to place the individual on an uneasy pinnacle, from whence his worthlessness may be more plainly seen by others, and his weakness more tormentingly felt by himself. In order to be able to improve our opportunities, we must first improve our talents.

But it may be said, "All the accounts given prove that good fortune aided the individuals. The circumstance of William

Gifford meeting with a protector in Mr. Cookesly; of Humphrey Davy being seen by a scientific man and a party of ladies, when he was leaning over the gate at his mother's door, were lucky chances, surely." Truly, I think they were something more than lucky chances. Benevolent men may take an interest in the condition of oppressed orphans, and hundreds of boys leaning upon gates may be seen by parties of ladies, and no such results follow. It was the capability of the individual, in these and every case, that acts upon, controls, and takes advantage of circumstances, and not circumstances fortuitously and blindly controlling individuals. In other words, what indolence and envy call good luck, will, on examination, usually be found to be the result of industry, prudence, talent, and good sense, which are four principal ingredients in moral heroism.

I grant, that to benefit the thousands of the wretched, or to introduce extensive reforms into a single locality; to discover continents, to increase literature, to enrich science, are great deeds, that only the great in morals and in mind can be expected to perform; and these perhaps will ever be the few rather than the many. But these serve as noble

landmarks, by which the voyager, coasting along the shores of time, may steer his course with success, particularly if his bark carry the compass of correct principles, is steered by the rudder of Perseverance, and guided by the pole star of Hope.

Let those, however, who feel that plodding in the beaten track of life is their safe and happy portion, remember that moral heroism is shown in small as well as in greater matters. To bear patiently, to strive diligently, is heroic in every sphere: and while the least gifted can exercise these qualities, the most highly endowed cannot afford to dispense with them. Let us take, as an exemplification of this, a few instances. In the year 1723, there lived in the town of Derby a woolcomber, named Hutton, who was burdened with a very large family, which, in that year, was further increased by the birth of a son, whom they called William. To add to the distress, nay, rather the primary cause of the distress, of this family, was the circumstance that the father drank. The poor mother, with an infant on her knee and her other children hanging about her, often had not bread to give them to satisfy their hunger. "I remember," says her son William,

in his history of his life, "fasting a whole day; and when food at last arrived, she has suffered them, with a tear, to take her share." After a long struggle, this good, this heroic mother was overcome; she died when William was in his tenth year. The troubles of the family fearfully increased after this event: children, however poor, cannot be completely miserable while comforted by the sympathy of a good mother. From the time of her death the wretched father became more dissolute than ever, and yet he was so exacting and severe, that every trifling fault in his children was corrected with savage sternness. Some years before the death of his mother, when only seven years old, William was sent to work at a silk mill, and, being very little of his age, was mounted on a pair of high pattens, to enable him to reach the engine. A cruel superintendant completed the misery of the child by his brutal severity, and to this slavery the boy was apprenticed seven years, and passed, during that time, a childhood of neglect, blows, and starvation. At the end of his term of apprenticeship he was only fourteen, and he then found, to his mortification, that he could get no employment, and that branch of trade was so depressed,

he had no hope of getting any further work at it; so that a new trade had to be learned, and he was again bound for another seven years to an uncle, a stocking weaver, at Nottingham. The lad's condition was not amended; the uncle was a violent tyrannical man, and, on one occasion, so cruelly ill-treated his unfortunate nephew, that the latter, in the anguish of his punishment, ran away. Two shillings and a bundle containing his clothes were all his possessions. He determined to go to Birmingham. On the first night he slept in the fields; on his second night, being in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, he entered a barn, and depositing his bundle, as he thought, in safety, went off to seek a place of rest for the night. Judge his distraction, when he returned and found his bundle had been stolen, and that he was completely destitute. He ran about wildly, weeping, calling upon the thief, describing his loss to every one he met. All seemed to pity him, but at length, exhausted and deserted, he was left to pass the night in the open air. The next day, foot-sore and almost heart-broken, he entered Birmingham, but no one would employ him, all whom he applied to, refusing to aid a runaway appren-

tice. He passed the night in the street, sleeping on a butcher's block. This was destitution, such as falls to the lot of comparatively few; yet this man, solely by the exercise of perseverance, lived to make a fortune, and drive his carriage in the town that he thus entered a shoeless, dejected outcast!

By the intercession of relatives, this breach between the uncle and nephew was made up, and he returned and served out his time, at the expiration of which, he was unable to get any employment. Thus, after learning two trades, he had no prospect of living by either.

In 1746, he began to be fond of books, and having no means of gratifying his taste, he fell upon the plan of buying some very tattered books, and by watching a bookbinder, and getting an old binding press, which he mended and made very serviceable, he put the old books into a decent condition, and having devoured their contents, sold them at a small profit. Poverty still pursuing him, he opened a small shop, with about twenty shillings worth of trashy books as a stock, working also at his self-taught trade as a bookbinder, in which he was very expert. From this small beginning, by industry, economy, and determination, Wil-

liam Hutton contrived to increase in worldly goods, and, along with that, to secure respect for the sobriety and honesty of his character. One kind friend he had who cheered him on, and that was his sister Catherine, an excellent woman, who lived with him and managed his frugal household; her ready encouragement, sweet temper, and unvarying cheerfulness, constituted the happiness of her brother's laborious life, and most probably, such is the sustaining power of sympathy, contributed to its successful issue.

His career was marked by no extraordinary providences; all his success was the result of continued exertion. In five years from his humble commencement, he had a valuable stock of books, and an accumulating capital; a wise and happy marriage completed his felicity: and, for forty years, he toiled on, not in avaricious love of gain, but with the desire to do good, as well as to get good. William Hutton realized the idea of Scotland's noble peasant bard:—

> "To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
> Assiduous wait upon her,
> And gather gear by every wile,
> That's justified by honour.
> Not for to hide it in a hedge—
> Not for a train attendant,

But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

He became the historian of his adopted town (Birmingham), and throughout life, was fond of amusing himself with literary compositions. His history of Birmingham and his other writings, are all distinguished by the plain good sense and acuteness that ever distinguished him. He lived to a good old age, prosperous and beloved, and his name will ever be respected by all who honour industry and perseverance.

There is now living, in the county of Devonshire, a worthy magistrate, and most benevolent man, whose career in life has been singularly honourable and successful. This gentleman (whose name we must not give, the amiable humility of his character shrinking from publicity,) was the son of an honest, industrious peasant; one of those men who, in their low estate, deserve to be "their country's pride," since from their labour so much of our national greatness proceeds. Toil and poverty was the birthright of this individual; but, fortunately, integrity and social order and industry were all inculcated in his worthy father's humble dwelling. While quite a youth, he left his father's home to seek employment, and got work in

the town of Plymouth. It was then war-time, and warlike feelings and principles extensively pervaded the community. Just as the youth was approaching manhood, and while he was engaged in his honest occupation to the satisfaction of his employers, it happened that he was drawn to serve in the militia, which, you are aware, are the troops trained and kept in reserve.

This was a severe blow to the youth, for he hated the habits and occupation of a soldier, and he loved his own peaceful and laborious pursuits. People felt little sympathy with his dislike, for they thought a poor youth like him had no right to be so very choice as to the manner of getting his living, and that the army was quite as lawful, and a more honourable pursuit, than day-labour. The youth, however, continued to think differently, and, feeling his repugnance increase, he determined to abscond rather than serve, and, accordingly, he set out for the metropolis, where he arrived without knowing a single person who could serve or advise him, and with a very small trifle of money. At first he felt confident in his strength and industry: "Surely," said he, "a lad willing to work need not starve." He

had yet to learn that the inhabitants of cities, London in particular, are compelled to be cautious, and, therefore, are very unwilling to employ persons who have no one to recommend them. Day after day passed, and no employment offered; meanwhile, the poor youth's money was nearly exhausted, and starvation stared him in the face. He had made one strong resolution, which was, that he would rather starve than beg. The habits of industry taught him in his father's dwelling, made him unwilling to live in any other way than by honest toil. He was in the habit of calling at shops to inquire for employment: at one shop that he went to—a tea-dealer's, he received the usual reply, "We do not want any one;" but the youth, who was getting desperate by his necessities, and encouraged by the kind look of the shopkeeper, ventured to entreat him to remember him if he heard of any work. He called again the following morning, saying, "Sir, have you heard of any work for me yet?" He was now reduced to extremity, yet, though enduring the sharp pangs of hunger, he kept his resolution never to beg, and continued his importunity every morning, making his inquiry with earnestness almost verging on

despair. For a fortnight he suffered privations which years of comfort have not been able to erase from his memory; when the shopkeeper, struck by his continued application, and perhaps also by the look of distress which his countenance exhibited, procured him a place at a large tea-dealer's, in one of the leading streets in the metropolis. Of course it was a humble place—that of porter, yet no prime minister ever felt more elated with the office confided to him than did this youth. Diligently, at all times and seasons, he laboured in his employer's business, and strove to promote his interests. His zeal was noticed and rewarded in due time, by his being raised to a superior situation in the same establishment. From this time every change in his circumstances was for the better. He rose by the force of his diligence, and the moral worth of his character, until he was taken into partnership by his employer, and, after a course of years, the principal dying, the whole concern became his. During his own progress, he had not "forgotten his father's house," but had sent for his brothers, as opportunity offered and vacancies in the establishment occurred, and placed them in the way of getting their own

living comfortably; this proceeding being always agreeable to his principal, who thought so well of the family, that he desired to be surrounded by them.

From the time that the business became the property of the subject of our narrative it continued to increase, and wealth gradually accumulated. This, however, was not permitted to be a snare—his soul had been led by Divine grace into the way of salvation, and he knew it was the Christian's duty to do good, and communicate; accordingly, he was liberal in promoting plans of benevolence, and ministering to the wants of the afflicted. In particular, he was interested in encouraging habits of industry, and patronizing the deserving. About the time that his fortune had accumulated to a handsome competence, the estate in Devonshire, on which he had been born, and on which his father had worked as a day-labourer, was advertised to be sold, and our successful tea-dealer purchased it. What doubly added to the felicity which he must have enjoyed, when he thus saw the result of his years of diligence and fidelity, was the fact that his worthy father was alive to witness and partake his prosperity. Once settled at his

beautiful estate in Devonshire, every philanthropic plan that enlightened Christianity enjoins had his concurrence: the poor in his neighbourhood found in him a steady, judicious, sympathizing friend. He became a magistrate, and no man could be more useful in that arduous duty. His decisions rendered him "a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well."

The venerable father of this admirable man resides with him; two of the pleasantest rooms in the spacious dwelling are appropriated to the use of the old patriarch, now ninety-four years old, and though suffering from some of the infirmities of age, he has an intellect unimpaired, and a heart full of Christian benevolence.

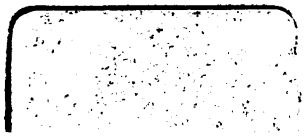
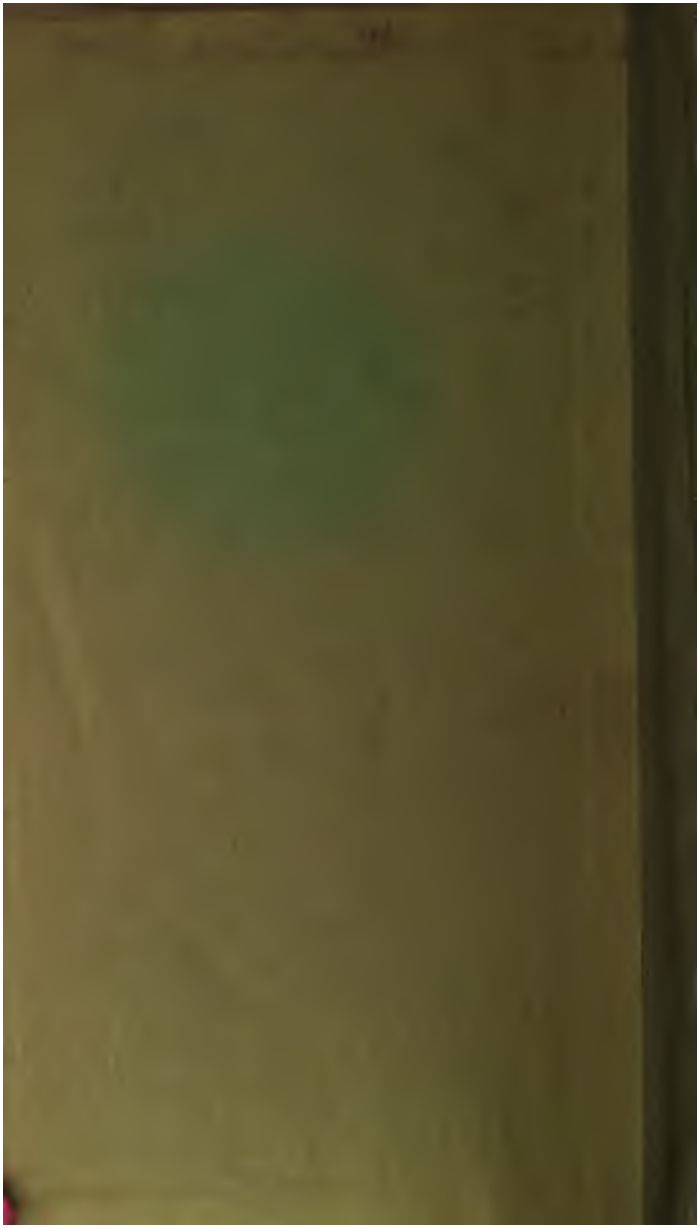
The temperance reformation, which has so greatly tended to promote the welfare of the community, very early found a friend and patron in the subject of our narrative. Earnestly desirous of promoting the social advancement of the class from which he sprang, he knew he could not do it more effectually than, both by example and precept, inculcating strict sobriety. He remembers the fine remark, that "While it is well to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, it is much

better to teach the hungry and the naked to feed and clothe themselves." And so warm are the affections of this good man's aged father, so deep is the interest he feels in the well-being of the labouring classes, that, at the age of ninety-one, he adopted the temperance principles, and thus gave the stimulus of his example, as an inducement to others. Honour to such men! Their names are fragrant with moral excellence, and the soul is refreshed by thinking of their worth.

Compared with the least of these worthies who have thus engaged our attention, how poor are the achievements, how mean the deeds of warriors! Not one of these but left the world benefited by his life; not one but was a source of improvement or of joy to others—diffusing blessings, promoting human advancement, and honouring God.

To the thoughtful youth, who is beginning to reflect on the means and ends of human existence, I would fain hope the examples presented have yielded something more than amusement; that instruction has been presented; right principles advanced and dilated on. Nothing of the pomp and glare that attaches to the name and deeds of the warrior surrounds the men whose noble actions and

useful lives have been commented on. Yet each of these was a conqueror; and that too in the only warfare that tends to the good of man and the glory of God—the warfare of truth against error, of knowledge against ignorance, of virtue against vice. The weapons of that warfare are self-denial, energy, and perseverance. Without possessing and using these, no one can expect to come off victorious in the contest. An eminent living writer has finely said, "Not a May-game is man's life; but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers;" and moral heroism may be, with all reverence, considered under the similitude of the ladder the patriarch saw reaching from earth to heaven. Its foot, indeed, rests upon the lowly sod, but it soars aloft, where no mortal glance can reach its summit. The pious and energetic are nobly climbing it, and its balance is kept firm by the hand of Him, "who is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders."

THE END.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.